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HEINRICH HEINE

VOL. I.

Shortly will be published,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

SECOND EDITION,

ATHENAÏS, OR THE FIRST CRUSADE:

A POEM,

IN SIX CANTOS, IN SPENSERIAN METRE.

Also

QUARTERLY ESSAYS:

A Selection of Essays from the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other *Reviews*.

THE

LIFE WORK, AND OPINIONS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

B 638

BY

WILLIAM STIGAND

AUTHOR OF 'ATHENAÏS, OR THE FIRST CRUSADE'

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IN TWO VOLUMES—VOLUME I.

XX06

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PREFACE.

'It was the great task of my life to labour at a hearty understanding between Germany and France.' Such is the declaration which Heine has himself made in his will. Had this been the only aim and object of his life, it might be doubted at the present time whether his life had not been spent in vain. Nevertheless, when the violence of national hatred engendered by late events shall have somewhat passed away, the spirit of Heine as embodied in his books may yet assist in hastening a reconciliation between France and Germany. Meanwhile, for those who are neither French nor German, and who desire to arrive at a fair appreciation of the distinctive characteristics of these two great nations, no better study can be offered than the judgments and opinions respecting the country of his birth and the country of his adoption formed by so independent and highly gifted a critic as Heine, a critic by birth and destiny so admirably placed for observation.

The writer has naturally been under much difficulty in managing the matter of Heine's life so as to endeavour not to offend the delicacy of English readers. The freedom and irreverence, to use mild terms, with which

Heine's wit disported itself at times are notorious, and some passages of his writings could certainly have been printed nowhere but among a German public. Had the writer, however, gone to the extreme limit of admitting no passage of which his own taste did not approve, he would be conceived to have committed the error of making Heine appear far too proper and perfect a person. He has, therefore, left standing, with some hesitation, a few passages among the mildest of those bearing the peculiar stamp of his sometimes inexcusable audacity, in order not altogether to withdraw from the book this characteristic of his genius.

In somewhat the same way the writer has not considered himself at liberty to omit Heine's severe and often very unjust criticisms on England and the English nation. His antipathy to England during the greater part of his life is a peculiar *trait* in his character, and one which an English biographer must put up with and account for as he best can.

These anti-Anglican sallies of his became fewer and less vehement towards the end of his life, when he had made acquaintance with English men and women, on whose friendship he placed a high value. It must, too, be remembered that his knowledge of England as a place of residence was limited to a few months' duration, and that he probably passed his time in London during that period in as melancholy a way as most foreigners do who have not the advantage of many good acquaintances in the capital. However, as most of Heine's anti-Anglican tirades are replete with his own peculiar spirit of humour, an English reader who can thoroughly appreciate this will

be as much amused at their perusal as good-humoured Englishmen would be in looking at caricatures of their own countrymen from the pencil of Cham or on the boards of the Palais Royal, but need not, however, omit to observe whatever truth there may be, even in a caricature.

The foregoing observations, of course, concern Heine chiefly as a humorist and a critic, but it is as a poet that Heine will ever have the greatest interest for humanity. Without denying the title of greatness to contemporary poets, it may be doubted whether any of their utterances are so sure of reaching extreme posterity as those of Heine. Some of his songs are pure and perfect as the finest crystals, and are undying, and the immortality of these will leaven with their imperishable essence the whole mass of his writings. The writer is conscious that he is guilty, perhaps, of some exaggeration in the exclusive estimate he has formed of the Pagan element in Heine's poetry. No doubt this does prevail in it to a large extent; nevertheless, there are little blossoms of sentiment among his poems, scattered here and there, so pure and so sweet that no one could have produced them unless, at least, he had been closely in contact with the Christian spirit and purified to some extent by contact therewith.

It is, too, as poet, critic, and humorist combined that his opinions on life, the world, and society especially interest us. These, it will be found, varied considerably with the progress of years and under the vicissitudes to which he was subjected both from within and from without. Hopeful in the years of the pride of life, and in the heyday of the blood, he settled down finally into a state of pessim-

ism as to the future of humanity, so far as regards poetry, art, and the finer interests of civilisation. Never, perhaps, has a more melancholy picture been drawn than that which he gives in his book on Börne of the present condition of the Muses, through the medium of a dream—a picture which no one could imagine as proceeding from any other brain than the brain of Heine.

The poet dreamed that he found himself in a vast dreary forest, and on a sad night in autumn. In this vast dreary forest there were clearings over which white mists were creeping and settling, and there were wood-fires therein. Around these fires strange shapes were moving, and when he approached he beheld nymphs with long slender limbs adorned with the charms of eternal youth, and of most harmonious proportions; and yet, in spite of their smiles and forced gaiety, bearing on their faces the signs of an immeasurable sorrow.

'Also, when they couched themselves on the ground, they did so, not as of old on soft and swelling slopes of turf, but on the half-frozen earth under oak trees half stripped of their leaves, and instead of the much-loved light of the sun, the curling mists of the dank autumn night dripped down upon them. Sometimes one of these fair ones snatched out from among the brushwood a flaming brand, swung it about her head like a thyrsus, and essayed to place herself in one of those impossible dance postures such as are seen on Etruscan vases; when with a sad smile, as though compelled by weariness and by the cold of the night, she sank down by the side of the crackling fire. One especially of these women moved my whole heart, and this with an almost voluptuous compassion.

She was of lofty stature, and yet more emaciated than the others in arms, legs, bosom and cheeks, which, however, instead of repelling me, drew me with almost magic chains. I know not how it happened, but almost insensibly I sat down by her side at the fire and busied myself with warming with my burning lips her hands and feet trembling with frost. I played too with the black dank locks of her hair, which, descending below her face with its Grecian nose, reached down below her spare deep Grecian chest. In sooth, her hair was almost of a gleaming blackness, as also were her eyebrows, which seemed almost to run into each other in their luxuriance; and this gave her look a wonderful expression of melancholy wildness. "How old are you, unhappy child?" I said to her. She answered with a half-sorrowful, half-malicious smile, "If I were a century younger I should still be tolerably old. But it is growing colder and colder, and I am getting sleepy; and if you will lend me your knee for a pillow, you will much oblige your faithful servant," &c.

'While she lay upon my knee and slumbered, and often rattled in her throat like one dying, her companions whispered to one another all sorts of speeches, of which I understood but very little, since they spoke Greek quite differently from the way in which I had learned to speak it at school, and even later under old Wolf. Only so much did I understand that they complained about bad times, and even feared that they might yet become worse, and were preparing to hide themselves deeper in the recesses of the forest. Then suddenly from a distance there arose a cry of raw mob-voices. They cried I know not what.

Between whiles there tittered the sound of a Catholic matin-bell; and my fair ladies of the forest became visibly paler and paler, until at last they melted away into mist, and I myself awoke with a yawn.'

Against the gloomy forecast of the future implied in such a vision one can, in the present aspect of human affairs, oppose nothing but faith in the mission of humanity and in the unfathomable nature of creative design.

Finally, regarding Heine as a wit and humorist alone, his sayings and opinions have a charm unrivalled in the history of literature. We believe it was M. Thiers who said that he was the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire, and in his power of application of wit, and in his readiness with it, he was certainly as universal as that extraordinary spirit; while, as respects his humour, he could be by turns as tender as Sterne, and as savage and gross as Swift. He was capable, too, of fusing his humour and his poetry together in a manner of which no other writer was capable in the same degree, with the exception perhaps of Aristophanes, for which reason probably, as well as for the political use which he made of his satirical powers, occasion was taken to style him the German Aristophanes. No one certainly ever passed so gently and gracefully, and with such childlike waywardness, as he from smiles to tears, culling the while as he went the choicest flowers in the domain of beauty.

Much is there naturally in such a career over which one would wish to throw a veil, and that especially with regard to the cynical use which Heine so often made of the rarest qualities of his genius, and so excessively in the late years of his life. But he was sorely and

grievously tried—so sorely and grievously that the most bitter things which he said were, it must be hoped, wrung from a soul embittered with a sense of deep human wrong, in the convulsions of anguish and despair. Yet withal there is very much to admire in the unconquerable spirit and the unwearying cheerfulness and resignation which he preserved for so many years within what was indeed a living grave, in which he was racked by ever-recurring paroxysms of pain, and from whence there was no hope of escape.

The story of Heine's long illness is necessarily a painful subject, and the author would willingly have abridged it; but since it forms so important a period in the consideration of Heine's whole life, and one in which the mystery of his destiny and the peculiarity of his nature are most apparent, it was felt that there would be danger in abridgment of not bringing into sufficient relief this portion of the career of a writer, the contemplation of whose wrongs and sorrows brings before the soul some of the most inscrutable riddles of human life.

It has been endeavoured to include in the volumes as much of Heine's own work and opinions as would interest an English reader without exceeding the limits of a biography of readable length, and also, wherever it was practicable, Heine has been allowed to be his own biographer; for we believe the writings of no author are so teeming with charming autobiographical sketches as those of this German humorist and poet.

The writer is naturally indebted for information and materials to many writers, German and French. It has also been his fortune to meet with many who knew the

poet personally. The names of most of the authors to whom the writer is under obligations are mentioned in the course of the narrative. The biography of Strodtmann, however, it may here be mentioned, is one which has been found especially useful.

September 23, 1875.

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Errata in First Volume.

Page 77, line 10, *for* 'poetistic' *read* 'pietistic.'

Page 137, line 29, *for* 'Der Knaben's Wunderhorn' *read* 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn.'

Page 192, line 21, *for* '1819' *read* '1869.'

Page 272, line 7, *for* 'ministers' *read* 'ministries.'

LIFE

OF

HEINRICH HEINE.

CHAPTER I.

CHILD-DAYS AT DÜSSELDORF.

SOME uncertainty exists as to the exact date of HEINE'S birth. His baptismal register perished early in the century, in a fire at his native town, Düsseldorf. Fire, indeed, has been very active in the destruction of Heine-documents, for in the same conflagration, as well as in the great fire at Hamburg of 1841, which laid waste a third part of the city, there perished a quantity of correspondence which would have been invaluable to a biographer.

From a passage in the 'Reisebilder,' it used to be taken for granted that he was born on New Year's Day 1800.

In this passage Francesca, the wilful and charming *ballerina* whom he meets at the baths of Lucca, turns round upon Heine and says, 'Oh! I am so old; guess, how old?' and, without waiting for an answer, cries 'eighteen;' she pirouettes eighteen times round on one foot, and says, 'And how old are you?' '*Signora*, I was born on the morning of New Year's Day 1800.' 'I have always told you,' said the Marchese, 'that he was one of the first men of the century.'

However, the poet and humorist when he was in serious mood averred, as appears to be the fact, that he was born on December 13, 1799.

The prefix-name which was first given him was Harry, that of Heinrich he assumed on adopting the Christian faith.

He was accustomed to say that his line of march for his whole life was laid for him in his cradle, and there is some truth in the statement. He was born poor, a Jew, and a German—three terrible conditions to be born under for a poet of his genius and temperament at that time. However, he was a well-formed, handsome, auburn-haired, clear-eyed, intelligent child; and he might have been born with a hump-back and a club-foot, which would have made matters worse.

On his cradle, too, he said, there fell the last moonbeams of the eighteenth century, and the first morning glow of the nineteenth, which also is a saying worth remark.

His family plays a great part in his history: it is therefore worth while to take some account of them.

Heymann Heine, the grandfather of the poet, was born at Bückeburg, the capital of a minute principality between Hanover and Hamburg, of which Heine makes humorous mention in his 'Winter's Tale,' or journey into Germany in 1843, taking occasion therefrom to refute the famous saying of Danton, that a man could not carry his country on the soles of his feet. Heine says, as he walked in the winter time then, he carried half the principality with him in the shape of mud on his boots.

Heymann Heine appears to have been a small merchant. Towards the middle of the century he married Mathe Eva Popert, the daughter of a merchant of Altona, a sort of suburb of Hamburg, and he settled in Hanover. He was not rich; he died young, and his wife remarried, taking for husband the widower of her deceased sister, Bendix Schiff, who had a grandson, Hermann David Schiff, who was second cousin to Heine, and also a writer. Heymann Heine had

six sons by his marriage with Mathe Eva Popert, and no daughters. These six sons were sent into the world one after another to struggle for existence. Those who succeeded in life did so by taking to the primæval business of the Jews, dealing in money. 'The result of my investigations,' writes Heine, 'into the national wealth of the Jews is very praiseworthy for the race, and confers upon them the greatest honour. Israel is indebted alone for its riches to that sublime belief in God to which it has remained faithful for centuries. The Jews revered a Supreme Being, who rules invisibly in heaven; while the heathen, incapable of exalting themselves to the purely spiritual, made for themselves all sorts of gold and silver gods, and revered them on earth. Now, had these blind heathen changed into ready money all the gold and silver which they squandered on this vile idol-worship, and placed it out at interest, they would have become just as rich as the Jews, who knew how to place out their gold and silver more advantageously, perhaps in Assyriac-Babylonian state loans, or in Nebucadnezzarian bonds, or in Egyptian canal shares; in five per cent. Sidonians and other classic papers, which the Lord has blessed, as He also has blessed those of our time.'

Isaac, the eldest of Heymann Heine's sons, went to Bordeaux and established a business there, in which he prospered, and left two sons, now partners in the great banking-house of Fould et C^ie^ at Paris, with which the Heine family were also connected by marriage; at the head, too, of which was Achille Fould, finance minister, or rather finance-ruiner, of France, under the Second Empire. This connection between the Foulds and the Heines is worth noticing, as it accounts for some malicious criticisms of Heine on upstart distant relatives, which are to be found among his writings, and which brought him a good deal of family trouble. The most fortunate son of Heymann Heine, however, was Solomon, the third in birth, who was sent away from home

with a pair of leather breeches and sixteen groschen in his pocket. He went to Hamburg, got into business in the money trade in a subordinate position, and finally became one of the great money-lenders of Europe—a rival of the Rothschilds, the Goldschmidts, and the Barings. Samson, the second son, was born in 1765; he was not destined to become rich, but he had the good fortune to meet with an excellent wife—Betty von Geldern. Samson had gone to try his fortunes at Düsseldorf, and had taken lodgings in the same house in which lived Dr. von Geldern, a stately physician of the time, with the title indeed of court physician, who walked the streets in a rich velvet coat—his court uniform—in laced ruffles, gold buckles, and a glittering rapier at his side. The family of the Gelderns were Jewish, but were said to have been ennobled in the previous century for some medical service rendered by one of their members to an Elector of Juliers and Berg. Dr. von Geldern, a stiff old gentleman apparently, could not endure music, and thought the harpsichord a barbarous invention; and when his daughter Betty bought one, had it removed. Betty, who adored music, took then to the flute, and practised it surreptitiously in her father's absence; and this circumstance attracted Samson Heine's attention. A love affair was the consequence, and Dr. von Geldern agreed to a marriage on condition that Samson Heine should settle in the town. This was agreed to, and Samson became a cloth merchant at Düsseldorf, and the father of Heinrich Heine.

The town of Düsseldorf, his birthplace, which now numbers about 40,000 inhabitants, was then little larger than a village. It was, however, the chief town of the Duchy of Juliers and Berg. A former Elector, Jan Wilhelm of Pfalz, had embellished the town with fine edifices, founded a school of painting there which maintains its reputation to this day, and also got together a gallery of pictures, which his successor, on becoming king of Bavaria, removed to Munich, where it

formed the nucleus of the splendid collection in that city. The statue of the old Elector still exists in the centre of the *Markt Platz*, as described by Heine in a passage (quoted below) of the 'Reisebilder.' The Elector Karl Theodor also did much for the embellishment of the town; and to him, in 1799, succeeded the Elector Maximilian Joseph IV. as Regent of the Bavarian Palatinate and of the Duchy of Berg: he appointed, however, his cousin, Duke William of Bavaria, as deputy in the government of the Duchy.

At this time, as Heine says, the French had 'dislocated all boundaries;' indeed, already in the year 1795 the Revolutionary army had occupied Düsseldorf, but they quitted it again in 1801, according to the conditions of the Peace of Luneville.

By the Treaty of Paris, however, of 1805 Prussia ceded to France her part of the Duchy of Cleves on the right bank of the Rhine; almost at the same time the Elector Maximilian Joseph was elevated to the title of King of Bavaria, and, in return for the recognition of his royal title, ceded the Duchy of Berg to the French; and Joachim Murat, brother-in-law of Napoleon, had the Duchy of Cleves-Berg created for him, and made his entry into Düsseldorf as his capital in 1806.

Heine, who was at that time six years of age, beheld, as he tells us, the entry of the French troops into the city; and thus from his seventh to his thirteenth year, since the French only quitted Düsseldorf in 1813, was a little French citizen in fact and in name. Indeed, he used jokingly later to say that his true legitimate sovereign was Napoleon III.; for when Murat was made King of Naples, Napoleon I. gave the Duchy of Berg to Louis Napoleon, son of the King of Holland, at that time five years of age, and Louis Napoleon, Heine said, had never abdicated.

The influence of this French occupation on the formation of Heine's character and opinions was immense, and can never be left out of sight in considering his relation to

Germany. In his story of 'Le Grand,' the French drummer, from which the extract given below is taken, he describes, with inimitable life and humour, the childish glee with which he witnessed the entry of the French troops, and how, during the ceremony in which homage was rendered to the new French Duke, Joachim Murat, he with some other young urchins of his own age climbed up the statue of the Elector Jan Wilhelm in the market-place, in order to get a look over the heads of the crowd at the ceremony. After the French occupation his education was principally carried on in French, since the schools and colleges in the Duchy were at once reformed after the French system; and one can imagine the quick, lively scamp of a boy always in his play hours prowling and racing about the town, and in the castle gardens, making everywhere friends with the French soldiers, who, quartered in the place, took the clever little fellow into comradeship, since he was already as full of tricks and as witty as a *gamin de Paris*; and the old veterans would tell him many a stirring tale of victory and peril under the leadership of that mighty chief, whose comet-like career outstripped the imagination, and bewildered the sober sense of humanity. They would tell him of Arcole and Marengo, of eagles borne in triumph over the snowy Alps, and victorious in the shadows of the Pyramids; and the fancy of the boy was kindled with an admiration for the modern but rascal Alexander, from which he never wholly delivered himself.

Many hard words have been lavished upon Heine for his French sympathies and this admiration of Napoleon by the party whom he styled the Teutomaniacs, the modern *Cherusci*, the Philistines of *Deutschthümelei*, the French-hating, French-eating faction in Germany, of whom the coarse and dull Mongolian, Menzel, the *Franzosen-fresser* of Börne, has been the Coryphæus for two generations. But, apart from the consideration that the least civilised portion of every European nation has always been foremost in dislike for

France, it must be remembered that the feeling for German unity is a sentiment quite of modern growth, and the French rule in the Duchy of Berg, where Heine passed his youth, was regarded by the inhabitants as immeasurably superior to that which had preceded it.

Before the arrival of the French in the Duchy, the mass of the people had groaned beneath a servitude far more intolerable than that which the French themselves escaped at the Revolution. Through all these petty principalities of Germany, the non-noble part of the population was in a state of base vassalage; the forms of the old feudal system were preserved in all their harshness, though the spirit had long passed out of them, and their corruption had made their burdens intolerable. Here and there a small prince like the Duke of Weimar might make exception, but the general tyrannical and immoral character of the little German Princes was symbolised by Lessing in his tragedy of 'Emilia Galeotti,' and by Schiller in his 'Cabal und Liebe.'

The story of their doings is to be found in Vehse's 'History of the Courts of Germany,' which Heine characterised as a menagerie of beasts so wonderful that no poet could create them, but they required God Almighty for authorship. Nor can it be said that Heine exaggerated in this characterisation, when we remember Augustus, the king of Saxony, with his three hundred mistresses, among whom was one of his own daughters; Mr. Carlyle's Frederick of Prussia, who governed Prussia on beer and tobacco, and by knocking people down with a thick stick; and the Georges of Hanover and their fat mistresses, and the story of the murder of Count Königsmarck; in fact, the best of them appear to have been a sort of cross between Ivan the Terrible and Tony Lumpkin, in which the Tony Lumpkin element prevailed.

In the history of humanity nothing can be found to equal the uninventive grossness and dullness of the

majority of the German courts of the last century. These three dozen or so of little German potentates endeavoured to make for themselves coarse copies of Versailles, and succeeded so far as, it is said, London footmen succeed in aping the manners and style of speech of their masters. In bestiality and immorality of debauchery, however, they may lay claim to some originality; at the same time that they lived the lives of Satyrs and Sileni, they trafficked in the blood of their people, sold their subjects like horses for foreign military service, and the burgher and peasant class were regarded and treated as mere beasts of burden by prince and by noble.

The establishment of a French Government in Berg resulted very speedily in the sweeping away of these intolerable abuses of effete feudalism, and admitted the people of the Duchy to all the privileges won by the French Revolution, which declared that all men were free and equal. Not only were serfs and servitudes of all kinds abolished, forced labour forbidden, feudal privilege annihilated, and vassals enabled to become independent proprietors, but all distinction whatever before the tribunals of noble and non-noble was removed, and a law was abrogated which had forbidden marriage between the noble and the non-noble classes. As a necessary complement to these reforms, which raised the German citizen from the condition of a brute to the condition of a man, there followed necessarily a complete reorganisation of the system of justice, on the French model. Every form of privilege in matters of justice was abolished, trial by jury was established, and noble and peasant were, without respect of person, subject to precisely the same legal formalities and penalties: the *Code Napoléon* was introduced, and the system of legal administration was formed on the French model, subject to the *Cours de Cassation* at Paris.

Thus the good burghers of Düsseldorf found that the French domination conferred on them at once, without any

effort of their own, astounding privileges, and swept away at once the accumulated heritages of servitude and wrong which they and their fathers had groaned under for centuries. No wonder then that they should regard with favour the new rule, and see with indifferent eyes the fall of the worm-eaten scarecrow of the Holy German Empire, which was a mere hollow pedantic form to which they owed neither gratitude nor affection.

Moreover, the character of the French governors in the Duchy had been such as to make the French yoke still more endurable. Murat especially, during the two years of his reign, made every effort to win the affections of the people of Berg. When he made his entry into the Duchy, he said, in answer to the speeches of the authorities who received him, 'It is impossible that the people can love me, for whom I have done nothing; but that they shall love me I am resolved.' His subsequent conduct made good his promise; and even after his removal from the Duchy he was ready at any time to use all his influence with Napoleon for the benefit of his late subjects. It was especially remembered by them how he relieved them, in time of dearth, by having corn imported from the left bank of the Rhine. He did, too, all that lay in his power, either in person or by intercession with the Emperor, for the furtherance of their trade and commerce, and for the relief of the people from conscription—the chief hardship of which the inhabitants had to complain, but one which they suffered in common with all the French people.

But if the people generally of the Duchy of Berg had thus reason to congratulate themselves on the establishment of French rule among them, to the Jewish population this foreign domination must have appeared in the light of a still more happy deliverance. The Jews throughout Germany were treated up to the time of the entry of the French as a race of Pariahs. The law took as little account of them as of wolves

and foxes. Against murder, robbery, violence, and insult they had no redress. Massacres of Jews took place at various towns in Germany late in the century. At Easter-tide and other festivals the populace regarded it as their sport and their right to hunt the Jews through the streets, to break their windows with stones, and to sack their houses. In most towns they were forced to live separate from the rest of the inhabitants in their own quarter, into which they were shut with gates every night, and on Sundays they were obliged to wear a peculiar dress. No Jew dared appear on a public promenade without danger of a stoning. At Frankfort twenty-five Jews only were allowed to marry in the year, in order that the accursed race might not increase too rapidly. From this abominable state of persecution, which had weighed heavily on them almost from the time at which Christianity relied on other strength than that of its own inherent truth, the Jewish population of Germany were freed at once by the entrance of the French troops; but their emancipation only lasted as long as the French rule. After the liberation of Germany and the final retreat of the French troops, they were thrust back again, in spite of royal pledges to the contrary, into the old Pariah condition, only to be finally released from it by the Revolution of 1848. Even Jews who had fought in the war of liberation, and attained rank as officers, were obliged either to submit to degradation to the ranks or to leave the army.

All these circumstances are necessary to be borne in mind for the understanding of the character and growth of the intelligence of Heine. His father seems to have been a man of small mental endowments. Heine, indeed, makes mention of him but once or twice in all his writings; yet he had some influence upon the formation of his son's opinion, in so far as he was a great admirer of Napoleon. 'Would to God we had him still,' he exclaimed at a dinner party after 1815 among his relatives at Hamburg, at which his son was

present; and he replied once to the tales of the extortions of Davoust, the Prince d'Eckmühl, at Hamburg, by turning round to his son, who had met him and conversed with him as he crossed the Rhine, 'Say, Harry, was he not an amiable man?' Indeed for a Marshal and a Prince to converse familiarly with a poor Jew boy was a wonderful event for Germany, where the Jew then led the life of an unclean beast.

In the case of most men of genius, the influence and predominance of the character of the mother are distinguishable; and this is assuredly so in the case of Heine, who has paid imperishable tribute to her worth and high character in numerous passages of prose and poetry. She was of a quick, impassioned, energetic nature, with a good deal of taste for literature, art, and music. She was at once an admirer of Rousseau and of Goethe, and took upon herself the chief part of the direction of the education of her children, not failing to keep them well in hand with a little wholesome severity. Though she had passed a secluded life in the little town of Düsseldorf, she had evidently formed decided views about the world and the conduct of life. Maximilian, her youngest son, tells us that she gave advice to all her sons not to settle in a little town or in a little state, but to fix themselves in a great city or a great state, and to preserve always a German heart for the German people. Her sons at all events observed the first part of her injunction, for Heinrich, her eldest son, settled ultimately in Paris; Gustave, her second son, in Vienna, as an editor of a newspaper; and Maximilian in St. Petersburg, where he became a successful physician.

Heine's mother lived to be upwards of eighty, and thus survived her son. The latter part of her life she spent in Hamburg, where she had a daughter married and settled, and crowds of other relatives. We read that the energetic old lady continued to the last an active reader, and was tyrannical in demands on the circulating library, to which she subscribed, for a constant supply of new books; demands

which the keeper of the library did his utmost to supply, moved as well by his regard for the mother of Heine, as by his interest in the old lady herself. It is curious and at once touching to know that during the years that Heine was confined to a bed of pain in Paris—the *mattress-grave*, as it was called—he always wrote to the old lady as though he himself were sound and well, and she knew nothing of his malady till his death. We get a glimpse of the passionate watchfulness which she kept over her children, told of her by Joseph Neunzig, one of the neighbour's children, and playmate of Harry, her son. As the two boys were playing together, young Neunzig struck Harry with a stone on the head, and inflicted a wound. The little Harry yelled out, and the cry brought his mother out of the house. At the sight of her bleeding child she rushed after his assailant, who took refuge in his own home and crept under a bed. Frau Heine, however, stormed the house, crying, 'Where's the bad boy who has broken the head of my Harry? I will drown him.' The two boys became afterwards students together at Bonn; and when Neunzig recalled the occurrence, Heine said with a laugh, 'Who can tell what good you may have done for me? Had you not struck the poetic vein and opened my head, perhaps I had never been a poet.'

However, it must not be imagined but that Heine was more often the agent than the patient in what mischief was going on among the boys of Düsseldorf. Indeed, he seems to have been generally the ringleader in their riotings, and the father had trouble enough with the young urchin. As a punishment he used to shut him up in a court-yard, where there was a hen-roost, and where the huge empty cloth-chests were kept. But the boy knew how to turn his place of captivity to account: he learnt to crow so naturally as to deceive the neighbours and the neighbours' fowls when he hid himself in the hen-roost; and he used to get his younger brother and his sister to join him in fitting up the chests as

little houses, in which they played at housekeeping. A little poem addressed to his sister, in which the reminiscences of this period are crystallised together, is a true child's idyll, and has become one of the most popular of his collections :—

My child, two children then we were,
Two children small and gay,
When we beneath the hen-roost crept,
And covered us up with hay.

Like cocks and hens we crowed aloud,
And as folks pass'd, the sound,
'Cocóricó!'—it cheated them,
And all the fowls around.

The cases square within the court
We papered nearly up,
Each had a house, to each we went,
By turns to dine and sup.

Our neighbour's cat came often there,
To pay a morning call;
We made her bows and courtesys low,
And compliments great and small.

We asked her how about her health,
And of the cold in her head;
Since then the selfsame things full oft
To many old cats have we said.

We then sate grave, and talking fell,
Commonplace, like staid old folk,
Our youth's good time commended much,
And of sad changes spoke.

How love, and truth, and religion,
And all things turn'd to the bad;
And how much coffee was dearer,
And money was not to be had.

Gone by are our childish frolics,
As all goes by, in sooth—
Our money, the world and the seasons,
Religion, and love, and truth.

Heine was brought up in the observance of Jewish rites and customs, yet not with too great strictness, for we imagine his mother, the student of Goethe and Rousseau, was not altogether an orthodox believer in the *Thora*: certain is it she did not lend a quite deaf ear to the seductive advice of the liberal Rector Schallmeyer, that she should make a Catholic *abbé* out of little Harry. Heine's father, too, could not have been a very strict Israelite, for he rented a house, one of the charges upon which was to provide an altar for the Catholic processions when they passed along the street; and he took pleasure in making it as magnificent as his resources would allow. Heine, too, at this early age was roguish enough either to observe the Mosaic law or to evade it, as he found most pleasant. Then Joseph Neunzig relates that, on the occasion of a fire breaking out on a Saturday, he refused to take a place in the chain to work the fire-buckets on the plea that it was his Sabbath—while he would evade the law forbidding plucking grapes on Sunday, by biting them off the vines with his teeth.

Heine's mother taught him his letters by the simple method of drawing them with a piece of chalk on a door, after which he went to a private school kept by a member of his own creed. At the age of ten he was sent to the French school, styled the *Lycée*, which had been established in the old Franciscan cloister in Düsseldorf. This *Lycée* was a French Government school, established by virtue of the Imperial decree of 1808, by which all educational establishments in countries under French rule, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, were to be organized on the same fashion, and subordinated to the control of M. de Fontanes, the French Minister of Public Instruction. The chief object of such organization was not so much educational as political; the boys were to be taught to become good citizens of the great Napoleonic Empire. Hence the medium of instruction for all things, from geography even to mathematics, was to be

French: no teacher was admitted who did not know the French language; and a third part of the school hours was employed in French grammar and literature. The discipline in these schools was severe: the boys wore a military kind of uniform, the same as that worn by students in France; they were drilled in companies by regular sergeants, and they marched into lessons, and marched out from them, to the roll of the drum.

The direction of the *Lycée* of Düsseldorf was in the hands of the Rector Schallmeyer, a Roman Catholic priest. The Rector Schallmeyer was a friend of the family of Heine, having been a fellow student at Bonn with an uncle of the boy's, who had nursed him in a dangerous sickness. The Rector Schallmeyer, consequently, took great interest in the studies of little Heine, and talked a good deal about the boy's future career to his mother. Heine narrates with much humour, how the free-thinking old Rector, on whom his own priest's gown sat so easily, seeing that the boy possessed considerable abilities, advised his mother to devote her son to the service of the Catholic Church, and to send him to Rome to study theology in a Catholic seminary. The worthy Rector assured her that he had such influential friends among the highest Church dignitaries that her son could not fail to rise to high ecclesiastical office. Frau Heine rejected this courteous offer of Rector Schallmeyer, a rejection which Heine professed he thought his mother would not have made had she known with what a grace and coquetry the Roman *Abbate* wears his little black silk mantel; and thereupon speculated how he would have looked in the violet stockings of a *Monsignore*, or in the red hat of a Cardinal, or even with the triple crown on his head, distributing, between the *flabella*, blessings *urbi et orbi*. However, Heine was of opinion that, in the great assizes to be held hereafter in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, it will certainly be counted for him as a *circonstance atténuante*, that he was in

those tender years admitted by the Rector Schallmeyer to his lectures in Greek philosophy, in which the Rector discussed in the most liberal fashion the various systems of metaphysics, just as though the orthodox dogmas of which he was the minister at the altar had never been invented.

As to the regular school work, one may be well sure that Heine evinced no very patient industry. In the 'Reisebilder' he mentions how, on seeing some boys escape leaping and shouting from school, the remembrance sprang up in him 'that he too once, as a small fellow, sat the whole blessed morning long, in the dull old Catholic convent school at Düsseldorf, on a wooden bench, and had to endure such a quantity of Latin, canings, and geography, and then shouted out with joy as the clock struck twelve.'

The most decisive part of the education of the boy was, however, being carried on out of school. In his book of the French drummer 'Le Grand' he tells us how, in his out-of-school hours, he was petted by an old French drummer, who looked just like a devil, but was so angel-good at heart, and who played the drum so magnificently.' 'He had a little burly face, with a terrible black moustache, under which the red lips curled themselves defiantly, while his fiery eyes darted hither and thither.' The boy got so fond of the drummer, that he stuck to him, he says, like a bur, and helped him to clean his buttons, till they shone like mirrors, and to make his belt white with pipe-clay, for Monsieur Le Grand liked to look well; and his little friend followed him on guard—to the call, to the parade. It was nothing but splendour of arms and merry moments. '*Ah! les jours de fête sont passés*,' said Heine, as he thought later in life of his early participation in the martial glory of M. Le Grand. M. Le Grand was a true son of the French Revolution, and was a profound admirer of the Great Napoleon; and he gave his little friend instruction in the French language and in French politics at the same time in his way. 'Did I want

to know the meaning of the word "*liberté*," then he drummed out the "Marseillaise;" and I understood him. Did I ask what "*égalité*" meant, then he gave me the march "*Ça ira, ça ira . . . les aristocrats à la lanterne;*" and I understood him. If I did not know what *bêtise* was, he rolled out the 'Dessauer March,' which we Germans, as Goethe tells us, had once played in Champagne; and I understood him. If he wanted to explain the word "*Allemagne*" to me, he drummed out that simple, primitive melody which we hear often on market days played to dancing dogs—namely, "Dum, dum, dum;" I was vexed, but yet I understood him.'

And thus M. Le Grand, with the help of the drum, carried the little Heine through a whole course of modern French history, including the campaigns of Napoleon. As the drummer went on, he saw the young chief stand, flag in hand, on the Bridge of Lodi; saw him in his grey great-coat in the smoke of Marengo; saw him on his white steed under the Pyramids, in the midst of clouds of smoke and Mamelukes. And as he told the tales of Austerlitz, Jena, Eilau, Wagram, 'he drummed so loud,' says Heine, 'that he almost broke my own drum in my ear.'

Under such a course of education, there can be little cause for wonder if this child of a persecuted race grew up with a strange sympathy for the French Revolution, and a strange awe and admiration for the genius of its great offspring, Napoleon—sentiments which we know were shared in at that time, in a somewhat illogical way, by a good proportion of the Liberals of Europe; for the boy was precocious enough in mind to drink deeply into his soul these lessons of the French drummer, as he was precocious enough in heart also to go through another kind of schooling—in the form of those mysterious childish loves which we find in the infancy of almost all true poets. It was with Heine as it was with Byron. He seems to have come into the world with a heart yearning to bestow and receive affection. Byron was in love

with his cousin, Margaret Parker, at the age of nine; Heine had an almost equally early little passion. Both, too, were alike in the fact, that they ascribed to an unfortunate early passion most of the unhappiness of their subsequent careers. Perhaps such early deception was necessary to the development of their true genius. Both, however, were capable of deep feeling early in life, and both had experience of all the misery of fruitless passion; and the one in the 'Dream,' and the other in the 'Lyrischer Intermezzo,' have given expression to their tenderness and despair in verse which will never die. That the chiefest poets of the world should be unhappy in such experiences is but natural, sensibility to bliss and pain being of the very essence of their nature, and the possession of this quality in excess being as rare as poetic genius; and since but one or two such poets have existed in the course of centuries, the chances are something like one to infinity against such natures meeting with others of equal delicacy. Yet from such men come, as from fountain-heads, all the romance, and grace, and delicacy which make the love of the sexes something more than a mere animal passion; something of the beauty and refinement they create gets infiltrated even into the coarse flesh and prosaic brain of the most selfish, the most scheming, and the most unromantic of those whose lives are spent in the endeavour to crush poetry out of the earth. There is hardly a Philistine so gross who would make love to his bride, or like his daughter to be made love to, after the fashion in vogue among cattle and savages; and if he enjoys a fleeting sense of delicacy of feeling in his gross existence, he owes it to such men as Dante, Petrarch, Byron, and Heine, even although he may be ignorant that they ever existed. However many times a clown may be a millionaire, and however practical and prosperous he may be, he cannot afford to live without being indebted to men of whom he is the secular enemy.

Of such excessive sensibility Heine gave proof in somewhere about his twelfth year, on the public day which in most schools is held at the conclusion of the examinations of the half-year, when prizes are given out and pieces of prose and verse are declaimed by the students—such days as with us are called 'speech-days.' Little Heine even at that time felt all the wild, vague yearning which developes itself in the young poetic nature as preternaturally as the sense of harmony did in the little Mozart. A vision of grace and beauty had arisen in his youthful imagination, and clustered around the form of a slender fair maiden, with waving golden tresses, the daughter of the president of the chief law court at Düsseldorf. Neither she nor anyone, it appears, at that time knew that as she walked a glory surrounded her in the eyes of her boy-worshipper. One can imagine from the sequel what breathless moments of subdued emotion she must have caused the poor child as she burst upon him from time to time in the quiet walks of the *Hofgarten* or in the streets of Düsseldorf; how vividly her image accompanied him in all thought and action, and how closely he kept his secret. Speech-day in the warm month of June came for the school, and the large hall of the old Franciscan convent was crammed with spectators. The school-inspectors sat in an imposing row in front of the boys, and in their midst was an empty chair with golden arms. Little Heine, as he sat among the boys, had peered anxiously among the spectators; but the fair daughter of the president was not to be seen. His turn came to recite the 'Diver' of Schiller. Full of courage, inspired by the fire of the poem, he got up and faced the spectators, and proceeded with the recital till he came to the line—

Und der König der lieblichen Tocher winkt,

when he dropped his eyes, and there just before him sat the golden-haired fairy in the chair with the golden arms. The

poor boy stopped, his class teacher prompted him again and again—'Und der König der lieblichen Tochter winkt;'—but he heard nothing, kept his eyes fixed on the chair, as though it contained a supernatural apparition, and dropped down in a swoon. 'It must be the heat,' said a school-inspector, as Heine's mother rushed towards him. No one, it appears, thought the president's daughter, who had come in late with her father, and taken the seat in the empty chair while little Heine was rapt in the first fire of declamation, had anything to do with it. 'How innocent I was then,' said Heine, as he told the story to his brother Max in after years. From such innocence and such sensitiveness a poet may come in time, but hardly a happy man.

Not less significant is the story which Heine tells of his passionate perusal of the first book which fell into his hands after he came to years of understanding. The first passion of a poet in the matter of books is almost always as decisive in the development of his genius as his first passion in the matter of love, and usually we find destiny has a strange adroitness in the bringing about these chance meetings as well in books as in love-matters. A tragic or epic poet would have fallen in first with the Iliad or 'Shakespeare;' but it was Heine's lot, as a poet and humorist, to fall in with 'Don Quixote.'

It was a pure case of spiritual elective affinity. The soul of Cervantes coalesced at once with the spirit of the young Heine, and the magic page of the volume opened his eyes to a realm of Phantasy of which he at once knew himself to be a rightful prince. Much did he love, in after life, to dwell on the strange fascinations of those first hours in which he wandered in spirit in company with the knight of La Mancha, and read in a childish voice his adventures aloud to the trills of the song of the nightingale and to the rush of the neighbouring waterfall.

'I remember still quite precisely,' he writes in the

'Reisebilder,' 'that childish time when I stole away from home and hurried to the castle gardens to read "Don Quixote" there without fear of disturbance. It was a beautiful May-day; the blooming spring was awake in the still morning light, and drank in the sweet flattery of the nightingale, as the bird sang her lay of praise with such caressing softness, with such melting enthusiasm, that the most timid buds disclosed themselves, and the happy plants and the odour-laden sunbeams kissed each other faster and faster, and trees and flowers trembled with mere rapture. I, however, sat myself down on an old mossy stone in the avenue of trees called the "Alley of Sighs," near the waterfall, and delighted my heart with the adventures of the brave knight. In my childish simplicity, I took everything for sober earnest; however laughable was the sport which the tale made of the poor hero, yet I concluded that must be so, that must be the fate of heroism, to become subject to ridicule as well as to wounds in the body; and I grieved as much over the former as I felt deeply for the latter in my soul. I was a child, and knew not then how much irony God had mingled with the order of the world—irony which the great poet had imitated in his own little world. So I wept the bitterest of tears when the noble knight, for all his noble valour, got but cudgellings and ingratitude; and since, as yet unpractised in reading, I spoke every word out loud, so that the birds and the trees, the brook and the flowers, heard all as I read; and since such innocent creatures of nature know as little of the irony of the world as children, so did they too take everything equally for hard earnest, and wept with me over the sorrows of the pitiful knight. An old wide-spreading oak even sobbed, and the waterfall shook more impatiently its white beard, and appeared to scold at the villany of the world. We all felt that the heroic will of the knight deserved no less admiration because the lion turned his back upon him when he was prepared for combat,

and his deeds were the more worthy of esteem, the more weak and withered was his body, the more rusty the harness which protected him, and the more sorrowful the jade which he bestrode. If we despised the low-born clowns, whose behaviour to the sorrowful knight was as coarse as their cudgels, we despised still more the high-born clowns who, pranked in their gay mantles of silk, with fine pretentious phrases and ducal titles, made scoff of a man who was so far their superior in strength of soul and nobility of mind. The knight of Dulcinea rose ever higher in my veneration, and won my love more and more, the longer I read in the wonderful book—which I did not fail to do every day in the castle gardens, so that by the autumn I had got to the end of the story. And never shall I forget the day on which I read of the sorrowful single combat in which the knight was so shamefully overthrown. It was a gloomy day: hideous cloud-mists swept along the face of a grey sky; the yellow leaves fell mournfully from the trees; heavy tear-drops clung to the last flowers, which drooped down their dying heads, faded and sorrowful; the nightingale now for a long time had ceased to be heard, and from all sides the image of corruption glared wildly upon me. My heart would fain break in twain as I read how the noble paladin lay stunned and crushed on the earth, and how, without raising his vizard, he cried with a voice weak and sick, as though he spoke from the grave, "Dulcinea is the fairest lady on earth, though I am the most luckless of knights in the world: it befits not that this truth shall be belied by my weakness. Knight, strike me through with the lance." Alas! the glittering knight of the silver moon, who vanquished the most valiant and most noble man on earth, was a disguised barber.'

The images of the gaunt knight and his dumpy squire became the inseparable companions of the boy-poet wherever he went; the satire of Cervantes seemed to him but a too true parody of the experience of enthusiasm and imagination in contact with every-day life.

'Perhaps you are right,' he writes again, 'and I am but a Don Quixote, and reading of all kinds of marvellous books has turned my brain, as was the case with the *caballero de La Mancha.* Jean Jacques Rousseau was my Amadis of Gaul, Mirabeau was my Roland or Agramant, and I have sunk myself too deep in the study of the knightly deeds of the French Paladins and the Round Table of the National Convention. But, in sooth, my delusions and the fixed ideas which I have drawn out of those books are of a different kind from the delusions and the fixed ideas of the Manchegan. He wanted to bring the feudal time back again, while I, on the other hand, would destroy whatever is left of it; and so we act with different aims. My colleague mistook windmills for giants; while I in the giants of our day see nothing but windmills. He mistook leather wine-skins for mighty magicians; while I in our mighty magicians see nothing but leather wine-skins. He took beggar hostelries for castles, donkey-drivers for cavaliers, stall venders for court ladies; while I take our castles for bumpkin-hostelries, our cavaliers for donkey-drivers, and our court ladies for stable wenches. He took puppet shows for state realities; whereas I take state realities for puppet shows: yet as resolutely even as the resolute Manchegan do I strike out at the wooden company. I was then of opinion that the absurdity of Don Quixotism consisted in the fact that the noble knight wanted to bring back into life a past which had long died out, and his poor limbs, especially his back, came into painful friction with the present. Alas! I have since then understood that it is just as thankless a folly to undertake to bring the future too soon into the present, especially if one has for such a campaign against the ponderous interests of the present only a lean jade to ride upon, a very rusty harness, and a very fragile frame of body! . . . Had Miguel de Cervantes any notion what application a later time would make of his story? Had he veritably wished to parody in

his long gaunt paladin idealistic enthusiasm, and in his stout squire realistic common sense? At all events, the last makes the most ridiculous figure; for common sense, with all its traditional utilitarian proverbs, is forced to trot along on its gaunt donkey after enthusiasm; in spite of his better judgment, he and his donkey must share all the discomfort which overwhelms the noble cavalier; yes, ideal enthusiasm is of so mighty, transporting a fashion that realistic common sense must perforce follow where it leads. . . . And so the little boy did not shed the tears in vain which he gave to the sorrows of the foolish knight, any more than he did those which the youth shed later over the death of the most holy heroes of liberty, over King Agis of Sparta, over Caius and Tiberius Gracchus, and over Jesus of Jerusalem.'

Besides 'Don Quixote,' he must too early in life have fallen in with 'Gulliver's Travels,' and with 'Sterne;' but further precise details are wanting as to the character of his studies in these early days. We may be sure, however, that the legends of the Rhine formed no small share in awakening the fancy of the boy, who was already in his imagination a playfellow and a darling of the fairies, whose voices he often seemed to hear singing in the breezes or chanting over the flowing waters. 'When I was a boy,' he wrote in after life, 'I thought of nothing else but of magical and wondrous tales; and every pretty woman who wore an ostrich feather I took for a queen of the elves; and if the train of her dress was wet, I took her for a water-witch.'

His mother, who never abandoned her love for art, provided instruction for her children in music, dancing, and drawing: to the two first, however, Heine by no means took kindly. The instrument which his mother fixed on for him was the violin, and she engaged him a teacher to give him lessons in a summer-house in the garden. After some months' tuition, as the mother was walking in the garden at the time of her son's music lesson, she heard the violin being

played overhead, and that in good style. Imagining that it was her son who was the performer, she hurried in to the garden-house to thank the professor for his success with his pupil, when she found her bad boy lying at full length on the sofa, and his master playing the violin, and walking up and down the room.

After this discovery, and since the boy declared that he hated the violin, he was spared all further musical instruction. As for dancing, we hear that, on being struck by his dancing master for some clumsiness, he either threw or pushed the professor, who was a small man, out of window; and the dancing lessons thus likewise came to an end. Heine consequently never learned dancing, as he never learned to fence; and we do not find that he was ever dexterous in any kind of athletic exercise.

In drawing, however, he succeeded better. There was, we know, a good school of painting at Düsseldorf. Among the most promising students of the time was Cornelius, the same who afterwards took rank among the first painters of Germany; and the poet, although the style of painting of the great master was not wholly congenial, was glad to recall in after life the fact that the hand of Cornelius had held his own within it once, to assist him in his first boyish efforts in design.

That which is lacking in the details of Heine's youth is admirably supplied by his own autobiographic sketches, to be found in the portion of the 'Reisebilder,' entitled 'The Book Le Grand.' These sparkling vignettes of his early life were published in 1826; they betray the influence of Sterne, though the originality of Heine is stamped on every line. One cannot read them without being convinced that the childhood of Heine upon the sunny banks of the Rhine was one of great happiness; he was evidently as great a favourite with the pretty girls at the villages through which he journeyed from time to time on the banks of the Rhine as he was with the fairies and water-nymphs. These

sketches, too, have not only a biographical interest as regards the poet, but the descriptions of the entry of the French troops into Düsseldorf, of the abdication of the Elector, and of the passage of Napoleon himself, invest them also with something of historic charm and importance. With these extracts from 'The Book Le Grand,' we commence the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER II.

YOUTHFUL MEMORIES. NAPOLEON AND HAMBURG.

'I FIRST saw the light of the world on the banks of that fair stream, where folly grows on the green hills, and is gathered and foot-trodden in autumn, then poured into casks, and exported. Truly, yesterday I heard somebody utter words of folly, which were imprisoned in a bunch of grapes in the year 1811, which I then saw growing on the Johannisberg. Much folly is consumed in the country itself, and the people there are just like others: they are born, eat, drink, sleep, laugh, cry, make slander, and are terribly anxious about the propagation of their species; seek to appear what they are not, and to do what they are unable; they do not get shaved before they have a beard, and often get a beard before they get their reason; and if they get this, they drown it again in butts of white and red Folly.

'*Mon Dieu!* if I had faith in me enough to remove mountains, the Johannisberg is precisely the mountain which I should like to have always coming after me. But since my faith is not strong enough, Fancy must help me out —and Fancy sets me again on the banks of the beautiful Rhine.

'Oh, there is a fair land full of loveliness and sunshine. In the blue stream the rocky banks mirror themselves with their ruined castles and forests and quaint old towns. There before the house doors sit the good burghers in the summer evenings, and drink out of huge beakers, and babble, confidentially, how the wine, thank God! is thriving, and how

justice should be free and open to all, and that how they guillotined Marie Antoinette without saying "by your leave," and how Government makes the price of tobacco rise, and how all men are equal, and how Gorres (the renegade anti-liberal pamphleteer) is a ragamuffin.

'I never cared much about such manner of talk, and liked men to sit with the girls in the arched windows and laugh with their laughter, and let them throw flowers in my face, and then be sulky until they had told me their secrets or a momentous tale. Pretty Gertrude went wild with delight when I took my seat by her. She was a maiden glowing like a rose, and as she once threw herself on my neck, I thought she would glow and scent herself away in my arms. Pretty Catherine when she spoke to me melted away in a ripple of gentleness, and her eyes were of such a clear, hearty blue as I have never seen in man or woman, and seldom in flowers; it was so pleasant to look on them and fancy all sorts of delightful things.

'But the pretty Hedwig, *she* loved me; for when I stopt near her chair, she drooped down her head to the ground, so that the black locks fell down over her blushing face; and when she looked up, the shining eyes beamed like stars out of a dark heaven. Her bashful lips spoke no word, and I, too, dared not say anything. I coughed, and she trembled. It was she who made her sister beg me not to be so wild in climbing the rocks, and not to bathe in the Rhine when I was warm with running or with drinking. . . . I stole once or twice behind her as she was praying meekly before the picture of the Virgin, which stood in a niche on the ground-floor of the house, bright with gold tinsel and lit up with a flickering lamp; and I heard clearly how she prayed the Mother of God to "keep him from climbing, drinking, and bathing." I should without doubt have fallen in love with the pretty child if she had shown indifference to me, but I did not do so only because I knew she loved me. *Madame*,

when you want me to fall in love with *you*, you must treat me like a villain.

'The three pretty sisters had a cousin—pretty Johanna; and by her side, too, I liked to sit. She knew the dearest of legends all by heart; and when with her white hand she pointed out of window—the scenes of her stories—then was I bewitched into a strange mood: the old knights came visibly down from their ruined castles and hacked in pieces their iron coats; the Loreley stood again on the top of the hill and sang down from it her sweet song of perdition, and the Rhine rushed onwards solemn as reason and yet awfully gleesome; and the beautiful Johanna she looked at me so strangely, so shyly, so mysteriously confiding, as though she belonged herself to the weird tales she was narrating. She was a slender, pale maiden, with a death-struck musing gaze: her eyes were clear as truth itself; her lips were devoutly parted; in the lineaments of her aspect there was some deep story, a saintly story—was it a love legend? I know not, and I had not ever the courage to ask her. After I had looked at her for a time I felt calm and pure. I felt as though it were Sunday in my heart, and angels within it were offering adoration to God.

'In such blessed hours I told her tales of my childhood, and she heard them always with an earnest face and strange! When I could no longer remember a name, she remembered it for me; and when I asked her with astonishment how she knew the name, she laughed out an answer that she had heard it from the birds who had their nest in her window cornice. And she would have me believe that these birds were the same which I had bought with my pocket-money when a boy from a hard-hearted peasant lad, and then let fly again. But I think she knew everything, she was so pale and died in truth so soon. She knew well, too, when she would die, and wished me to leave Andernach the day before. When I took leave of her she gave me both her hands—they were

white, sweet hands, and pure as the holy wafer—and she said: "Thou art good, very good; and if you become naughty, think on the little dead Veronica."

'Have the tell-tale birds betrayed that name too? Well, now I have it again: my earliest childhood blooms again in my memory, and I am once more a child, and I play with other children in the castle square in Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

'Yes, *Madame*, there was I born; and I assert this expressly, in case, when I am dead, seven towns—Schilda, Crowcorner, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Pint-pot-town—should fall to contending about the honour of being my birthplace. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine, and seven thousand men live there, and several hundred thousand lie buried there. And among them are many of whom my mother said it were better that they were still alive—for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr von Geldern and the young Herr von Geldern,—both doctors of renown, who won so many fights with death, and yet got overcome at last. And the devout Ursula, who carried me in her arms when I was a child, she lies buried there too, and a rose-bush grows on her grave. She was so fond of the odour of roses while she lived, and her heart was all attar of roses and love. And the wise old canon, he lies buried there too. Heavens, what a pitiful look he had when I last saw him! He was all made up of mind and plasters, and kept on studying day and night, as though all his care was that the worms should find too few ideas in his head.

'And little William lies there too, and that was *my* fault. We were schoolboys together in the Franciscan convent, and we were playing under the wall of it where the brook Düssel flows; and I said, "William, save the cat; the cat has fallen into the water;" and he jumped at once on to the plank that went over the brook, and snatched the cat up out of the water, and tumbled in himself; and when he was

pulled out himself he was wet and dead. The cat, however, lived a long while after.

'The town, Düsseldorf, is very beautiful, and when you call it to mind in foreign parts, if you have been born there, a strange fit comes upon you. I was born there, and I feel just now as if I must go straight home. And when I say straight home, I mean to the Bolkerstrasse and to the house I was born in. This house will at some time or other be famous; and I have sent word to the old lady who owns it, that as long as she is in the body she must never sell it. For the whole house she would hardly now get so much as the green-veiled English ladies of quality will pay in a year for show-money to the servant girl who will take them to the room where I saw the light, and point out to them the fowl-house where my father shut me up when I stole the grapes, and the brown door on which my mother taught me to write my first letters in chalk. Ach, Gott! Madam, if I become a famous writer, that will have cost my poor mother trouble enough.

'But my fame sleeps as yet in the marble quarries of Carrara; the waste-paper laurels with which my brow is adorned have not yet sent an odour through the wide world; and if the green-veiled English ladies of quality come now to Düsseldorf, they leave the famous house unseen, and go straight to the market-place and gaze at the black colossal statue of knight and horse which stands in the middle of it. This is said to represent the Elector Jan Wilhelm. He has a black suit of armour and a deep down-hanging full-bottomed wig. As a child I heard the story that the artist who cast this statue observed with horror, when the molten metal was being poured into the mould, that there was not enough of it, and all the citizens of the town rushed to his rescue, and brought him enough silver spoons to fill up the mould. And so I stood, hours at a time, before the statue, and split my brain, time after time, in considering how many silver spoons it might have in its inside, and how many apple-

tarts one might buy for all the silver. My passion at that period was for apple-tarts, as it now is for love, truth, freedom, and bisque-soup; and not far from the statue of the Elector, just at the theatre-corner, there stood generally a curiously wizened, bandy-legged fellow, with a white apron, and a basket under it full of pleasantly smoking apple-tarts, which he knew how to recommend with an irresistible soprano voice. "Apple-tarts *quite* fresh, just out of the oven —smell *so* nice." Of a truth, when, in later years, the tempter would try me, he always spoke in such an enticing soprano voice, and I had never stayed for twelve whole hours with Signora Giulietta if she had not struck upon the soft, sweet-smelling apple-tart line; and, in truth, too, never would apple-tarts have moved me so had not the sabre-legged Hermann covered them so mysteriously with his white apron —and aprons——But these are taking out of the text, and I was speaking of the statue which had so many spoons in its body and no soup for them, and which represents the Elector Jan Wilhelm.

'He was, it appears, a brave Herr, and very fond of art, and an able man to boot. He founded the picture-gallery of Düsseldorf; and in the museum there they show you a curiously artistically carved goblet-case in wood, which he cut out himself in his leisure hours, of which he had four-and-twenty every day.

'The princes then were not people worried to death as they are now, and their crowns then were grown tight to their heads; and at night they pulled their night-caps over them, and they slept calmly, and the people slept calmly at their feet; and when the latter awoke in the morning, they said, "Good morning, papa," and the former said, "Good morning, my dear children."

'But there was a change all of a sudden. As we awoke one morning in Düsseldorf, and were going to say, "Good morning, papa," there was papa gone away, and in the whole

town was nothing but blank numbness: everybody felt in a sort of a funeral mood, and the people slunk along in silence to the market-place, and read there a long paper handbill on the door of the Town Hall. Although it was threatening weather, the scraggy tailor Kilian stood there, nevertheless, in his nankin jacket, which he never wore except at home, and his blue woollen stockings hung down at his heels, so that his naked little legs looked piteously bare, and his thin lips trembled while he murmured over to himself the contents of the posted bill. An old pensioner, a soldier of the Palatinate, was reading too, and a little louder; and at many a word a clear tear dribbled down into his white honest moustache. I stood by him and cried too; and I asked him what we were crying for, and then he answered, "The Elector has abdicated;" and then he read on, and at the words "for the fidelity you have shown as my subjects"—"release you now from your duties," then he wept still more vehemently. It was a strange sight to look on, such an old man, in faded uniform, and with a scarred soldier face, crying so fast and all of a sudden. While we were reading, the Electoral arms were taken down from the front of the Town Hall, and everything around us wore an anxious, desolate aspect, as though we were waiting for an eclipse. The Herren, the dismissed town councillors, walked slowly along. Even the town beadle looked as if his authority was all gone, and stood there quite indifferent, although the wild beggar Alloysius stood bolt upright on his one leg, and screamed out the names of French generals; while the drunken, hump-backed Gampertz went rolling about in the gutter, singing '*Ça ira, ça ira!*'

'But I, I went home and wept, and cried out "The Elector has abdicated." My poor mother was in a strange way. I knew what I knew; and I would reveal nothing, and went crying to bed; and in the night I dreamed the world was come to an end—the beautiful flower-gardens and the green meadows were taken up from the ground like carpets and rolled up

together; the town beadle mounted up on a high ladder, and he took the sun down from heaven; the tailor Kilian stood there too, and said to himself, "I must go home and put on my best clothes, since I am dead and must be buried to-day." And it became darker and darker; above there were glimmering thinly a few stars, and even these kept falling down like yellow leaves in autumn. The people about me disappeared one by one, and I, poor child, wandered pitifully about till I stood at last before the willow-hedge of a desolate farm-house, and saw there a man who was digging deep into the earth with a spade; and near him was an ugly woman of evil aspect, who held in her apron something which looked like an amputated human head—and *that* was the moon, and she lay it with anxious care in the open grave; and behind me stood the old Palatine soldier, and he sobbed and spelt out of it all, "The—Elector—has—a-b-d-i-c-a-t-e-d."

'As I woke the sun appeared, as usual, through the windows, and a drum was going through the streets; and as I stepped into our parlour and bid my father, who still sat in the white gown in which the barber had been powdering him, good morning, I heard how the light-footed hairdresser had told, while he was plying the curling tongs all to a T, how that to-day at the Town Hall homage was to be rendered to the new Grand Duke Joachim (Murat); and how the new prince was of the very best family, and had for wife a sister of the Emperor Napoleon; and how he really was a man of good appearance, and wore his fine black hair long, and was going directly to make entry into the town and please all the women for certain. As he spoke drums were beating in the street; and I stepped to the house-door and saw in full march the French troops, the light-hearted sons of glory, who went singing and clinking through the world, the grave and gay Grenadier guards, the tall bearskin caps, the tricoloured cocades, the glancing bayonets, the Voltigeurs full of lustihood and *point d'honneur*, and the al-

mighty great silver-sticked drum-major, who could reach with his stick up to the first story, and with his eyes up to the second, where the pretty girls sat at the windows.

'I was happy when I found that we were to have soldiers billeted upon us—but my mother was not; and I ran away off to the market-place. Quite a change had come over the place: it was as though the world was new varnished. A new coat-of-arms hung on the Town Hall, and the iron balustrades on the balcony were covered with velvet hangings. French Grenadiers stood there as sentries; the old *Herren*, the town councillors, had put on new faces and their Sunday clothes, and looked French at each other and said *bonjour*, and the ladies looked out of all the windows; curious country people and smart soldiers filled up the square; and I, with some more boys, climbed up the back of the great Elector's horse, and looked down on the motley crowd in the market-place. Peter, of next door, and long Kunz nearly made use of this opportunity to break their necks, and that would have been a blessing for them: for Peter ran away from home, enlisted as a soldier and deserted, and was shot dead at Mayence; while long Kunz took later to making geographical explorations in strange pockets, and became in consequence a working member of a society of oakum pickers. He severed, however, the bonds which bound him to these and to his fatherland, and fared safely across the sea, and died in London of a too tight-fitting cravat, which collapsed of itself, when a royal official took the plank away from under Kunz's legs.

'The long Kunz told me that we were to have no school to-day, because it was homage-day. We had to wait a long time till the ceremony was over. At last the balcony of the Town Hall was filled with bright-dressed *Herren*, flags and trumpets; and the *Herr*, the Burgomaster, in his famous red coat, made a speech, which kept stretching itself out like indiarubber or a knitted nightcap with a stone in it. And I understood the sum of the whole to be that we were

to be made happy; and at the last word the trumpets were blown and the flags were waved, and the drums beaten and *vivats* shouted out; and when I shouted *vivat*, I held fast by the old Elector. This I was forced to do because I was getting quite giddy, and began to think the world was turned upside down and the people standing on their heads; but the Elector's head with the full-bottomed wig nodded to me and whispered, "Hold hard by me." Then, when the cannonading began on the ramparts, I steadied myself and slipped slowly down from the Elector's horse.

'As I went home I saw again how the man Alloysius was still dancing on his one leg, while he screamed out the names of the French Generals, and the dumpy humpbacked Gampertz was still rolling in the gutter and roaring *Ça ira, ça ira*; and I said to my mother, "There's no school to-day, because we are to be made happy."

'The next day the world went on as orderly as usual, and we had school again just as before, and we had to learn by heart just as before—the Roman kings, dates, the nouns in *im*, the irregular verbs, Greek, Hebrew, Geography, German language, addition, subtraction, and multiplication all out of our heads. *Gott!* my head turns when I think of it. All to be learnt by heart. Yet a good deal was of use to me in later years, for if I had not known the Roman kings by heart, it would in after life have been a matter of indifference to me whether Niebuhr had proved or whether he had not proved that they never existed.

'Oh, as for Latin, Madam, you can have no idea how complicated it is. The Romans would certainly never have had sufficient spare time for the conquest of the world if they had had first to learn Latin. These fortunate people must have known in their cradles what nouns formed their accusatives in *im*. I, however, had to learn them by heart in the sweat of my brow. But it is a happy thing for me now that I knew them; since, for example, when I had to hold my moot

disputation publicly in Latin, on July 20, 1825, in the Senate House at Göttingen—Madam, it would have done you good to hear it—if I had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, my college friends there would most likely have remarked it, which would have been for me an everlasting shame. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis*—these words have made a deal of noise in the world, and therefore I paid them every attention so as to have them at hand, if I should want them in a hurry; and that gives me in many a sorrowful hour of my life much inward calm and consolation. But, Madam, the irregular verbs, *verba irregularia*, they distinguish themselves from the regular verbs, *verbis regularibus*, in this—that they are accompanied in the learning with a greater number of floggings, for they are horribly hard. In the gloomy cloisters of the Franciscan convent, close to the school-room, there used to hang a crucifix of grey wood, and on it a desolate figure, which even now haunts me in my dreams and looks at me with fixed, bleeding eyes. Before this figure I used to stand and pray: "O thou poor, once persecuted God, do help me, if possible, to keep the irregular verbs in my head."

'Of Greek I will not speak at all; I should vex myself too much. The monks in the middle ages were not so far wrong when they asserted that Greek was an invention of the devil. God alone knows the sorrows I had with it. With the Hebrew it was better, for I had always much affection for the Jews, although they at the present time are crucifying my good name. Yet I did not get on so far in Hebrew as my watch, which at some time or other must have had intimate relations with pawnbrokers, for it acquired Jewish habits—to wit, it had a way of refusing to go on Sundays—and learned the sacred language, and used to decline and conjugate so that with astonishment in my sleepless nights I heard it going on ticking constantly—katat,

katalta, katalti; kettel, kettalta, kettalti; pokat, pokadeti; pekat, pek, pek.

'At the same time, I understood the German tongue better; and that is no child's play. For we poor Germans—who were already plagued enough with military quarterings, military duties, poll-taxes and a thousand and one taxes—we must take over and above upon our backs the learned Adelung, and torture each other with the accusative and dative case. Much of my German tongue did I learn from the old Rector Schallmeyer, a brave intelligent Herr, who took to me from a child; but I learnt something, too, from Professor Schramm, who had written a book on "The Everlasting Peace," and in whose class my fellow scamps always did the most fighting.

'While I have thus been writing on all at a stretch, and thinking of all sorts of things but my story, I have run away into my old school remembrances; so I seize this opportunity, Madam, to prove to you that it was not my fault if I learnt so little Geography that later I very often lost my way in the world. For the French, in sooth, had at that period dislocated all frontiers, and countries every day got a fresh colour on the map. Those who once were blue became green of a sudden; many became blood-red. The descriptive texts were so often changed and jumbled up together, that the devil himself could not recognise them. The very produce of the soil changed too. Chicory and beetroot grew where there once was nothing to be seen but hares and country bumpkins running after them, and the character of the people changed. The Germans became graceful, the French made no more compliments, the English ceased to throw away their money, the Venetians lost their cunning, some princes were promoted, old kings got new uniforms. Many potentates, on the other hand, were pitched out of home and palace, and forced to earn their bread in new

ways. Some of these, therefore, betook themselves to some kind of handicraft, to art, sealingwax,[1] or——

'Madam, this period must come to an end. My breath is just gone. In a word, in such times no man can do much in Geography.

'Therefore we got on better in Natural History. So many changes could not be brought about here, and there are well-defined engravings of apes, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceroses, &c. Some of these pictures remained fixed in my memory; and it happened subsequently very often that a good many people appeared to me at first sight like old acquaintances.

'Also in Mythology I got on well. I had such a liking for the posse of gods and goddesses who governed the world so merrily without care or raiment. I don't think any schoolboy in old Rome ever learned by heart the chief article of his catechism, to wit, the loves of Venus, so carefully as I did. Best of all, however, did I get on in the French class of the Abbé d'Aulnoi, a French *émigré*, who had written scores of grammars, and wore a red wig, and jumped about deftly as he expounded his *Art poétique* and his *Histoire allemande*. He was the only one in the whole school who taught German history. Yet the French tongue had its difficulties too, and to acquire it I had to go through a good deal of billeting, a good deal of drum-beating, much *apprendre par cœur*, and above all things I had to avoid being a *bête allemande*. I had to put up with many hard words. I remember it yet, as well as if it happened yesterday, that the word *la religion* cost me a good deal of trouble. Six good times was I asked, *Henri*, how is *Glaube* called in French? and six times did I answer, always more tearfully, it is called *le crédit*; and at the seventh time the examiner in a rage shouted, 'It is called *la religion*;' and I

[1] An allusion to the King of Bavaria, who was said to occupy himself in manufacturing sealingwax. Louis XVI. took, we know, to smithery.

got a shower of blows with the ferule, and my schoolfellows thought it a joke. Madam! since that time have I never heard the word *religion* without feeling my back tingle with fright and my cheeks getting red for shame.

'*Parbleu!* Madam—in French I did distinguish myself. I understand something not only of *patois*, but of noble German-French. A short time ago I was in a noble company, where I understood nearly the half of the conversation of two German countesses, each of whom was over sixty-four years of age, and had as many ancestors as she had years; yes once in the *Café Royal* in Berlin I heard Monsieur Hans Michel Martens speak French, and understood every word although there was nothing to understand.'

It was five years after the French had first entered Düsseldorf, and therefore five years since the little Heine had been drinking in day by day those tales of wonder about Napoleon from the lips of the drummer Le Grand, which made him a supernatural being in his childish eyes, that the war-god himself passed through Düsseldorf for the first time. Heine was then eleven and stood with his schoolfellows, looking on the wondrous procession of the entry, the remembrance of which never faded within him. 'But how felt I when I saw first him—Hosannah the Kaiser!—with my own most highly blessed eyes. It happened even in the avenue of the castle garden at Düsseldorf. As I peered through the gaping spectators, I thought on the deeds and battles which Monsieur le Grand, the drummer, had told me of, and my heart beat quick march; and then I thought at the same time of the police notice, that all riding down the avenue was forbidden on pain of five thalers' fine. And the Emperor with his staff rode right down the middle of the avenue. The quivering trees bent down as he came by; the sunbeams trembled curiously fearful through the green foliage; and in the blue heaven above him floated visibly a golden star. The Emperor wore his well-worn green

uniform, and his world-historic little hat. He rode a white horse; and his horse moved along in such a quiet, proud, sure, distinguished way, that if I had then been the Crown Prince of Prussia I should have envied that horse. The Emperor sat in a negligent way, almost hanging; the one hand held the bridle, the other patted good-humouredly the neck of his horse. It was a sunny, marble hand—a mighty hand—one of the two hands which had bound down the many-headed monster of Anarchy, and arranged the duels of nations, and it patted good-humouredly the neck of his horse. His countenance had the same colour that we see on Greek and Roman marble heads; the lineaments of the same were also as nobly cut as those of the old statues, and on his face was written, "Thou shalt adore no other gods but me." A smile which warmed and tranquillised every heart hovered over his lips; and yet we knew that those lips had only to whistle, *et la Prusse n'existait plus*; those lips had only to whistle, and the priesthood had rung its last bell; those lips had only to whistle, and the whole holy Roman Empire would be set dancing: and the lips laughed, and the eyes laughed. It was an eye clear as heaven: it could read in the hearts of men, and saw in a glance the whole things of the world; while we others can only see them one by one, and then only in shadow. The brow was not quite clear; the spirits of future battles were crowded there; and there went a quiver over the brow from time to time, and that was a thought of creation, one of those seven-leagued-boot thoughts with which the spirit of the Emperor invisibly bestrode the world; and I believe every one of those thoughts would have given a German author enough stuff to write about for a whole life.

'The Kaiser rode quietly through the avenue: no policeman stopped his way. Behind him on snorting steeds, and stiff with gold and jewels, rode his staff; the drums rolled

out, the trumpets clanged, and the people cried with a thousand voices, "Long live the Emperor!"'

He saw him yet again in 1812, as he reviewed the detachment of troops in Düsseldorf, previous to the Russian campaign.

'Never will this image disappear out of my memory. I see him even still, aloft upon his steed, with his eternal eyes in his marble Imperator face, looking down quiet as fate upon the guards defiling by. He sent them then to Russia, and the old Grenadiers looked up to him with such awful devotion, so consciously earnest, so death-proud—*Te, Cæsar, morituri salutant!*'

Yes, *morituri salutant*, so it was. The Jew boy of Düsseldorf looked then for the second and last time on the awful aspect of the man who, whatever were his crimes and his follies, has but Cæsar, Alexander, and Charlemagne for rivals since the commencement of the world. He saw him then in the fulness of his glory and power, when he deemed his Carlovingian dominion was built on sure foundations, proud for the time in the thought that his newly born son, the King of Rome, would sit secure on the throne of western empire to which he had waded through the blood of slaughtered nations, and that his race would outlive the most ancient dynasties of Europe. But in his madness he made war against the elements, and the *Grande Armée* disappeared in the icy waves of the Beresina, and in the snow steppes of Russia, and its ghastly overthrow was the signal for the uprising of the subjugated nations of the Continent.

That he had been able to reduce all Germany with such rapidity was due chiefly to the miserable vanity, treachery, and cowardice of the three or four dozen of incompetent little despots who misgoverned the country between them. In some parts of Germany, as we have said, even French rule seemed for a time preferable to the turpitude of the *régime* which it displaced. But towards the end of the French

domination the conscription had been carried on with frightful severity; and even from the Duchy of Berg crowds of youths watered with their blood the dreary uplands of Spain or lay congealed beneath the snows of a Muscovite winter. The conscription for the army of Russia was so unsparing that manufacture and trade were brought almost to a standstill for want of hands, and the tillage of the soil had in great part to be done by women; to add to the sufferings of the people, commerce was ruined by the Continental blockade, and the debtors of the state received no money. It was felt such a state of things could endure no longer.

The first signal for the general uprising came from Prussia, whose king by his own treacherous conduct towards Napoleon had brought upon his country the overthrow of Jena. Stein and Hardenberg had long been disciplining the Prussian people into soldiers with that ingenious system of military organization of whose astounding perfection Europe has lately been spectators. The *Tugendbund* had kept alive the spirit of patriotism in the hearts of the people: the news of the destruction of the *Grande Armée*, and the secession of General York, who commanded the German detachment, was the signal for a general rising. The King of Prussia then authorized the establishment of free corps of volunteers, and published an address to his people, calling upon them to rise, and making boundless promises in the way of constitutional freedom, if they would help him back to his throne—promises which he ignored as soon as his subjects had restored his authority with their blood, quite as naturally as if they had never been made. The enthusiasm of independence spread throughout the German races—and from the Baltic to the Rhine, from the Oder to the Elbe, there was a universal rush to arms; and in the 'battle of the peoples,' the great *Völkerschlacht* of Leipzig, the mighty conqueror suffered a deadly overthrow which delivered Germany from an invader, but handed her over again to the dominion

of the petty tyrants who were the primary cause of her degradation. Even the Duchy of Berg had participated in the general movement. On the news of the retreat from Moscow, a large body of recruits at Solingen revolted, and a regiment of lancers raised in the Duchy deserted to the Prussian army. At the news of Leipzig, however, there was a general rising of the inhabitants, and the French *employés* were driven away—while the Duchy was speedily occupied by allied troops on march towards the frontier of France.

It is not here the place to tell the story of the abdication of Napoleon, nor of his relegation to the island of Elba, nor of the consternation into which his escape from Elba threw the members of the Holy Alliance as they were wrangling about the division of the spoils of victory at Vienna, and devising a new system of political slavery for Europe. A bloodier battle than Leipzig had now to be fought: the Napoleonic tyranny was overwhelmed afresh and for ever at Waterloo, to be succeeded by that of the Holy Alliance.

The upper class of the Gymnasium of Düsseldorf did not escape the influence of this general stream of Teutonic enthusiasm, and all were volunteers for the War of Liberation; Heine among the number, though he was then but a boy. However, the second peace of Paris was concluded, and his services were no longer required. He was now approaching the age of sixteen, and his future career was a frequent subject of home discussion. It can be imagined that between the quick-witted, energetic, brave Frau Heine and her dull commercial husband, this topic was found very difficult of debate. A lively, roguish boy of extraordinary promise, of extreme sensibility and imagination--what could be made of him? He himself would have liked to have gone to a university; but there were two things in his way, the *res angusta domi* and his Jewish creed, which at that time seemed an obstacle to any career but that of medicine, for which he had not the slightest inclination. However,

Kaufman Heine at last resolved to take him off to Frankfort and place him there as a banker's clerk. Although the boy had shown hitherto no liking for commerce, he might do so, perhaps, if he saw more of it. The experiment was made, but without success. The boy was placed by his father in a banker's office, but he did not remain there longer than a fortnight; and Heine took such a disgust to the town of Frankfort that he never could speak patiently of his early sojourn there. Perhaps this was in chief measure owing to degrading and oppressive treatment to which he found his co-religionists still subject in that city. The Jewish community in Frankfort, as soon as the war of Liberation was over and the French retired, were again thrust into their dark and dismal Ghetto, and compelled to dwell apart, like the leprous outcasts of the middle ages. No Jew could appear on any of the public promenades of the town, and the gates of Ghetto were closed upon them every Sunday. Heine's residence in the Ghetto, however, enabled him to give some lifelike touches to his description of it in the '*Rabbi von Bacharach.*' He remained in the city altogether about two months, and then returned home, when the old debates as to his future career began again. He lingered on for a year about Düsseldorf; after which—apparently at the suggestion of Solomon Heine, who was at this time beginning to feel that great rise in his career which was to make him the richest banker in Germany—he was packed off to Hamburg to try anew a commercial life in the great commercial emporium of North Germany. He appears to have made an earnest effort to acquire commercial tastes; he even was for a year or so, in 1818–19, a commercial agent of some kind: but it was not possible. How was the darling of fairies and waterwitches, the pupil of the drummer *Le Grand,* the comrade of Don Quixote, the boy who fell down in a swoon at the sight of the President's golden-haired daughter, with his heart full of sunshine and nightingales,

to take an interest in the agency of dry goods, in dealings with *Mark banco*, or in single and double entry? The life of the poor youth during this abortive commercial period must have been terribly painful. He had just enough education to make him yearn for more; he had a wild inextinguishable desire for an intellectual life; he had a certain consciousness of having a calling in that way, and began already to feel the movings of inspiration; and over the door of the commercial career to which he seemed doomed, he saw inscribed, *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.* To be confined to that for ever and aye were hell itself—better to die at once.

With such an intolerable outlook for the future, it is not strange that Hamburg—the heavy commercial city—should have appeared to Heine under a gloomy aspect, and that he should have regretted bitterly the sunny banks of the Rhine, and the rushing stream which seemed to murmur ever of legend and romance. Of Düsseldorf, as we have seen, he continued ever to speak with affection, but of Hamburg he never has a good word to say. His description of Hamburg, given in the eccentric 'Memoirs of the Herr von Schnabelowopski,' written in 1831, but published in 1834, gives us, no doubt, the enduring impressions which the great trading city—where the Mark Banko is as much worshipped as the dollar in New York—left upon him:—

'The City of Hamburg is a good city—good solid houses. The villanous Macbeth is no hero here, but Banco is. The spirit of Banco rules despotically over the free State, whose visible head consists of a highly and deeply learned Senate. The manners here are English, and its style of feeding is angelic. Truly between the quarters of Wandrahmen and Dreckwall you may find dishes here of which our philosophers have no conception. The Hamburgers are worthy people and worthy eaters. In respect of religion, politics, and sciences, they may have discordant or no opinions, but in respect of feeding they have the most beautiful unanimity. One portion of the

Jews there declares that grace ought to be said in Hebrew; another that it may be said in German; but both portions eat, and eat heartily, and are of like opinion in that matter. . . . Hamburg is the native city of hung beef, of which fact it is as proud as Mayence is of John Faust, or Eisleben of Luther. Of what value, indeed, is the invention of printing or the Reformation by the side of hung beef? Two parties still in Germany contend about the benefit of the first two inventions, but the most zealous Jesuits are all agreed that hung beef is a wholesome invention for humanity.

'Hamburg was built by Charlemagne, and is inhabited by 80,000 little folk, who would none of them change places with the great king who lies buried at Aix-la-Chapelle. Perhaps the population of the Hamburg may be 100,000. I cannot tell precisely, although I have walked the streets days at a time, looking at the people; for, no doubt, I overlooked many of the men, since I looked chiefly at the women. The last I found to be generally not scraggy, but for the most part rather full-bodied, yet at the same time charmingly beautiful, and on an average of a certain comfortable robustness, which is not disagreeable to me personally. If they are not passionately given to romance in love-matters, and have no conception of the great passion of the heart, this is not so much their fault as the fault of *Amor*, the little divinity, who often lays the sharpest of love-arrows in his bow, but out of roguishness or clumsiness shoots much too low, and hits the Hamburg ladies, not in the heart, but in the stomach. As for the men they are mostly underset figures, with knowing cold eyes, low foreheads, red cheeks drooping negligently down, their eating apparatus excellently developed, with hats as though fast nailed to their heads, and with their hands generally in their trousers' pocket, with the air of one who would ask, "What have I got to pay?" . . .

'For readers to whom the city of Hamburg is not known —and there exist such perhaps in China and Upper Bavaria

—for these I must remark that the most pleasant walk of the sons and daughters of Hammonia bears the legitimate name of the Jungfernstieg: this consists of an alley of lime trees, which is bounded on the one side by a row of houses, and on the other by the great basin of the Alster; and that before the latter, jutting into the water, two pleasant little *cafés* stand, which are called pavilions. Before one of these, especially that which is styled the Swiss Pavilion, it is agreeable to sit in summer time when the afternoon sun smiles cheerfully, and pours its splendour in a fabulously lovely way over the lime trees, the houses, the people, the Alster, and the swans which float thereon. . . . The swans! how long could I look at them—those gentle creatures with the soft long necks, who balanced themselves voluptuously on the soft waves, while they from time to time dived down and up again, and plashed about in all the pride of their being, till the heaven darkened and the golden stars came out, desiringly, temptingly, wonderfully mild and glorified. The stars, are they golden flowers in the bridal bosom of the sky? Are they the loving eyes of angels who mirror themselves yearningly in the blue waters of the earth and play lovingly with the swans. . . . Alas, that it was long ago! I was then young and foolish—now I am old and foolish. Many a flower has since then withered away, and many fresh ones, too, have come to light, and the time since then how has it changed! . . . And the Jungfernstieg! When I came there again the snow lay on the roof, and it seemed as though the houses had grown older, and got white hair. The limes of the Jungfernstieg were but dead stems and dry branches, which swayed themselves spectrally in the cold wind. The sky was of a cutting blue, and grew dark all of a sudden. It was Sunday, five o'clock, the general time for dining: carriages rolled along; and when the *Herren* and *Damen* got out of them they had a frozen smile on their hungry lips. Horrible! at the moment a

frightful suspicion shuddered through me that unfathomable imbecility lay on all their features, and that all the people who went by had been kept fixed in a weird state of insanity. I had already, twelve years ago, seen them at the same hour, with the same mien, and making the same motions, like the puppets of a Town-House clock; and they had since then gone on reckoning in the same wise, frequenting the Exchange, inviting each other, moving their underjaws, paying their *Trinkgeld*, and reckoning again—twice two are four! Frightful, I exclaimed, would it be, if it should occur suddenly to one of these people, as he sits on his office stool, that twice two are properly five, and that he therefore has miscalculated his whole life, and squandered it all away in a ghastly error! . . .

'But yet more weird and puzzling than these images, which moved by like Chinese shadows, were the tones which pierced into my ear from another side. They were hoarse, rattling, unsubstantial tones, insensate screamings, painful plashings and desperate gulpings, gaspings and raspings, groanings and wheezings, sounds of pain indescribably icecold. The basin of the Alster was frozen over, only close to the bank was a great broad square, hewn in the ice level, and the horrible tones which I had heard had proceeded from the throats of poor white creatures, who swam round about and cried as though in the pangs of death; and alas! they were the same swans who had once touched my soul so gently and so cheerfully. Alas! the beautiful white swans: their wings had been broken, in order that in the autumn they might not be able to migrate away to the warm South; and now the North held them fast bound in its dark ice-pits, and the waiter at the Pavilion declared that they were comfortable there, and that the cold was healthy for them. But that is not true; it is not good for one to be imprisoned helplessly in a cold pool, and there to be frozen up; to have one's wings broken so that one can no longer

fly forth to the fair South, where the beautiful flowers are, and the golden sunlight, and the blue mountain lakes——Alas! to me once was fate not much kinder, and I understood the agony of those poor swans; and as it kept getting darker and the stars came out clear above—the same stars which once in the fair summer's evening seemed to woo the swans lovingly, but which now seemed so frosty clear, and to look down on them almost with contempt—well understood I then that the stars were no loving sympathetic beings, but only shining illusions of the night—eternal images of deception in an imaginary heaven—golden lies in dark-blue nothingness. . . .'

These words of desperation doubtless give a true notion of the state of Heine's feelings during this the first of his two residences at Hamburg. All our sensations of climate and of external circumstances are relative. For the inhabitant of Lapland, Berlin would in winter represent a mild southern climate; while the native of Andalusia would freeze in Paris. So Heine, transplanted from the banks of the flowing Rhine, with their more genial inhabitants, from a clime where the air was sunny in comparison, and even vocal with fairy and folk-lore, felt himself in the dull heavy atmosphere of commercial Hamburg, with its practical worship of Mark Banco and its eternal jargon of the Mart, to be precisely like one of the swans whom he had seen waddling painfully with broken wing in the frozen basin of the Alster.

Heine remained, it appears, at Hamburg at this time nearly three years. He went there towards the end of his sixteenth year, and remained till he was nearly nineteen; a long period in a boy's life, and of which, in Heine's case, we have few details. He probably occupied it chiefly in showing the incompatibility of his nature with commercial pursuits; nevertheless, the time so spent was deplorably lost when considered with regard to his subsequent career. It appears, however, to have taken so long before Solomon Heine, the

millionaire-head of the family, could convince himself that his unaccountable nephew would not make a good figure on 'change. One would gladly make nearer acquaintance with the strange figure of the old Hebrew banker, but the opportunities for it are not abundant. Assuredly, however, he was a natural caricature of the irascible, obstinate old uncle of Comedy—the Chremes and the Sir Anthony Absolutes; good old fellows in the main, with a great deal of rough, sterling generosity and affection at bottom, but with an odd strange fashion even of being generous and affectionate; susceptible of offence at the merest trifles which contradicted their humours, and capable of breaking out at any time into flashes of ill-humour, which might be transient or lasting as the whim seized them. Old Solomon was named by Heine the *furchtbarer Tyrann*—the fearful tyrant before whom all the family trembled; and he was likely all the more to be irrational in his whims and bursts of anger from the fact that he was utterly illiterate. He understood well his business as a member of the Hamburg Exchange, and there the whole round of his knowledge terminated. Even late in life, when Heine had become the first poet in Germany, he could not understand in the least what his nephew was about; he always considered his career an absolute failure, caused by a deficiency of ability indispensable to every decent man of business. Heine always was with him *der dumme Junge*, the 'fool of a boy;' and when he was at one time complimented on the success of the publication of a volume by his nephew, he replied, *Hätte der dumme Junge was gelernt, so brauchte er keine Bücher zu schreiben*—'if the fool of a boy had learnt something, he would never have had any need to write books.'

If the old gentleman had been capable of any intelligent appreciation of the character of Heine's genius, he would have spared him those three years of hanging on to the

outskirts of commercial life at Hamburg, and many a painful misunderstanding would have been avoided further on in years.

Yet it was not alone with the humours of his uncle that Heine had to contend: there was a whole miserable crew or kinsfolk—*die Magen und die Sippschaft*—surrounding the rich banker, his *captatores benevolentiæ*, all looking out for present or future slices of his bounty. The poet had come among this commercial family as an entirely anomalous being: he was the ugly duck of Hans Andersen among them, and as strange to them as a creature dropped from the moon—and whatever jealousies and envies might exist among each other, they all made common war on the intruder—all caught up every available scrap of gossip and slander which could tell against their dissimilar kinsman to prejudice the rich old uncle against the strange nephew, and prevent as far as possible any further dribblets in that direction of what they regarded as their common property. Heine said that his uncle's house in Hamburg became the harbour of all his worst enemies, and if any calumnies were invented about him, they were sure to find ready hearers there. The most rancorous of these domestic foes were the sons-in-law of the old banker, the husbands of his two eldest daughters. Solomon Heine had in all six children by his wife, Betty Goldsmidt, whom he loved deeply, who died in 1837, and in whose honour he founded the *Betty Krankanstalt*, or Betty hospital in Hamburg. Of these six children two only were sons, and four were daughters. One of the sons died early in life at Rome in 1830—the other, Carl Heine, with whom Heine had a terrible dispute late in life, was born in 1810, and was but seven or eight years of age at the time of Heine's first residence at Frankfort. All the daughters married.

This truly was a numerous family; yet it must be remembered that Solomon was a man for those times of almost

fabulous wealth, and that by his will he gave magnificent donations to almost all the charitable institutions of Frankfort; that he deemed himself rich enough not only to provide for his immediate descendants, but for distant relations and even for strangers. Doubtless if the old banker had been able to entertain a conception of the value of Heine's genius, and to imagine that it would render imperishable the name he bore, and confer everlasting honour on his race, he would have deemed it one of his first duties to provide for its free development, and to spare him the life-long torments, of which the bounty which he was pleased to confer upon him was the occasion, a bounty of which Heine was made to feel the humiliation and the precariousness to a degree which brought upon him a fearful malady and premature death. However, it was not so, and the world must with Heine be thankful that Solomon had light enough to give him even the chance which he did. How light first dawned upon him that Heine his nephew was not fitted for a commercial career, and that the best course was to give his genius some chance of fair play, by sending him to a university, there are no means of knowing—but certain it is that it did so dawn at last. Certain it is, too, that some of the poems contained in his first collection, 'Youthful Sorrows,' and still included in the 'Book of Songs,' were written during the years of his first Hamburg residence; indeed, he had already begun to write verses at Düsseldorf after his return from Frankfort. A newspaper, the 'Hamburg Watchman,' in the year 1817, published several of these songs. We who read these songs now by the light of Heine's subsequent renown can easily see that they contain certain qualities specially Heinesque, and that the presence of future excellence is to be found in them; but it may be easily pardoned to readers of that time if they failed to see so much. Some of the poems thus published, and which were subsequently omitted from his collection, were simple, well-rhymed imitations of

Arndt and Schenckendorf and Brentano. Some of the rest, however, such as the one on the spectral maiden whom he saw in the forest, weaving his winding-sheet, hammering his coffin, and digging his grave; the legend of Don Ramiro, who comes an uninvited guest and spectre to dance with the bride at her bridal at the midnight hour; and the little poem, the one on the carpenter hammering at his coffin in his heart, are completely in the Heinesque manner, and may possibly have excited sufficient attention among some of the Hamburg people, to make the nephew talked of in a way which came to the uncle's ears, and so induced him to give up the idea of forcing him to continue commercial life.

His poetic faculties, indeed, had at Hamburg been stimulated into activity by a circumstance which was destined to colour the whole flow of his life. He had fallen in love, and his suit was not destined to be successful. Who the object was of this fruitless passion the poet himself, with extreme delicacy, contrived to keep a secret during his lifetime. Her name is not mentioned in any of his poems, and he makes use of such numbers of pseudonyms, and disguises his bootless passion by singing it in so many forms and with such variety of circumstance, that the identity of the lady remained a secret even to most of his relatives. It is however now clear that the lady was one of his own cousins, Amalie Heine, born one year later than himself, and married, in 1821, to John Friedlander, a proprietor of Königsberg, who afterwards settled at Absinthhein, near Hamburg.

This is the lady who makes under so many names—Agnes, Maria, Evelina, Donna Clara, Ottilie, &c.—her appearance in Heine's verse. What was the character of their relations? This it is impossible to say. Were they betrothed? as one account says; and did she abandon him later because he would not embrace a mercantile career, and because a richer suitor presented himself? Did she conceive herself neglected because Heine went off from Hamburg to

the University, and failed to return for a couple of years, as one passage of Heine's verse would lead us to imagine? Was she a heartless flirt, such as may be imagined from various other passages, who led him on, engaged his affections, and then made him a smart curtsey and showed him a cold back? Was she deterred—as yet another verse would lead us to conclude—by the advice of kind relatives, who all beset her to break off an engagement with a poetic neer-do-weel, against whom they all entertained the rancour which the vulgar and the selfish ever entertain of their superiors in thought and aspiration? Was her marriage an unhappy one?

These questions cannot be answered. Heine has purposely involved the affair in such obscurity that it would be impossible to settle the matter in any other way than by a revelation from the lady herself; and as she has been dead now for some years, no one but a medium can assist us.

So much, however, appears to be certain, that she entangled Heine in a love affair, and then set her fancy on somebody else, who jilted her; after which she married the first person who presented himself, and who was a person of good estate.

The whole story is told in these lines of the poet:—

A youth he loves a maiden,
  She doth another prefer;
This other he loves yet another,
  And *he* has married her.

The maiden she weds in vexation
  The very first fine man
Who comes in the way before her—
  The youth-cheek then grows wan.

This is an ancient story,
  Such as is ever new;
To whomsoever it happens,
  His heart is broken in two.

The generalisation of the last two lines is excessive. Such an affair would have had no such evil consequences except in about one among thousands of cases; and, unfortunately, Heine's was such a case. Nature had given him that warm, passionate, palpitating, eager, poet-heart into which a false woman at this critical time could dart poison with her eyes. The precocity of his boyish fancy had, as we have seen, fluttered already around many pretty and innocent girls without harm. He had left his warm and happy home, and the consolations of family life, on the banks of the Rhine; he was alone, isolated and unhappy, in a cold strange place, with a nature thirsting for affection as a tropical flower removed to northern air thirsts for sunshine and light, when this woman breathed a deceitful poison upon the petals of his soul which clung to them for life. The truest idea of the girl perhaps can be formed from some verses which he addressed to her daughter years afterwards—verses in which he says he finds in the little minx the same looks of sincerity and candour, with the same deceit, the same sweet hard voice, and the same serpent-tail to all her excellences, as were to be found in the mother. In fact, she probably possessed one of those corpse-like natures who are capable of affecting sentiment and simulating passion till they have ensnared the heart and the imagination, and then cast on them the blight of their own barren natures. To fall in love with a woman of this kind was as great a misfortune for Heine as if she had given him the leprosy: it ruined his faith in the beautiful and the true, and shot the poison of distrust into his soul. Had he early enough in life and afterwards met with a woman who was a more complete realisation of his ideal, or nearer akin to him in spirit, the past might have appeared as a wholesome ordeal from which he might have felt thankful that he had escaped, and which would have enhanced the glory of present felicity and affection; but it was destined to be years before his

serious affections were satisfied in any permanent fashion; and, meanwhile, the leprous poison of the first love was devouring his soul and his heart. However, he got after a time sufficiently cured of his delusion to be aware of the fate from which he had escaped; for he was able to say—

> She broke her faith, she broke her troth—
> For this I feel forgiving;
> Otherwise she had, as wedded wife,
> Embittered love and living.

Misfortune as it was to love such a girl, still worse would it have been to have married her. He was then able to recall, perhaps, that the pretty face and its belongings, which were the curse of his life for a while, had their imperfections; that all the girl's affectation of sentiment and piety was utterly unreal; and to estimate duly the incongruities and insincerities of her who contrived to captivate his poet heart and fancy for a while, with a heart, as he tells us, all the time as incapable of emotion as a 'little glacier.' With such an unhappy affection at the outset of life, it is hardly wonderful that Heine's early poems should be filled with visions of marble-pale, vampire maidens, who came out of their graves and lay down beside him, with ice-cold breasts, and drew the blood from his heart with insatiable white lips.

However, that Heine should have allowed such an unfortunate attachment to have had a permanent evil influence on his life, and that he should not have been able to turn it to a better and exalting purpose, was due to a defect of his nature and a lack of ideal faith, which we reserve for later consideration.

Whether Solomon Heine or any other member of the family observed this growing attachment of Heine for his cousin, we find no notice; at any rate, the old banker, somehow, in Heine's nineteenth year adopted the resolution of

offering to pay his expenses for a complete course of University study. He appended to this offer the condition that Heine should devote himself industriously to the study of law, take the degree of *Doctor utriusque juris*, and then adopt the career of an advocate in Hamburg. In order for Heine to fulfil this last part of the condition it was necessary for him to be baptized and become a Christian, for the honest banker, who remained throughout life a Jew himself, was completely indifferent as to any change of creed in his relatives.

Full of joy at this unhoped-for and sudden change in the desolate prospects of his life, Heine returned to Düsseldorf in the summer of 1819, to prepare for commencing his University career at Bonn in the autumn. He began, among other things, his studies in Latin in company with Joseph Neunzig, he who had formerly struck the 'poetic vein in his head.' The news that Harry Heine had returned to Düsseldorf was soon spread abroad among the simple neighbours; and, as it may be supposed that he had not omitted to send the 'Hamburg Watchman' to his mother, and that she had not failed to show her son's verses in the pride of her heart, the fame of his first verse-making preceded him, and he was besought by many a neighbour maiden to write verses in her album. Freed from the terrible oppression which the aspect of his future had before caused him, Heine now gave his poetic fancy free range in the realms of the imagination. Among the poets then chiefly in repute, such as Arndt Schenckendorf, Brentano, &c., he was especially attracted by Uhland; and it was under the influence of the poems and ballads of Uhland that he composed the 'Grenadiers,' a little poem in which he has embodied all the wild admiration for Napoleon which he had imbibed from his intimacy with 'Le Grand,' the French drummer.

The Grenadiers.

Two Grenadiers march'd back to France,
From Russian bonds set free;
But, oh! their heads hung sadly down
As they reach'd Germany!

For then they heard the woeful news,
That France had lost the fight—
The *Grande Armée*, it was no more;
The Emperor seized in flight.

They wept! they wept! these Grenadiers
To hear such tidings sore;
Then said the one, 'Oh, woe's the day!
My old wounds bleed once more.'

Then spake the other, 'All is lost,
And now I fain would die;
Yet have I wife and child at home—
Their only trust am I.

'What boots me wife? what boots me child?
Other thoughts have I, I wis:
Let them beg their bread, if they have no more,
While my Emperor captive is.

'Now, comrade, I ask but a thing of thee,
If here I chance to die:
Take thou my corpse to the land of France,
In French earth let me lie;

'The cross of the brave, with the ribbon red,
Upon my breast be laid;
My musket place thou in my hand,
And belt me with my blade.

'Then will I still and watchful lie,
Like sentry in my bed,
Until I hear the cannons roar,
And the neighing war-steed's tread.

'My Emperor then rides again!
The sword-blades whir and wave!
I start in arms from out my bed,
My Emperor to save.'

Speedily after it was written this poem was set as a song by a musical composer of Düsseldorf, Max Kreuzer, and dedicated by him to Marshal Soult, whose wife's family belonged to the neighbourhood.

Late in the Autumn of 1819 Heinrich Heine and Joseph Neunzig left Düsseldorf together, and proceeded to the University of Bonn.

He was then approaching his twentieth year; that is to say, he had finished more than a third part of his life. In the excitement of his heart at the unhoped-for change in his destiny, it never occurred to him at that time to think that he was leaving behind him scenes of pure joys and delights the like of which he was never to know again; above all, that he was never more to dwell in the sweet communion and fellowship of that mother whom he continued to love tenderly till his heart ceased to beat, and to whom Heine, sceptic and reputed cynic as he was, in the course of a year or two, with grateful and regretful heart, yearning towards his Düsseldorf-home of peace and innocence, addressed two affectionate sonnets, still included in the 'Book of Songs,' sonnets in which, looking back to the idyllic joys of his boyhood, he regrets each wilful deed which had troubled that beautiful mother-heart which had loved him so much; regrets the mad delusion which made him desire to leave her, and go on and on wildly searching for love to the extremities of the earth. 'Love,' he says, 'I sought in every street; for love I stretched out my hands and begged for at every door;' and then, after further describing his vain pilgrimage in search of love, he says he returned home, sad and weary, and there awaited him in his mother's eyes the sweet love—the love so vainly sought for elsewhere and denied him.

CHAPTER III.

UNIVERSITY DAYS. BONN AND GÖTTINGEN.

THE University of Bonn, styled the High School, or *Hochschule*, was originally founded by the Elector Maximilian Frederick of Cologne, in 1777. After being temporarily suppressed during the French occupation, it was reopened by Frederick William III. of Prussia, on the fifth anniversary of the battle of Leipzic, on October 18, 1818. Consequently, when Heine entered its lecture-rooms as a student, it had been reopened precisely a year. For every department of science and literature such distinguished professors had been selected that the University acquired at once a high reputation: students flocked to it from all parts of Germany, and their number at once reached seven hundred. The faculty of Jurisprudence, for which Heine was entered, could boast of professors like Mittermaier, Welcker, Walter, and others, whose works are still text-books of professional study; Philosophy, Literature, and Art were represented by men like the patriotic poet Arndt, the author of 'Wo ist der Deutschen Vaterland?' August Wilhelm von Schlegel, Hüllman, and Delbrück. Nor were the students slow in following the lead of their distinguished teachers. A generous enthusiasm, and an earnest passion for spiritual and intellectual advancement, communicated themselves from one generation to another of those who flocked there for instruction. These qualities were increased by a genuine spirit of patriotism, which had been called into birth by the great struggle of the War of Liberation, and which aspired at

obliterating the ancient divisions of Germany, by the formation of a united German people. These patriotic aspirations were, however, held in suspicion by the German Government; a constant system of espionage was maintained at all German universities, and all clubs and societies of students were forbidden. The great club of the *Burschenschaft*, which united all the youths of the German universities into one body, in the spirit of German unity, and whose colours were the 'black, red, and gold,' so frequently and affectionately mentioned by Heine, was viewed with especial detestation by the authorities, and in some universities its members were subjected to State prosecution. The Jesuitical enemies of German liberty, fearing that the *Burschenschaft* spirit, or the spirit of German unity, could not be wholly suppressed by violence, started in opposition to it the *Landsmannschaften*, or district clubs, which were secretly fostered by the governing powers, in spite of their general prohibition of student societies. With Machiavellian ingenuity it was imagined that the most effective way of suppressing the rising spirit of general patriotic activity lay in the division of the youths into corps bearing the names 'Westphalia,' 'Franconia,' and in substituting local rivalries for a common brotherhood. The authorities regarded with satisfaction the growing tastes for the swillings of the *Kneipe*, and for the ruffianism of the slashing and hacking matches which they called duels, take the place of political and ideal speculation.

When Heine entered the University of Bonn the spirit of the German *Burschenschaft* was in process of disintegration, but it had not yet become extinguished by the roystering beer-guzzling *Commerz*, and by the disgusting follies of the *Landsmannschaften*. Immediately after his arrival at Bonn he took place in the last demonstration which the students of the Rhenish University were permitted to celebrate in the cause of German freedom—and this was a procession by torchlight to the *Siebengebirge*, the 'seven hills,' in the

neighbourhood of Bonn, whose romantic form and position are so well known to the traveller on the Rhine. A huge pile of wood was collected on the summit of the Drachenfels, under the ruins of the castle, to which the students set fire with their torches, which they then cast upon the top of the pyramid of flames; while they drank to the health of Germany in beakers of Rhenish wine, and youthful orators gave vent to fiery utterances in honour of their common fatherland. Heine in the proceedings distinguished himself chiefly by his zeal in keeping up the bonfire, and in the drinking of Rhenish wine; and if he did not make a speech, he at least afterwards composed a sonnet in honour of the occasion, styled 'The Night on the Drachenfels,' which characteristically takes note of the cold he caught there in honour of Germany.

Indeed, the admirer of Don Quixote had a lively example, in this very festival of the Drachenfels, of that irony which he tells us he had noticed in the government of the world, for the student ran a near chance of being rewarded for this harmless display of patriotic enthusiasm by a Government persecution: spies and informers had been among them and taken notes of their proceedings; and orders were sent to the University authorities to institute a severe examination into the affair, which might have had serious consequences, had not the liberal and honest-hearted Mittermaier, as chief of the University tribunal, been able to exercise a soothing influence. However, this festival of the Drachenfels was the last public demonstration of the *Burschenschaft* at Bonn; and no doubt this interference of the Prussian Government with a harmless frolic of boys—the first political affair in which Heine had any share—was not without its influence in the formation of his political opinions.

The humorist and the satirist in Heine shortly afterwards revealed itself on another occasion. In order to become matriculated he had to pass an examination, and in the course of it to compose an essay 'On the Ends of

Academical Study.' Heine treated the subject in his humorous fashion, and having preserved the rough draft of his composition, he read it after examination to a band of his companions, who remembered long after the peals of laughter of which it was the occasion. Joseph Neunzig, his Düsseldorf comrade, preserved in his memory a passage or two of this performance: one of them ran, 'The sciences which are taught in these lecture-rooms have need above all things for their understanding of writing-tables, for these are the columns, supports, and foundation stones for the piling up of that wisdom which is emitted by the mouth of the teacher, and stored up by the reverent scholar in his copy book. These writing-tables serve at the same time as memorial tablets for our names, which we cut into them with a penknife, in order to preserve for the future generations the trace of our existence.' The examiners in their report on the papers of the candidates remarked that 'Heine had diverged considerably from the subject of the theme,' but added that his 'talent for satire was remarkable;' and he was admitted, on December 11, 1819, to matriculation as a *studiosus* in law and general science.

It was at Bonn as it is more or less at all universities —boys, animated apparently by the same sympathies and the same ambitions, were meeting each other day by day; sitting at the feet of the same professor; crossing each other in the streets, with the same books, and the same fashioned note-books under their arms; greeting each other like brothers, who were destined in the future to widely divergent paths. And this was especially the case at Bonn in those days of political fermentation, and in the then condition of divided Germany; and more than one of Heine's fellow students were doomed to become his deadly enemies, and the persecutors of the generous illusions which they nourished in their youth. Of such were Jarcke, then an enthusiastic world-reformer, *Weltverbesserer*, but later the servile publicist and

instrument of Austrian and Ultramontane obscurantism; and Hengstenberg, then a passionate partisan of the *Burschenschaft*, but later the Lutheran dogmatist, who held in horror all he once adored. The man, however, who was destined in after life to be Heine's most implacable foe was Wolfgang Menzel, the *Franzosenfresser*, with his big-boned Mongol face, and long hair, beginning then to make his way in the world by arrogant rant and bluster, and destined later to be the coarse apostle of international hatred. Others, too, were there of less fame, destined also to wield the pen on the side of reactionary bigots and gaolers in Church and State.

But there were other fellow students of Heine, who carved for themselves far other reputations, and some of these of the first order: Boecking, the jurist; Liebig, the chemist; Johannes Müller, the great physiologist; and Dieffenbach, who turned out the first operator in Germany, after having, as Heine tells us, shown the bent of his genius at Bonn, by amputating the tails of all the dogs and cats who were so unfortunate as to find themselves in his way.

Among the students of poetry and literature were Simrock, who had rendered more service than any other to ancient German literature by his texts and versions of its noblest relics; and Hoffman von Fallersleben, the author of the 'Unpolitische Lieder,' which, notwithstanding their title, brought upon him persecution and imprisonment.

Of all the students thus congregated at Bonn, the chief associates of Heine were Simrock, Dieffenbach, and John Baptist Rousseau, the latter also a writer of verse; to which are to be added two natives of Westphalia—Friedrich Steinmann and Christian Sethe—the former of whom had been a school comrade at Düsseldorf, while Christian Sethe was the friend to whom he dedicated his 'Fresco-Sonnets.' All these companions, with the exception of Dieffenbach—who diverted himself with the cutting off of cats' tails—studiously

practised the writing of poetry in such hours as they could spare from University studies. It may be easily conceived that Heine felt greater attraction for such exercises than for the 'Institutes' of Gaius and for the 'Pandects' of Justinian—the 'iron paragraphs of selfish law system,' as he styled these codes of jurisprudence. He followed up, however, the regulation courses, while devoting himself heart and soul to the study of history and literature, and frequenting all the lectures on those subjects for which he could find leisure. He has left on record a list of the courses which he attended in his first half-year, which shows that the professors had at heart an earnest desire to be *gründlich* and to begin at the beginning. First came the history of the German tongue, by Schlegel; during which, for three months long, he set forth the most eccentric hypotheses on the origin of the German races. Secondly, the 'Germania' of Tacitus, expounded by Arndt, who sought in the forests of Germany for those virtues which he missed in the drawing rooms of the time. Thirdly, 'German Public Law,' by Hüllman, whose historical views were of the vaguest. Fourthly, 'Primæval German History,' by Radlof, who by the end of the half-year had not got further than the reign of Sesostris!

In addition to these lectures, he attended those of Delbrück on literature and æsthetics; and he made a fortunate friend of a private tutor of the name of Hundeshagen—a man especially versed in the knowledge of mediæval life, poetry, and art. Heine's intimacy with Hundeshagen and Simrock had an especial influence on the formation of his poetical taste; it was through them that he was initiated into the world of primæval German epic and legend, and through their influence that he acquired that familiarity with quaint German mediæval legend and ballad which has so strangely tinged his fancy and fashioned his poetic diction. Thoughout Europe, indeed, in the previous generation, in spite of the immense creative energy of the period, a strange curiosity had

been excited about the hitherto neglected primæval poetry and story of modern races. Percy, Ritson, and Walter Scott, in England, had already done much to give literary enterprise this retrospective turn; and it was owing to this general direction of attention that the 'Ossian' of Macpherson excited such European interest. Later in France the discovery of the marvellous 'Chanson de Roland,' and the utterly forgotten epic treasures of the Carlovingian cycle, roused universal astonishment and admiration. In Germany, likewise, the publication of the Saint Gall manuscript of the 'Nibelungen-Lied,' by Von der Hagen, a few years previously to Heine's entrance at the University of Bonn, had drawn the attention afresh of all cultivated Europe to this recovered ground of the heroic mediæval poem; and Hundeshagen was at that time engaged in preparing from the Rhenish *codex* a new critical edition of the Nibelungen epic; while Schlegel expounded to his hearers the naïve beauty and majesty of the story of the vengeance of Chriemhilde. 'For a long time,' wrote Heine later, speaking of that period, 'we talked of nothing else but the "Nibelungen-Lied,' and the classic philologers were not a little angered when this epic was compared with the Iliad, and when we discussed as to which of the two was the better poem. In any case, the "Nibelungen" is of mighty, majestic power. The language in which it is composed is a language of stone, and the verses are like rhymed blocks of granite. Here and there out of the crevices red flowers peep forth like the oozings of blood, or the long ivy trickles over it like green tears.' This passage occurs in Heine's essay on German literature, written for French readers; and in despair at being able to give any fit idea of the 'Nibelungen,' he makes use of the following strange image: 'Imagine that it is a clear summer night, and that stars white as silver, but huge as suns, fill the blue vault of heaven, and that all the Gothic cathedrals of Europe have given themselves a rendezvous in the monstrous wide plain,

and that the Strasburg minster, the nave of Cologne, the *campanile* of Florence, the cathedral of Rouen, and the rest come slowly stalking along to make love to the fair Notre Dame of Paris. It is true that their march is somewhat clumsy, and that the gestures of some are very awkward, and that one may laugh at their waggling loose antics; but this laugh is put an end to as soon as we see how they fall into a rage and how they take to strangling each other, and how Notre Dame-de-Paris heaves her stone arms in desperation to heaven and seizes suddenly a sword, and then smites the head off from the trunk of the biggest of all the cathedrals. But no, you can even then have no idea of the chief personages of the " Nibelungen-Lied : " no towers are so high, and no stones so hard, as the fierce Hagen and the vengeance-breathing Chriemhilde.'

But of all the personal influence brought to bear upon Heine at Bonn perhaps that of August Wilhelm von Schlegel was the most decisive. Schlegel stood then in the height of his reputation, a reputation which he contrived in later years, when he had outlived his capacity, to ruin in part by affectation and silly coxcombry. At that time, however, he was fifty-three years of age, in the maturity of power, and he had earned general recognition for the good service he had rendered to German literature by his numerous critical works on English, Italian, Spanish, and French literature, and by his excellent translations of Shakespeare, Calderon, and the Italian poets; and he was now teaching the German public to appreciate their own mediæval treasures, and directing their attention to the rich mines of Sanscrit and Eastern lore, which his countrymen have so successfully explored. 'He was,' writes Heine, 'with the exception of Napoleon, the first great man whom I had yet seen, and I shall never forget his sublime look. Yet do I feel the holy awe, which overflowed my soul as I stood before his pulpit and heard him speak. I then wore a white flushing coat, a red student's cap, long blonde hair,

and no gloves. Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel, however, wore French kid gloves, and was altogether dressed in the newest Parisian fashion: he was perfumed all over with good society and *eau de mille fleurs*. He was delicacy and elegance itself; and when he spoke of the Lord Chancellor of England he called him "my friend;" and near him stood his servant in baronial Schlegelian livery, and trimmed the wax-lights which burned on silver chandeliers, with a glass of sugar-water near them, before the wondrous man in his pulpit desk. Servant in livery! wax-lights! silver chandeliers! my friend the Lord Chancellor of England! French kid gloves! sugar-water! what unheard-of things in the lecture-room of a German professor! This splendour dazzled the younger folk not a little, and me especially; and I made upon Herr Schlegel then three odes, each of which began with the words "O thou who, &c." But only in poetry would I have ventured to say "thou" to so fine a gentleman.'

Under such influences did Heine write part of the collection of poems subsequently called the 'Junge Leiden,' and part of the tragedy of 'Almansor.' In the summer of 1820 he betook himself to the pretty village of Beul, on the opposite side of the Rhine, and thus continued to work in quiet. In the autumn, however, he adopted the sudden resolve of migrating to the University of Göttingen. The reason of this change seems to have been, that either he himself or his relatives feared that the literary temptations of Bonn were interfering with his *Brodstudium*—his legal studies. At any rate, in September he shouldered his knapsack and walked across Westphalia, through its pleasant valleys and by its glancing streams, to the Hanoverian University.

In the previous century the University of Göttingen, or *Georgia Augusta*, as it was called after its founder George II., King of England and Elector of Hanover, had enjoyed a brilliant reputation among the educational establishments of Germany. It had been founded in a spirit of reform and

improvement, and owed its origin to the suggestion of the Baron Gerlach Adolf von Münchausen, the Hanoverian minister of George II., who laid the scheme of it before his sovereign, by whom it was adopted.

The Universities of Germany in the beginning of the last century had fallen into a melancholy state of decay, owing to the oppressive spirit of scholastic and theological pedantry which held bound in rigid rules of routine all the domains of science and philosophy. In fact, the theologians, as has been the case with our own Universities since the Reformation, preserved a monopoly of the chief education of Germany, which thus had fallen completely under the power of the priesthood, and made clerical corporations of its institutions. The universities of Germany at the beginning of the last century responded even less than our own now to the needs of the times and the advance of thought.

Before the institution of Göttingen, the joint University for the Electorates of Hanover and the Duchy of Brunswick was that of Helmstädt, which under the domination of the theologians had sunk so low that every Hanoverian of good means preferred to send his son to Leyden or Utrecht. It was to remedy this state of things that Münchausen proposed to his master to found a new and special Hanoverian University at Göttingen, a city which had once been a rich and powerful member of the Hanseatic League, but which since the Thirty Years' War had sunk into utter desolation and decay.

In order to effectuate his intentions and to deliver education from priestly thraldom, Münchausen reserved for the Government the absolute right of nomination of the professors, whom he selected with great care from all the various universities of Germany, and to both professors and students was accorded the most absolute freedom. The professors were allowed to teach and even to print in all liberty, and students were permitted to choose their lecturers and their lodging-houses without restraint.

The success of the University of Göttingen fully justified the liberal views of Münchausen, and this statesman thus rendered an inestimable service to all Germany—for the rise of the German Universities to their present condition of excellence dates from the reform of the Hanoverian statesman, which was in course of time imitated all over Germany. The professors of this Göttingen University of Münchausen's creation rank largely in the different domains of literary, historic, and scientific study. Mosheim, the ecclesiastical historian; Michaelis and Eichhorn, the biblical commentators; Haller, the poet, physiologist, anatomist, and botanist; Gesner and Heyne, the classical philologers; Bouterweck, the literary historian; Pütter and Hugo, the jurists; Heeren, the historian, are names among the Göttingen professors which testify to the part which this University played in European learning in the days of its prime.

The idea of the founder, too, that of absolute freedom of thought, was not less productive in the field of politics; and two of the best publicists of Germany, Schlözer and Spittler, wrote in perfect security in the free air of the Hanoverian University. Few publicists have ever exercised such influence by force of character and fearless political criticism as Schlözer, and he is a man of whom Germany may be proud at the present day. He published a paper called the 'State Gazette,' which many a time made the small potentates of Germany writhe with spite and anger, and would have brought down persecution on his head had he not found powerful protectors in the monarchs of Austria and England. Such deference was paid to his opinion that when the Austrian minister proposed a new measure to Maria Theresa, she would say, 'I should like to know what Schlözer would say to it.'

The proudest period of the University of *Georgia Augusta* was from 1770 to 1790, and its decay was owing to the very

same causes which had given it superiority over its older rivals: it had neglected to keep pace with the age, and other Universities were founded which responded in a still freer and more philosophical manner to the wants of the time; Göttingen remained spell-bound in stiff pedantic formalism, while Bonn and Jena, and Berlin and Halle, made themselves nearly as superior to Göttingen in liberality and enlightenment as Göttingen had once been to the older universities.

In the department of philosophy especially Göttingen had remained entirely isolated from the intellectual movements of the age. Philosophy indeed at the epoch of the foundation of Göttingen was at a low ebb. Kant and Fichte and Schelling and Hegel were unborn. Leibnitz had founded the Academy of Berlin and endeavoured to introduce philosophical studies there; but Friedrich I. treated that learned body as lightly as Charles II. treated our Royal Society: he offered them five thalers a-head for all the witches and goblins they could bring him, and enjoined them to see that the Constellations Jupiter and Venus did the country no harm. Münchausen, moreover, when he founded the University of Göttingen, had especially in view the deficiencies of the older Universities of Germany with respect to preparation for a practical life. And not only German philosophy, but German literature had no existence when the University was first established. Hence it is intelligible enough that the studies which flourished most at Göttingen were those of philosophy, history, jurisprudence, and the practical sciences; and that in philosophy it should lag immeasurably behind its time, since its professors held fast to the traditions of the place with pedantic exclusiveness, and looked on the study of the new science with suspicion and dislike.

The new spirit of German philosophy was indeed transforming the very sciences in which the Göttingen professors

had gained their renown, but they still jogged on in the old track. Savigny and others, for example, had made a revolution in the historical handling of the Roman law. Yet Hugo went on quietly quoting Cujacius, as if Savigny had never existed. Oken, Goethe, and Humboldt had introduced a new epoch in Natural History; yet Blumenbach went on lecturing upon it in the same anecdotal fashion which had been in vogue from the time of Buffon.

The philological and historical departments, however, even in the days of Heine, were still worthily represented. Dissen, well known for his edition of 'Pindar,' and Mitscherlich for that of 'Horace,' had succeeded to Heyne. Eichhorn was still alive, as also was Bouterweck. But the professor who stood in sharpest contrast with the pedantry of his fellows, and exercised the chiefest influence upon Heine, was Sartorius, known for his researches into the history of the Hanseatic League—a man of liberal and courageous spirit, whose whole energies were moved into active opposition by the reactionary spirit of the years subsequent to 1815 under the fostering supremacy of the Holy Alliance.

Sartorius at once divined that Heine was a young man of especial gifts, and admitted him to his intimacy in the epilogue to the 'Harzreise.' Heine pays a fine tribute to this friendship of his teacher. After averring that whatever aversion he felt towards the University of Göttingen as a whole, an aversion to which he had given vent in biting jests and sarcasms in the 'Harzreise,' yet that this was not so deep as the respect which he felt for some of its members, he adds, 'And why shall I conceal it; I mean here, especially, that very dear man who in early days took so kindly an interest in me; who imbued me with a deep love for the study of history, with a zeal which he also strengthened in me in later intercourse; and so led my spirit along more quiet paths, and pointed out more healthy directions to the strivings of my life, and prepared me for especially those

historical consolations without which I could hardly endure the sorrowful experiences of the day. I speak of George Sartorius, a man of deep historical research; a man whose eye is a clear star in our dark night; a man whose hospitable heart is open for all alien joys and sorrows, for the troubles both of paupers and of kings, and for the last sighs of expiring nations and their divinities.'

Heine, however, found, as we have said, the general tone of Göttingen far less congenial to him than that of Bonn. He writes in one of his letters to Steinmann, whom he had left behind him at Bonn, 'The tone of the place is stiff, pedantic, arrogant. Every man must live here the life of the dead. One can only sap hard (*gut ochsen*) here. That it was which attracted me to the place. Often when I walked dreamily in the twilight in the alleys of weeping willows in my paradise of Beul, I saw hovering before me in a glorified vision the shining genius of "sapping" in dressing-gown and slippers, holding up in the one hand the institutions of Macheldey, and with the other pointing to the towers of *Georgia Augusta.*'

These good resolutions of Heine to devote himself more arduously at Göttingen to those juridical studies in which he had engaged to perfect himself, and upon which he was to rely for subsistence, do not appear to have been carried into effect. He seems even during his first residence at Göttingen to have occupied himself chiefly with German history and literature, in which he followed the lectures of Benecke and Sartorius. Benecke, Heine tells us, in the letter from which we have quoted, was the only professor in Göttingen who occupied himself with ancient German literature, and he—*horribile dictu*, terrible proof of the benighted state of Göttingen—only had nine students. Moreover, he buried himself deep in the composition of his tragedy, 'Almansor,' which he had begun at Beul, and into which, as he wrote to his Westphalian friends,

'he threw all his entire self with his paradoxes, his wisdom, his love, his hate, and all his craziness.' In such intercourse with his ideal creations he found escape day by day from the dull pedantic atmosphere of *Georgia Augusta*.

Heine ultimately took his degree of Doctor of Law at Göttingen; but this was when he returned thither for the second time, after an intermediate absence at Berlin. His first residence at Göttingen lasted barely four months, being brought to a conclusion by a sentence of rustication, or *consilium abeundi*, for half a year, passed against him for a duelling affair, in which, however, he seems to have met with hard measure. The character of the University of Göttingen was indeed such as to render it probable that the duelling practices in vogue in German Universities should here be carried to their extremest limits. It was the favourite University of the German *Junker*, the Teutonic squireen, whose punctilious rigidity and arrogance took offence at the merest trifle. Hoffman von Fallersleben, who resided at the University a year or two previous to Heine, draws in his memoirs a characteristic sketch of student life at Göttingen, which shows how difficult it was to live there without giving or receiving offence; although he, too, lived like Heine, as retired as possible from the noisy student herd, upon whom a corps of some hundred *Landsmannschaften* imposed their *Komment*, or student code, and laid down inflexible laws for affairs so called of honour. Heine, too, mixed as little as he could with these gentry, reserving his intimacy for two only of his fellow students, Fincke and Waldeck, whose acquaintance he made through the means of friends at Bonn. Some contact of course it was impossible to escape, and a dispute, which ended in his challenging his opponent to a duel with pistols, took place at the *restaurant* at which he daily dined, and which was much frequented by other students. One of these engaged in a controversy with him about this very student code, the *Komment*, or *leges barbarorum*, as Heine

termed them. Heine treated their *leges barbarorum* with a scorn which exasperated his adversary into giving him the lie, and a challenge was the result. The University authorities got wind of the affair, and to put a stop to it sentenced Heine to six months' rustication, and his adversary and the seconds to a week's imprisonment. This rustication gave Heine an opportunity and excuse for going to the University of Berlin.

CHAPTER IV.

UNIVERSITY DAYS. BERLIN AND BERLIN SOCIETY.

THERE could hardly have happened anything more desirable for Heine than this change from Göttingen to the Prussian *Residenz*. He was transplanted at once from the lifeless halls of pedantry, from a dull provincial town, to the centre of German life; and the influence of Berlin, and of the relations which he formed there, had an immediate, as well as a permanent, influence upon the development of his genius. The Prussian capital, however, was at that time but a small place compared with what it is now; and under the reign of the mediocre, poetistic, and theatre-loving Frederick William II., society was even more divided out into castes than it is at the present time. The system of the Holy Alliance, and the spirit of reaction, were nowhere in such vigour as in the city which its inhabitants styled 'the city of intelligence,' notwithstanding the horror in which it was held by Goethe, and the censorship being there as severe as it has ever been in its worst days at Pontifical Rome. The press enjoyed something like that state of its liberty celebrated by Figaro: it might speak of anything provided it meddled neither with home or foreign politics, with the King, or with the Royal family; and left untouched aristocracy, church, army, civil service, police, and all persons and functionaries connected with Government. The most harmless kinds of literature had to be subjected to the censorial eye, and the censors had the pleasantry to require that whatever they cancelled with the dashes of their red pencils should be

replaced with other matter. One editor, who had the audacity to venture oftener than the rest in criticisms of the minor functions of Government, and, consequently, had a constant need of matter to fill up the chasms of censorial erasure, kept an old anecdote of the Joe Miller style always ready in several sets of type, with which he repaired assiduously the ever-recurring breaches in his journal. All books published out of Prussia were subject to censorship before they were allowed to be sold, and all the books of publishers outside the limits of the kingdom were liable to be absolutely prohibited by reason of an offending publication. The publications of Brockhaus, of Leipzig, were in this way forbidden fruit in Prussia for years. The police, under such a system of universal repression, were of course ever active; informers were abundant, and arbitrary arrests and imprisonment of ordinary occurrence. Men, however, and women especially, must have something to talk about. Since they were forbidden under the police regulations to occupy themselves about their own affairs, which were settled for them in princely and imperial congresses and conferences, the Prussian Government was charitable enough to allow the journals to discuss musical, theatrical, and operatic performances, always provided, of course, that due reverence was shown to every individual of the *Obrigkeiten*; and discussions of such matters filled the columns of the journals. Such was the servile condition of public opinion when Germany lay under the dominion of the German Bund—a condition which naturally caused Heine already to compare the state of his country with that of England and France; for France, even before the Revolution of 1830, was a land of splendid liberty compared with Prussia. 'One must,' writes Heine in the 'Reisebilder,' 'compare the literature of our neighbours on the other side of the Rhine, and across the Channel, with our own *Bagatelle* literature, to have any idea of our emptiness and meaningless press. Often when I read the

"Morning Chronicle," and see in every line the English people with its nationality, with its horse races, boxing, cock-fights, assizes, Parliamentary details, &c.; then take I again, with saddened heart, a German paper into my hand, and find nothing there but literary effeminate gossip and threatrical twaddle. And yet there is nothing else to expect. If all public life is suppressed in a people, it will seek about for objects for common discussion; and in Germany it finds it in authors and comedians. Instead of horse races, we have book races to the Leipzig fair.'

In another passage, he shows how the Tiecks and other poets of the romantic school were restricted in their satiric efforts by the poverty of public life:—

'About the two weightiest interests of humanity—those political and those religious—our poets and satirists,' writes Heine, 'are silent with grave discretion; for the chief object of their poetic satire they choose the theatre itself, and they satirise with more or less humour the defects of our stages. But they are obliged to respect the political and enslaved state of Germany. Our witlings must abstain from all allusions to real princes; and for this limitation they must indemnify themselves on theatre kings and stage princes. We, who scarcely possess a single political newspaper for discussion, are for that very reason blessed with a countless mass of æsthetic journals, which contain nothing but idle tales and theatre criticisms; so that he who saw our papers must think that the whole German people consists of gossiping nurses and stage critics. For art, especially in Prussia, everything was done. The Museums gleamed with gorgeous effects of colour, the orchestras murmured, the dancers cut the sweetest capers, the public were delighted with a thousand and one novels, and theatrical criticism was in its prime. Justin relates in his history, that when Cyrus put down the revolt of the Lydians, he only contrived to tame their stubborn craving for liberty of their souls by turning their attention to the

fine arts and such voluptuous subjects. Of Lydian revolts there was no more talk nor of liberty, but Lydian cooks, panders, and artists became all the more famous.'

In spite, however, of the crushing system of oppression which had stifled all thought and action in political directions, and in which Berlin was no worse off than the other cities of Germany, it was, as we have said, nevertheless a fortunate thing for Heine to have exchanged for a while the dim and dull lumber-room of German pedantry at Göttingen for the comparatively livelier atmosphere of the Prussian capital. Even as a university Berlin was in advance of Göttingen; and since Fichte and Hegel had successively filled the chair of philosophy there, it had been at any rate the central starting-point for that philosophic development in which Germany found an exercise for energies debarred from other fields of practical activity, and which by its conceptions and terminology have exercised an universal influence on the progress of all scientific thought—besides which, since the University formed but a fraction of the life of the Prussian capital, the young student found, in intercourse with the outer world of Berlin society, opportunities for forming his taste and judgment, and gaining a knowledge of life, which would have been denied him in any mere university town. As a seat of science and learning, Berlin was perhaps in Heine's time one of the first cities in Germany. The Academy was founded by Frederick I., the first King of Prussia, after a plan of Leibnitz, and under the reign of Frederick II. assumed a distinguished place among the learned bodies of Europe. Subsequently it fell into insignificance under the direction of a motley troop of freethinkers and pietistic mystics, but was roused again into fresh life under the influence of Schleiermacher, the evangelic Platonist and popular preacher of Berlin, the inventor of a new species of so called enlightened Christianity. Schleiermacher was a man of fire and energy, a frequenter of the house of the

Varnhagens, and generally of literary circles, one of the moving powers of Berlin of the time; and thus often before Heine's eyes in public and private life. The poet writes thus of the effect of one of Schleiermacher's sermons upon him in 1822: 'I was present not long ago at one of Schleiermacher's sermons, when he spoke with the power of a Luther, and when there was no lack of covert attacks upon the new Liturgy. I must confess, no especial godly feelings were excited in me by his exhortations; but I find myself edified thereby into a better frame of mind, strengthened, and as it were scourged by thorny words from off the soft down-bed of indifference. This man has but need only to throw aside the black garment of the Church, and he then stands before us as a priest of truth.'

Schleiermacher, too, in conjunction with Fichte, Schmalz, Friedrich August Wolf, and Wilhelm von Humboldt, who drew up the scheme of the institution, must be regarded as one of the founders of the University of Berlin. The motive for founding the University of Berlin was afforded by the Peace of Tilsit. The treachery and folly of her own sovereign had brought upon Prussia the defeat of Jena, which made the French the masters of Germany; and by the Peace of Tilsit, Prussia lost possession of Halle, hitherto her chiefest University, which was included in the kingdom of Westphalia. In the then desolate condition of Germany, the eminent men whom we have named above conceived a design for a new University in Berlin which should have a patriotic as well as a scientific aim, and serve as a potent institution for the regeneration of the young blood of the country. Spiritual freedom and love of Fatherland were the watchwords of the programme of the new University, which was founded in 1810; and immediately students flocked to it from all parts of Prussia. Fichte and Schleiermacher were the leading spirits of the new establishment, and they gathered around them a crowd of distinguished professors

impassioned as themselves with the hope of making science and learning, not a mere dead-weight of the mind, but fiery sources of new life and patriotism in the country. Fichte had been resident in Berlin as a lecturer since 1799, at which time he was obliged to quit the University of Jena on account of an accusation of atheism brought against him, an affair in which Goethe played a very ambiguous part. Friedrich William III., on being appealed to on behalf of the ejected philosopher to permit his residence in his capital, had replied quite in the spirit of his grandfather, 'old Fritz:' 'If Fichte is as quiet a citizen as I understand he is, I can have no objection to his dwelling in my states. As to his not being on terms with God, this God must settle with him Himself. I have nothing to do with it.' Fichte abundantly repaid the protection thus afforded him: his lectures in Berlin, and the noble ideal spirit of his teaching, had already exercised such an invigorating effect upon the spirits of the capital, that when the scheme for founding a University there was propounded, the supreme direction was given to him; and he proved, by the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which he imparted to his pupils, that philosophy is not a useless abstraction, but a power which is capable of remaking a nation and influencing the destinies of mankind.

Among the other professors of Berlin were the famous Niebuhr, professor of Roman History; Savigny, of Roman Law; Klaproth and Mitschezlich, of Chemistry; Böck, of Classical Antiquities; and Neander, of Theology; with many others whose names still survive in the memory of their countrymen, if not of European renown.

Fichte died in 1814; and after his death the University entered on a new phase, when in 1818 the Baron von Altenstein, the last great statesman of the school of Hardenberg, became Minister of Worship and Public Instruction. It is to Von Altenstein that Prussia is indebted for that system of public instruction which has succeeded in spreading

some degree of education through the lowest strata of her populations. Nor did he confine his attention to the popular schools alone, but to the higher educational institutions. Gymnasia and Universities also received a new life under his administration. He was, as has been already mentioned, the founder of the University of Bonn; and he is remembered in connection with the University of Berlin, by the fact that he ventured to call Hegel to the professorial chair, which had been vacant then for four years by the death of Fichte. Heine never spoke willingly about the influence which Hegelian philosophy had exercised upon him, nor of his relation to Hegel; it was only in his 'Confessions,' published in 1854, that we find some revelation on the subject. He there recognizes the extent to which his mind became involved, in what he styled later the 'dialectic cobwebs' of the Berlin professor, which had no small share in preparing him for the acceptation of the Pantheistic theology of Saint Simonianism, of which he was later in life an ardent disciple. Heine has declared, as we have said, that, at the last great assizes in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, it ought to be taken into consideration, as a *circonstance atténuante* in his favour, that he had in his youth been a pupil of the free-thinking philosopher Rector Schallmeyer; and he might also have claimed it as another *circonstance atténuante* that he had been a pupil and associate of Hegel.

Hegel possessed at that time the most marked personality in Germany, and Altenstein, by securing him for the University of Berlin, made the Prussian capital for years the centre of the foremost speculative thought. Hegel had just succeeded in dethroning his teacher Schelling, and had erected on the ruins of Schelling's system a more complete one, which perhaps is the most vigorous example of the *a priori* method—a system which unites in one dark *synthesis*, cramped together with iron bands of logic, the mind of man, God, the universe, and the process of history. This imposing

system, which identifies the sensual with the spiritual world, knowledge with being, and turns the process of history into the objective dialectical striving of the Idea, the Absolute, to come to self-consciousness, made, in spite of the crabbed terminology in which it was expressed, its way at once into the foremost minds of the day, and the method of treatment was adopted in almost all the sciences, and in theology found its most well-known exponent in Strauss. Another of the most remarkable followers of Hegel was Edward Gans, the well-known writer on Jurisprudence, the author of an excellent but half-finished treatise, styled 'The Law of Inheritance in its Historic Development'—another example of the application of the Hegelian method to science.

Heine adopted at that time in the main the synthesis of Hegel; although in his private letters to Moser and others of his friends he makes merry over the notion that men are but ideas; and he declines to carry on life on the supposition that he is only an idea. In the 'Book of Songs,' also, he jests at the system in doggerel:—

> For me is the world and life much too scrappy,
> To a German professor I'll go and be happy;
> The fragments of life he shall pack me up canny,
> And make me a system for better or worse;
> With his nightcaps and dressing-gowns stopping each cranny
> He finds in the walls of the Universe.

However, this system, which makes of humanity the highest order of consciousness in the universe, and thus degrades it to the helpless condition of servitude, to a leaden brute necessity, or exalts it to the state of divinity itself, was, as Heine tells us, accepted in the main by him at that time, though he adds that he accepted it without understanding it clearly, since he never was an abstract thinker. And it is to the teaching of Hegel, coming after that of the Rector Schallmeyer, that we are indebted for such poems as *Mir träumte: ich bin der liebe Gott*, and others of a similar character.

The following passage from the 'Confessions' seems to give, with some humorous and profane exaggeration, a very fair account of the degree to which Heine became imbued with the Hegelian philosophy in his Berlin period, and of the effect it produced on him :—

'I never experienced too great enthusiasm for philosophy, and of conviction there could never be any question. I was never an abstract thinker, and I took the synthesis of the Hegelian doctrine as proved, since it flattered my vanity. I was young and proud, and it flattered my pride to learn from Hegel that the blessed God was not, as my grandmother told me, living in heaven, but that I myself, on earth, was the blessed God. I was prejudiced against believing that God had become man. I held this sublime dogma for superstition; but later, I believed Hegel on his word when I heard him say that man was God. This conception was flattering to me; I took it quite in earnest, and conducted my divine *rôle* with as much dignity as possible. This foolish pride, however, exercised by no means a pernicious influence on my sentiments, which, on the contrary, were elevated to heroism; and I made at that time such an expenditure of magnanimity and sacrifice, that I of a certainty threw immeasurably into the shade the most brilliant achievements of those honest tradesmen in virtue, who only acted from a feeling of duty and obedience to the moral law. I was myself now the living moral, and the source of all right and authority. I was primal morality itself. I was impeccable. I was incarnate purity. I was all love, and free from hate. I revenged myself no more on mine enemies, since in fact I had no enemy, only disbelievers who doubted of my divinity. Every bad service they did me was a sacrilege, and their mockings were blasphemies. Such profanities I could not, in truth, always leave unnoticed, but then it was not human revenge which struck down the sinner, but the anger of God. As I possessed no enemies, so also I had no friends, but only

believers, who believed in my sovereignty, adored me, and praised my works.'

These 'Confessions' were written chiefly as a kind of recantation of all opinions and all expressions which he might have uttered derogatory to that religious belief to which he declared himself to be finally converted; and he gives further in them more account of his intercourse at Berlin with Hegel:—

'I saw how Hegel, with his comico-serious face, sat as a brood-hen on the fatal eggs (of atheism), and I heard his cackling. To speak fairly, I seldom understood him, and only at last by subsequent reflection did I arrive at an understanding of his words. I believe he did not desire to be understood, and hence his involved fashion of exposition; hence too, perhaps, his preference for persons who he knew could not understand him, and to whom therefore he granted so much the more willingly the honour of his closer intercourse.

'The conversation of Hegel was chiefly a kind of monologue—sighed forth interjectionally and with a tuneless voice—the strangeness of his expressions often struck me, and of these many have remained in my memory.

'Thus, one beautiful, clear starry evening, we were both standing together at a window, and I—a young man of two and twenty—having just dined well, and had my coffee, spoke with enthusiasm of the stars, and called them the abodes of departed spirits. The master, however, muttered to himself "The stars! hem! hem! the stars are only a brilliant eruption in the sky!" "In God's name," I cried, "is there no happy place in which virtue shall be rewarded after death?" Looking at me fixedly with his wan eyes, he said, snappishly, "And so you want a *pourboire* for having nursed your sick mother and for not having poisoned your brother." Having said these words, he looked anxiously round, and seemed tranquillized when he saw that only (the foolish)

Heinrich Beer was near him, who had come to invite him to make one at a whist party.'

Other University professors likewise were there at whose lectures Heine was an assiduous attendant, such as those of Von der Hagen, one of the editors of the 'Nibelungen,' on early German literature, and those of Franz Bopp, the great Sanscrit scholar, on comparative philology. He followed, too, the lectures of Wolf in his expositions of the beauty of the Greek poets, whom the old professor was accustomed to call the *sempiterna, solatia generis humani.* And under the influence of the learned enthusiast, Edward Gans, the science of jurisprudence became endowed with such a new life that Heine contemplated, and in part really accomplished, a work whose title was to be the 'Historic Public Law of the German Middle Ages'—a project which it may be imagined he would hardly ever have brought to completion, even had the publication of the fragment of Gans not occurred, and offered him a model of scientific treatment which caused him to burn his own MS. in despair.

Among the students of Berlin Heine appears not to have had very many intimacies. He was now well on in the second year of his University career—had been on terms of intimacy with such men as Schlegel and Sartorius, and had begun to acquire sufficient poetical reputation of his own to find himself acceptable in the literary circles of Berlin. However, Christian Sethe, his schoolfellow at Düsseldorf, and fellow-student at Bonn, had followed him to Berlin, and they resumed their former intimacy. He formed, too, here a close friendship with Count Eugen von Breza, whose acquaintance he had made in the house of Varnhagen von Ense. The friendship at Berlin, however, did not last longer than a year, for Von Breza left Berlin in Easter 1822. Heine was accustomed to call him 'his dainty friend—the most amiable of mortal creatures;' and he wrote regretfully of

him in later life, in looking back to the golden days of University life:—

'This was the only man in whose society I never felt *ennui*, the only one whose original sallies could cheer me up to feel all the joyousness of life, and on whose sweet, noble features I could see clearly the aspect of my own soul, as I led at that time a pure, fair life of flowers, and had not yet been contaminated with falsity and hatred.' In the summer holidays of 1822 Heine accepted an invitation to the country seat of Breza, in Posen; and then for thirteen years they saw each other no more, until Von Breza surprised Heine in Paris in 1835, and the friendship of youth bloomed for awhile anew. There was, moreover, a cousin of Heine, Hermann Schiff, with whom he lived on familiar terms, and who acquired a peculiar reputation in Germany as the writer of wild, eccentric novels of an extravagant comico-romantic turn. But Heine, now in his quality of *alter Bursch*, and with his dislike of the manners of German students and in the possession of the *entrée* into the literary circles of Berlin, withdrew so far as he could from student society altogether.

Heine, indeed, was born with a love of refinement and had acquired habits which must have made contact with the swaggering eccentricities and boorishness of German student life almost unendurable. To a man who hated pipes and tobacco, and did not like beer, sitting in the foul smoke of a *Kneipe* must have been a fearful punishment: their boyish duelling follies he avoided witnessing as far as he could; and to one whose nerves were so sensitive that he could not sleep with a clock going in the room, and had through life a horrible remembrance of German digs in the ribs, the society of such people as we find described in the following sketch of the 'Daily News' of 1872, must have been something hideous even at this distance. This description, though made by so

recent an observer, is as true of the manners of the German student in the days of Heine as they are now:—

The German student is not a likeable animal; in point of fact he is a cub. It is a weak expression to say that I dislike him; I frankly and cheerfully own to holding him in downright abomination. He is addicted to wearing spectacles, and stares at you through them with a supercilious stoniness, recalling the aspect of a strong-minded woman. His clothes are of a peculiar tight-fitting cut, often loud in colour, and he is pronounced as to shirt-collars. Sometimes, although his acquaintance with the outside of a horse is strictly rudimentary, he wears breeches and long shining Napoleons; and if so, he is much given to admiration of his legs, and to tapping them with a switch having an ivory handle and a tassel. He wears his great-coat over his shoulders, with the empty sleeves hanging. On his head he sticks a fantastic cap of yellow, or green, or red, according to the *bund*, society, or 'nation' to which he belongs in his University, and has a particoloured sash over his shoulder, like the ribbon of an order. He is worse mannered than a British 'hobbledehoy,' without a shadow of the foolishness and shyness which do duty in the British hobbledehoy for modesty. He affects to despise the society of females, and does not hesitate to shoulder them when they get in his way. He swaggers into the dining-room of an hotel, and speaks at the top of his voice to attract attention. He does not remove his cap, or, if he does, he performs his toilet with a pocket comb as he sits down to the table; he habitually puts his elbows on the table in a free and easy, not to say assertive, manner. He expectorates during dinner with a jaunty ease; he holds bones in his fingers, while he worries them with his teeth; he feeds with his knife, semi-swallowing it at frequent intervals; he explodes freely with guffaws of laughter, expelling miscellaneously in the operation minute pellicles of half-masticated provisions. He argues the items of the bill with the waiters, and proceeds to work a sum in simple division with his comrades prior to its disbursement. He sputters in one's face when he speaks, and gesticulates more freely than gracefully.

Gentlemen with such pleasant manners as to shoulder females in the street were not likely to be very courteous to their fellow-students, and the wonder is that Heine got

through his University career without an abundance of duels. One such an encounter, however, he did fall into, in an unexpected manner, in the summer of 1822. The *dumme Junger* was given him, and, according to the *Comment*, he had no alternative but to challenge the speaker. His adversary was as unskilful of fence as himself, and Heine took a strange fashion of coming off victorious. According to the rules of the *Comment*, which are contrary to those of the real art of fencing, slashes only are allowed in duels, and a thrust goes against the giver; so that if a combatant is hit with a thrust and claims it at the moment, he is declared the victor. Heine, seizing his opportunity, ran his hip upon his enemy's *schläger*, and sank down. The wound, in spite of a good deal of bleeding, was not serious, and in eight days he was able to go about as before.

Heine could so much the more easily give up the attractions of the beer-swilling matches of the *Commers* and the *Kneipe*, inasmuch as he soon became an *habitué* of the *salon* of the Varnhagens. This *salon* is almost as celebrated in the literary history of Germany as is the *Hôtel Rambouillet* in that of France; and the kindly reception which Heine found there, presumably through letters of introduction from Bonn, was of inexpressible value to him. It placed him at once in a genial atmosphere of elevated thought, and brought him into relation with all that was distinguished in the literary and scientific centres of Berlin. Rahel, as the lady of the *salon* was called by her friends, was of Jewish extraction, her maiden name being Rahel Levin. She was then about fifty years of age, and had been married now some years to Varnhagen von Ense, who was several years her junior. Varnhagen von Ense, who had been a soldier and diplomatist, was of a singularly duplex nature. Externally in his bearing he was a man of the world, of prudent judgment and diplomatic tact; thus he was himself one of the most correct writers of German prose, and he wrote various

biographies; but the subjects which he chose for his pen being chiefly military heroes, such as Blücher and Bülow, of a somewhat coarse and matter-of-fact character, did not, when considered with his composed bearing, suggest that there existed within him the most ardent spiritual yearnings, a fund of passionate indignation, and a vehement love of liberty. Hence when his journals were published by his daughter after his death, and it was found that they teemed with phrases of bitterness and contempt directed against the directors of Prussian politics, and against the king himself and his advisers, there was pretty general astonishment; and the Prussian Government revenged itself on the deceased writer by passing sentence of *imprisonment on his daughter*. Varnhagen's marriage with Rahel was especially a proof of the predominance of the spiritual element in his nature. Long before the union he had worshipped with steady admiration the marvellous nobility of mind, the catholicity of taste, the delicacy of judgment, and the idealistic independence of this remarkable person—whom Heine termed 'the dear good little lady with the great soul,' and 'the most soul-full woman of the whole universe'—before he ventured to ask for her hand. The marriage was one brought about by mutual esteem and kindred tastes, and with a view to carrying on in common a *propaganda* of literary and æsthetic views, a spirit-marriage in fact. In the circle of friends which they thus gathered around them, all things pertaining to art and literature were discussed as carefully as though they were matters which affected the eternal welfare of the soul, and the young writers of the day looked in this direction eagerly for recognition and encouragement. The chief idol of Rahel and her friends was Goethe. The works of Goethe, Rahel conceived, contained solutions for all the weary riddles of life and the world; and to be in correspondence with him, to receive his friends, and be the humble harbinger of his fame, she considered to be the chief glory of her existence.

She was, moreover, in constant intercourse with Frederick von Schlegel, Ludwig Tieck, Fouqué, and the leaders of the romantic school; while Schleiermacher, Fichte, and Chamisso were regular attendants at her house.

Heine appears to have found no difficulty in making his way to her; and the Frau von Varnhagen, with her intuitive knowledge of human nature, felt interested at once in the young man; not so much on account of the faint aureole of poetry, which reports from her friends at Bonn had placed on his head, but because she appreciated instinctively the character of his peculiar temperament, from which utterances the most delicate sensibility, the bitter jest, and the wildest humour succeeded each other in surprising alternations; and the poet ever averred to the end of his days that never any one understood him so well and so rapidly as Rahel, and never ceased to cherish grateful remembrances of the pleasant hours, and of the kindly welcome and encouragement which he experienced in the society of the Varnhagens, and expressed again and again to them, in his own way, his thankfulness for the readiness with which they had fostered in their hospitable circle the poor waif of a despised race. Some months later, after he had quitted Berlin, and was living cut off from all society, he wrote to Von Varnhagen, 'It is quite natural that I should think of you and your wife the greater part of the day, and I have ever vividly present to mind how you both did for me so much that was good and kind, and cheered, and fortified, and smoothed down such a morose weakling as myself, and sustained me both with counsel and action, and fed me both with maccaroni and spiritual ghostly provender. I had had little acquaintance with true goodness in life, and had been already much mystified, when I experienced from you and your good-hearted wife such truly human entertainment.' In a copy, too, of his poems which he gives to Rahel, he writes these lines:—'Perhaps when I meet you, some centuries hence, as the fairest and noblest

of flowers in the fairest and lordliest of all the valleys of heaven, then you will have the kindness to greet me, the poor stingnettle—or shall I be yet something worse?—with your glow of friendship and your breath of love, as an old acquaintance. You will, I doubt not. Have you not already in the years 1822 and 1823 done the same, when you treated me, the poor, sick, bitter, morose, poetic, and unendurable man, with a gentleness and goodness which I certainly had never merited in this life, and for which I can only thank the benevolent reminiscences of a prænatal acquaintance?' And nearly ten years later he wrote to Varnhagen: 'I have need of the sympathy of yourself and your wife as much as in the beginning of my career, for I am as lonely in the world now as I was then; only I have more enemies, which is always a consolation, but not always a satisfactory one.'

The house of the Varnhagens, No. 20 Französische Strasse, became to Heine, in his own phrase, his true country; and both of them interested themselves warmly to find a publisher for his first volume of poems, which we know now as the 'Junge Leiden,' and which were nearly all written before he reached Berlin, and had been read by him in the Varnhagen circle. Heine, indeed, already while at Göttingen, had offered them to Brockhaus, of Liepzig, by whom they had been politely refused. The Varnhagens, however, introduced the new poet to Professor Gubitz, editor of the 'Gesellschaften,' the literary oracle of Berlin; and Professor Gubitz having made acquaintance with the poems, undertook to publish a series of them in his journal. The first poem which was thus published, appeared on May 7, 1821; and as Heine had only arrived in Berlin at the end of February, the Varnhagens could have lost no time in interesting themselves for their new friend.

The first appearance of Heine before the Berlin public, although a fragmentary public, made at once a great impres-

sion. Their wild passion, their intense melancholy, which caused some of them to appear as spectral embodiments of that *Weltschmerz* then a predominant sentiment of the cultivated world, and of which Byron had been the grandest expression—these qualities, together with their wild humour, created much curiosity and a new sensation in the minds of the readers; so that Maurer, the publisher of the 'Gesellschafter,' at the recommendation of Gubitz, at once offered to publish the whole collection.

In a circle so devoted to the admiration of Goethe as that of Varnhagen, the kinship of Heine as a writer of song to the elder poet became at once apparent; there was the same melody, the same simplicity of language and subject, and the same objectivity in treatment. In the Varnhagen circle there was one frequent visitor, who, while he gave the new poet his warm approval, felt apprehension for his future career from the gloom and hopelessness which are so striking in this his very first production; and this was the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, the author of the charming tale of 'Undine,' who had a country seat in the neighbourhood. Fouqué took even the trouble to address to Heine a few verses full of good and generous feeling, to warn him against that dallying with the princes of darkness; and the reply of Heine showed how sensible he was of this kindness from his senior in the art in which he was yet a novice:—

'I cannot express my feelings on the receipt of your letter. Hardly did I read your dear name, when it appeared as though all those bright darling tales which I had read of yours in better days started again to life in my soul, and filled it again with the old yearning; and therewith I heard anew the beautiful songs "of broken hearts, of unchangeable truth, of the glow of ardent desire, of beatitude in death." It must indeed be a dear delight to the young stripling in art, to find a recognition by the assured and celebrated master—enraptured too must he be, since this master is that

poet, whose genius once awoke so much in him, once moved his soul so powerfully, and filled him with such reverence and love. I cannot thank you enough for your beautiful song, wherewith you have ennobled my dark sorrows, and exorcised their evil influences.'

Not only Fouqué, however, but his accomplished wife, Karoline de la Motte Fouqué, also a writer of novels, took a great interest in Heine's earliest poetic essays; and a crowd of the other frequenters of the *salon* of the Varnhagens did him equal honour. Among them Adalbert von Chamisso, of French descent, the author of the quaint tale of the 'Shadowless Peter Schlemil,' was one of the chief. He was now an old man with abundant grey hair streaming wildly down by the side of his gaunt fine features; but his heart was still warm and young. To these were added Wilhelm Häring, he who wrote novels under the name of Willibald Alexis; and Michael Beer, the brother of Meyerbeer, the composer, with others less known critics and journalists. Among, however, the frequenters of the Varnhagen *salon* there were two persons towards whom he was especially attracted—Ludwig Robert, the brother of Rahel, himself an author, and his wife Frederika, a lovely Swabian lady, whose perfect beauty, which Heine described as a marvellous harmony of the antique and modern style, remained to him all his life as a source of delight in memory. The husband of the handsome Frederika attempted from time to time to write tragedies, and Heine in his whimsical way declared that nobody was more worthy of commiseration than Ludwig Robert in these desperate essays. 'The poor happy man,' he writes—'it must indeed be a hard task for the husband of Madam Robert to write a tragedy. Hardly indeed could the wretched man put a single tragic wrinkle on his brow, which his pretty wife could not smile away on the instant.'

Another house in which Heine was a frequent visitor was that of the poetess Elisa von Hohenhausen, a passionate

admirer of Byron, who inspired some of her admiration into Heine, and proclaimed the young Jew student at once as the successor of the English peer. This lady kept open *salon* every Thursday. The Varnhagens and their circle were regular attendants, with other celebrities of the Berlin world. A daughter of Elisa von Hohenhausen has left a sketch of the company, drawn some thirty years later, which were in the habit of assembling there in Heine's time: 'By the side of Varnhagen and Chamisso was prominent Edward Gans, whose strikingly fine head, with its fresh colour, and the proudly-arched eyebrows above the dark eyes, reminded one of a spiritual Antinous; Bendavid, the lovable philosopher and scholar of Moses Mendelssohn, brimming over with wit and well-told anecdotes; then followed a younger generation, who are all now men with grey hairs and of high dignity—the painter, Wilhelm Hensel, now Professor; Leopold von Ledebur, then a lieutenant prosecuting his studies, now a well-known historiographer and director of the art department of the Berlin Museum; the poet Apollonius von Maltitz, now Prussian ambassador in Weimar; Count George Blankensee, the knightly singer and imitator of Byron, now member of the First Chamber;—and among the ladies, Rahel naturally took the first place; near her was her wonderfully beautiful sister-in-law, Frederika Robert; Amalie von Helwig, *née* von Imhoff, the translator of the "Frithiofsage;" Helmina von Chezy, the chief songstress of that time; Fanny Tarnow, the successful writer of novels; with many other clever ladies of the higher Berlin society who belonged to this circle. Heine read there his "Lyrical Intermezzo" and his tragedies "Ratcliff" and "Almansor." He had to endure a good deal of remonstrance and much severe criticism; especially had he to put up constantly with much banter, on account of his poetic sentimentality, which a little later excited such warm sympathy for him in the hearts of the youths of the day. Heine at that time was small and slender,

beardless, blond and pale, without any prominent feature on his visage; yet of such a peculiar stamp that one quickly noticed him, and did not forget him easily. His demeanour was then gentle; the stinging sarcasm which later encircled with thorns, the roses of his poetic fancies were not yet developed in him. He was rather sensitive on the subject of jokes, than given to practise them on others.'

His cousin, Herman Schiff, also gives us a picture of his appearance at Berlin at that time: 'Heine's physiognomy was by no means an imposing one. He was pale and slender, and he had a fatigued look. He had the habit of short-sighted people, of gathering his eyelids together. His high cheek bones brought out those little wrinkles which betray a Polish-Jewish descent: for the rest, however, one did not recognise the Jew in him. His smoothly brushed hair was of a subdued colour, and he was fond of showing his white neat hands. His appearance and bearing were distinguished, something like a personal *incognito*, under which he concealed his real worth from others. Seldom was he animated in the society of ladies. I have never heard him make compliments to a lady, young or old. He spoke with a light voice, in a monotonous tone, and slow, as though to lay stress on every syllable. When he put in here and there a witty or a profound word, there followed a sort of indescribable four-cornered smile about his lips.'

Men of literary and artistic tastes have, however, generally everywhere some club or casino where discussion is carried on with greater freedom than in society; and such meetings were held in Berlin at the Casino, in the Behrenstrasse, and in the wine shop of Lutter and Wegener, where the wild spirits who associated with Hoffman and the actor Devrient had been accustomed to pass evenings of mad fun and frolic. Hoffman died in 1822, but Devrient lived still; and the eccentric poet Grabbe, Köchy and Uechtritz, theatrical dramatists, still bore him company in keeping up the old

traditions of the German Kneipleben: while Ludwig Robert and other friends visited the meeting occasionally and partook of the furious revelry, where jokes and witticisms of all kinds flew fast and furious; excited members jumping up on the tables at times and making wild harangues. A pretty trim Brunette passed through the crowd from time to time and poured out glasses of punch; at one of which Heine would sit and sip in a corner, laughing in silence at every wilder outbreak of humour.

That the poor Jew student, thus transplanted from the quiet Hebrew circle of Düsseldorf and the dull atmosphere of Göttingen into the midst of the whirl of a capital, and exposed to the seductions of early notoriety in the cultivated circles of Berlin, was not carried away more than he was, is some proof of the independence and power of self-control of his nature; more especially if it be remembered that the authority of the Government, true to its policy of endeavour to turn thought and action into any other channels than those of politics, was exerted to make dissipation in the capital the order of the day. Balls, masque balls, concerts, theatres, operas, under royal patronage, were crowded into the programme of each day in the wildest profusion, and with the most lavish expenditure on decoration and lights, and with beating and blowing of the biggest drums and trumpets. Music, which is capable of affording a deep delight to the intellectual and the spiritual-minded, but which with the foolish, ignorant, and unimpassioned, and those incapable of higher æsthetic enjoyment, becomes, and that usually in its most vulgar and showy form, a subject of silly rhapsody or affectation of taste, and which appears to flourish most abundantly in the decay of poetry and in ages of corruption of taste and feeling, did not fail at this period to receive all the patronage which the Court of Berlin could lavish upon it. With a keen appreciation of the end to be achieved, the Prussian Government had invited to Berlin, in 1820, the

Ritter Spontini, and given him the position of General Director of Music. Under the direction of Spontini, the stage of the Opera House of Berlin exhibited a nightly spectacle of gorgeous dresses, stage jewellery and decorations, with the running accompaniments of a roar of drums and kettledrums. The hangers-on of Court circles went habitually into ecstasies over these performances, which, however, did not escape a good deal of gibing from the wits—one of whom proposed that the solidity of the walls of a new play-house should be tested by the execution of one of Spontini's operas; while another, on the first representation of Spontini's 'Nourmahal,' declared that the best point about it was that there were no cannon-shots introduced. However, in spite of Court patronage, a strong party of opposition did arise against the Ritter Spontini and his patrons, who were accused of keeping down German music of a better taste. It was just at this time that Mendelssohn made his first appearance in Berlin, and was hailed at once as a possibly new Mozart; but the composer whom the more delicate lovers of the art set up against Spontini was Weber—whose better and finer genius was overpowered by the boisterous rule of the noisy composer and his patrons—and the partisans of Spontini and the partisans of Weber began to wage as passionate a war against each other in Berlin as was waged in Paris in the previous century between the Gluckists and the Piccinists. During Heine's stay in Berlin the 'Freischütz' was produced; and the poet has left on record a whimsical account of the popularity which it at once achieved, and how he was persecuted from morn to night with the 'Jungfern Kranz,' the 'Bridal Crown'—one of the songs of the piece:—

'In however good a temper I get up in the morning, my cheerfulness is immediately driven out of me, for even at this hour the schoolboys pass my window whistling the

"Jungfern Kranz." An hour does not pass before I hear that the daughter of my hostess is up with her "Jungfern Kranz." I hear my barber then singing himself upstairs to the tune of the "Jungfern Kranz." The washerwoman's little girl then comes humming "Lavender, Myrtle, and Thyme" ("Lavendel, Myrt', und Thymian"). So it goes on. My head swims. I cannot endure it. I rush out of the house and throw myself with disgust into a hackney coach, happy that I can hear no singing while the wheels are rattling. I get out at Miss ——'s, and ask if she is at home. The servant runs to see. Yes. The door opens; the sweet creature sits at a pianoforte, and receives me with the words—

> Wo bleibt der schmucke Freiermann,
> Ich kann ihn kaum erwarten.

"'You sing like an angel!" I cry in a spasmodic way. "I will begin again from the beginning," lisps the good creature; and she twists me again her "Jungfern Kranz," and twists and twists until I twist myself like a worm with unspeakable pangs, and cry out in anguish of soul, "Help! help!" After which the accursed song never quits me all day: my most pleasant moments are embittered—even as I sit at midday at dinner the singer Heinsius rolls it out at dessert. The whole afternoon I am strangled with "Veilchen blauen Seide" ("Violet-blue Silk"). There the "Jungfern Kranz" is played off on the organ by a cripple—here it is fiddled off by a blind man. In the evening, then, the whole horror is let loose. Then is there a piping, and howling, and falsettoing, and gurgling, and always the same tune. The song of Kaspar, or the huntsman's chorus may be howled in from time to time by an illuminated student or ensign for a change; but the "Jungfern Kranz" is permanent: when one has ended it, another begins it. Out of every house it springs out upon me; everybody sings it with his own variation—yea, I almost fancy the dogs in the street howl in it. . . . How-

ever, do not imagine that the melody is really bad; on the contrary, it has even reached its popularity through its excellence. *Mais toujours perdrix!* Yes, understand me: the whole of the "Freischütz" is excellent, and surely deserves the consideration given to it by all Germany. Here it is now given for the thirtieth time, and yet it is always very difficult to get good tickets for a representation.'

Notwithstanding, however, this immense success of the 'Freischütz', and the most modest advances on the part of Weber, Weber found it impossible to obtain the place which he had hoped for in the Opera House at Berlin. Spontini would bear no brother near the throne, and the quack prevailed over the pure and sensitive-minded man of genius. Spontini had, however, introduced an elephant into one of his operas, and the combination of Spontini and the elephant, of quackery and brute sagacity and ponderosity, was, as is usual, more congenial to the vulgar, of every degree, than simple genius. Men create their gods after their own image, and quackery and vulgarity are correlative. For the representation of these operatic wonders on the stage, the best singers of Germany were invited from all parts of Germany. There were the famous Henriette Sontag, which set the capital in a frenzied *furore* of enthusiasm; Anna Milder, for whom Beethoven wrote his 'Leonora,' and Bernhard Klein his 'Dido;' there were Karoline Seidler and Theresa Eunike, and also Amalie Neumann, who excited so much enthusiasm on her arrival that, as Heine tells us, a hypochondriacal neighbour, who lived in the same house with her, felt himself obliged to hang upon his door the notice, 'Madame Neumann does not live here'—'*Hier wohnt Madame Neumann nicht;*' on account of the unfortunate man having been so beset with enquiries as to whether Madame Neumann *did* live there. The male performers were of corresponding merit with the female. At their head was Karl Adam Bader, whose

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voice had the compass of two octaves, and who for a long time was considered the first tenor in Germany.

Nor did music in the form of concerts receive less patronage, or excite less attention: orchestral conductors waved their batons the whole year through either in indoor or in outdoor concerts; violinists or flute-players flocked to Berlin from all parts of the world; Boucher, a Frenchman, one of the best violinists of his time, got together a large fortune there, and named Berlin, out of gratitude, *la capitale de la musique.*

The general director of the royal theatres at that time was Graf Karl Moritz von Brühl, a man of taste, energy, and culture, who did his utmost to prevent the German theatre from descending lower down the stage of decline on which it had already entered, but with small effect. Amid this universal orgy of inarticulate sound, with this rage for gaudy decorations, which even extended itself to pieces like Schiller's 'Maid of Orleans,' where the coronation scene was made to rival in gorgeousness the gaudiest of Spontini's operatic effects, true taste and feeling in theatrical matters perished daily. The passion for the sublime and the pathetic, the true basis of all real tragic sympathy, became extinguished, and the simple, and the natural, and the refined, which forms the soul alike of comedy and tragedy, were banished from the stage. Melodramas, therefore, took the place of tragedies, and the vulgar sentimentalism of the Kotzebue school and coarse farcical pieces drove comedy from he boards.

In 1826 Heine in one of his Berlin letters throws a glance at the state of degradation into which German comedy—or rather the German idea of comedy, for the Germans have never yetproduced a single comedy—had sunk: 'Indeed, when I hear how in our comedies now the holiest moralities and feelings of life are mocked in so dissolute a tone, and with such frivolous security, that at last people are accustomed to regard

them as the most indifferent things possible; when I hear declarations of love, fit only for valets and chambermaids, sentimental vows of friendship in which nobody believes, and those jocular plots for the betrayal of husbands and wives and parents, and whatever else there may be in the way of ordinary comedy motives—alas! then I am seized with an inner horror and fathomless grief, and I look anxiously around at the poor innocent little angel faces who are present at such performances. The lamentations over the fall and destruction of the German comedy, which are groaned forth out of noble hearts; the critical zeal of a Tieck and a Zimmerman, who have a more difficult business to perform than Hercules in the stable of Augeas, since our theatre stalls must be cleaned while the oxen are in it; the endeavours of highly gifted men, who would fain found a romantic comedy—excellent and biting satires like Roberts's "Birds of Paradise," for example; nothing will profit—sighs, counsels, essays to do better, floggings, all strike the air, and every word which man speaks about it is truly spoken to the wind.'

Heine was indeed preserved, partly by his own pure taste, partly by the influence of the Varnhagen circle, and partly also by his familiarity with the best traditions of literature, from being carried away in the current of vulgar taste of the time. Among the traditions of German literature which affected him at this time, those left behind by Lessing at Berlin were not the least. It was at Berlin that Lessing had produced the choicest efforts of his critical genius as a protest against the corrupt taste of his own age, and had thus for a while given a new life to the German drama. With the public, however, the memory of Lessing was almost forgotten, though every lackey knew where to point out the house in which Voltaire had lived. Heine, however, failed not to remember him. 'I am awestruck,' he cried once in the 'Unter den Linden,' 'when I think that Lessing may have stood here.' Lessing, however,

if he had returned anew to wield the critical sceptre in that corrupt period of the restoration, amid the reign of an execrable taste, would have found that he had his work to begin anew, and under even more disadvantageous circumstances than before.

Amid, however, this general depravation of taste, three great writers stood pre-eminent in the admiration of the most distinguished circles—Byron, Goethe, and Scott.

We have already seen that the affinity of the genius of Heine with that of Byron was already perceived by one of his feminine friends at Berlin; and, indeed, Heine was one of the chief examples of the vast influence which the mighty genius of our last great English poet exercised over the European mind. Goethe was also, as we have remarked, the especial divinity of the Varnhagen circle, who celebrated his birthdays with as much zeal as if it were a national festival. Yet the genius of Goethe was, as now, reserved for due appreciation to the culture of a select few; while the more facile talent of Scott was far more fitted to be the object of popular wonder than either the tragic passion of Byron or the statuesque severity of the sage of Weimar. 'I must,' writes Heine in one of his letters, 'speak of the works of Sir Walter Scott, since all Berlin speaks thereof; since they are the "Jungfern Kranz" of the reading world; since they are everywhere read, adored, fought over, and torn to pieces, and then read again. From the countess to the sempstress, from the count to the errand-boy, everybody is reading the novels of the great Scott, and especially our sentimental ladies. These go to bed with "Waverley," and get up again with "Rob Roy," and have the "Dwarf" all day in their fingers. The novel "Kenilworth," especially, has a famous success. Since few here are blessed with perfect acquaintance with the English tongue, the greater part of the reading world must content themselves with French and German translations. Of these there is no lack. Of the

last novel of Scott, "the Pirate," there are four translations announced at once. Scott's fame was *fêted* here a few days ago in extraordinary fashion. On a late public feast-day there was a great masquerade here, when the heroes of the novels of Scott appeared in their characteristic costume. Of this festival and of these characters people talked here for a whole week. It was the subject of all talk. Especially curious was it that the son of Walter Scott, who happens to be here just now, was dressed as a Scotch Highlander, and precisely as the costume requires, with naked legs, without breeches, and that he walked in state to the ball-room. This young man, an English Hussar officer, receives here much attention, and enjoys the fame of his father. Where are the sons of our great poets, who go about, if not without breeches, yet perhaps without shirts? Where are our great poets themselves? But, silence, silence—this will not bear talking about.'

Masque balls, indeed, were not uncommon in Berlin, and Graf Brühl had organised an annual subscription masque ball in the new theatre, at which all classes met together; and which in Heine's description, notwithstanding that the King and the Court habitually partook in it, bears some resemblance to a *bal de l'opéra* at Paris: 'When this ball is given, the whole pit is covered with boards, and so makes an enormous hall, which is lit from above with oval chandeliers. These burning circles look like systems of suns, which one sees portrayed in astronomical hand-books: they surprise and confuse the eyes of the persons who look up, and pour down their blinding light upon the bright motley, sparkling crowds of people, who, almost drowning the music with their voices, wave backwards and forwards in the hall, dancing, and pushing, and hopping. Everyone must here appear in a mask, and no one is allowed in the large dancing hall to withdraw his mask: only in the corridors and in the boxes of the first and second tiers may the mask be removed. The lower class, for a

small payment, go up into the gallery and look down from above. In the great royal box one sees the Court, for the most part unmasked; from time to time members of the party go down into the pit and mix with the rustling crowd of masks. These are mixed up of all kinds of people. Difficult is it here to distinguish whether a fellow is a count or a journeyman tailor. Almost all the men wear a simple silken domino and a huge cocked hat. This is easily explicable by reason of the selfishness of great towns. Everyone would here amuse himself, and not give the amusement of a costume in character to others. The ladies, from the same motive, are quite simply masked, and mostly as bats. A crowd of *femmes entretenues* and priestesses of Venus Pandemos flit about in this fashion: "I know you," says one; "I know you, too," cries another. . . . But what matters it what is under the mask? People want to be pleased, and for pleasure human nature suffices. And human is one truly straightway at a masked ball, where the ball mask covers the flesh-mask, and the simple "Thou" re-establishes the confidence of primitive society, where a *domino*, concealing every distinction, brings forth the pleasantest equality and the fairest liberty reigns. Masked liberty! For me such a ball has something delectable. When the kettledrums thunder, and the trumpets crash, and the delightful tones of flute and violin chime enticingly between them, then do I rush like a wild swimmer into the raging, motley, illuminated flood of humanity, and dance, and run, and joke, gibing at every one, and laughing and prattling out whatever comes into my head. At the last ball I was especially merry; I would gladly have walked on my head, and if my deadly enemy had come in my way, I should gladly have said to him, "To-morrow let us shoot one another, but to-night I will embrace you with all my heart." The purest happiness is love. God is love, and God is the purest happiness. *Tu es beau! Tu es charmant! Tu es l'objet de ma flamme! Je t'adore, ma belle!* These were

the words which my lips repeated a hundred times involuntarily; and I shook hands with everybody I met, and took my hat off prettily to all, and all men were polite also to me. Only a German hobbledehoy was coarse with me, and cursed at my aping foreign Babeldoms, and thundered out in his beery bass, "At a Tscherman mummery must the Tscherman Tscherman speak." O German hobbledehoy! how sinful and silly do thy words appear to me in such moments, when my soul embraces the whole world in its love, when I would embrace even Russians and Turks with shouts of joy, and when I could sink with tears on the heart of the African in his fetters! I love Germany and the Germans; but I love not less the dwellers of the rest of the earth, whose number is forty times greater than that of the Germans. Love gives to man his worth. God be praised! I am, therefore, of forty times more value than those who cannot emerge from the bog of their national selfishness, and who only can like Germany and the Germans.'

Again, in another letter, he writes: 'Operas, theatres, assemblies, balls, thés (*dansants* as well as *médisants*), small masquerades, amateur theatricals, public balls, &c. Such is the course of our chief evening entertainments in practice. There is here a great deal of social life, but divided into fragments. Many small circles exist, one by the side of another, which seek more to contract than to expand. If you observe the different balls here, Berlin would appear to you to consist of so many separate corporations. The court and the ministers, the diplomatic corps, the civil service, the merchants, the officers, &c., all give their own balls, wherein only members of their own circle appear. With some ministers and ambassadors the fashion of assembling is in simply huge tea-parties, which are given on special days of the week, and which terminate in a real ball if a greater or lesser number of guests are present. All the balls of people of distinction aim with more or less success at being like the Court or

princely balls. Balls of this latter character are more or less alike now in all cultivated Europe; or, rather, they are formed after Paris balls. Therefore our balls here have nothing characteristic, however strange an appearance it may make to see at such balls a sub-lieutenant, with nothing but his pay perhaps to live on, moving in terribly polite fashion with a young lady of the commissariat, set off like a mosaic with ribbons and spangles; and to see the piteously sorrowful puppet-like faces making contrast with stiff, set-up court bearing.'

Heine had thus a quick eye for the hollowness and vanity of all these courtly dissipations, and for the spiral within spiral made by the strict caste feeling of the different fragments of polite society at Berlin; although with the mobility of a poet nature, he was able at times to plunge joyously into the whirling tide of pleasure besetting him on all sides.

'My house,' he writes soon after his arrival, 'lies between the hotels of princes and ministers, and often of an evening I am prevented from writing by the rattle of carriages and the tramping of horses and other noises. A little while ago, the whole street was blocked up with carriages; countless carriage lamps lit up the laced red coats of the lackeys, who rushed about calling and swearing; and out of the first-floor windows of the hotel, from whence the music came, the crystal chandeliers poured fourth a joyous brilliant illumination.'

The city, however, of Berlin itself, made no pleasant impression. Accustomed to the older and more picturesque cities of the picturesque Rhine, the newness of aspect of Berlin, the monotony of broad streets and long rows of houses, which seemed to have been drilled into place, affected him with a cold shudder. Nevertheless, as he observed, the spiritual Berlin was something quite separate from the Berlin of stone; and the varied and busy whirl of humanity, of which

he was now for the first time a spectator, swept him along for a time in its current, a delighted observer of all that was new and strange. All things, however, are comparative. His thoughts even then were set upon Paris, which, of course, he only knew by report; and which, indeed, when he had had experience of it, made him remember the Borussian capital with subdued horror. Goethe, when his friend Zelter came to see him after some years' residence in Berlin—where he was director of the Academy of Music—accounted to himself, and excused a change of manners in Zelter for the worse, by the consideration that in Berlin, to keep your head above water, you must have 'hair on your teeth'—*und etwas grob sein*—and be, to boot, somewhat coarse. In fact, it was a population where 'German digs in the ribs,' to repeat Heine's phrase, were necessary to be given and taken to get along at all.

Heine, at this youthful period, did not occupy himself much with politics; yet one thing struck him above all things in relation to them, and that was the Russian proclivities of the Prussian Court. Poor Polish students, he writes, studying at Berlin, were upon the information of Russian spies, and at the suggestion of the Russian ambassador, liable to be imprisoned at once or sent into exile; and whole batches of Polish students were so treated from time to time. In fact, Russia and Prussia went hand in hand in foreign and domestic politics at that time, as if they were family affairs. Nothing tended more to cherish in Heine that aversion towards Prussia which he felt, than the conviction that what external sympathies she had were purely Russian. From 1865 down to the present time, this solidarity of Russian and Prussian interests has existed; and yet Englishmen were found to applaud at the aggrandisement of Prussia at the expense of France. Prussia is not England's friend, and never will be. Prussia is looking with eagerness and confidence to the stealthy advance of Russia upon India—an advance which will deprive us of the

advantages of our insular position, and place Europe and Asia at the mercy of a Sclavonic and a semi-Sclavonic power. Prussia is awaiting the slow strangulation of the British lion by Russia in the East.

Prussians we have called semi-Sclavonic, for modern ethnology has established that the Prussians have the least title to the name of German of all who speak the language. The basis of the population is Finno-Sclave, with a superstructure of German, and the whole received a civilising element in the immigration of French colonists who settled there after the edict of Nantes, and to whom they owe the introduction of the chief artistic industries, such as the manufacture of porcelain and the arts of working in bronze and iron. Large, too, is the number of men of French descent, such as De la Motte Fouqué, Chamisso and others who shine among them as literary stars: in diplomacy the appearance of French names is not less striking. It must not be forgotten that this corner of Europe was the last—with the exception always of Russia—to become civilised and to accept Christianity. The branches of the German race who were the most amenable to civilisation settled down and mingled with the populations of France and Italy, and adopted Christianity centuries before the Germans who settled in Prussia. It took Charlemagne—at the head of the civilised Germans—thirty-three years of battling on the Elbe in order to bring the Eastern heathens within the pale of civilisation, and to break the neck of the worship of Odin; and quite until a late period paganism was prevalent in East Prussia. It is for the older nations of Europe to remember that the hatred of the *parvenus* among races to those who have shown greater aptitude for civilisation has always been brutal and often mortal.

CHAPTER V.

UNIVERSITY DAYS. HEINE AND YOUNG PALESTINE.

THE residence of Heine in Berlin suggests here the consideration of one of the most important features in his career—his relations with that wonderful Oriental people who still exist so strangely among us as a separate race, and whose emancipation from the cruel usages to which they have for centuries been subjected forms one of the chief achievements of the present century.

Berlin was at the time of Heine's arrival there already the centre of a great movement of reform, nobly conceived, and in some cases nobly prosecuted, within the bosom of the Jewish community; and some history of this will here find its due place.

It need not be repeated that the condition of the Jews in Germany from the earliest historic period, through the middle ages down almost to the days of Heine, was one of almost continuous persecution. Massacres of Jews there even took place as late as the end of the last century; and when Heine was nineteen years of age, there occurred the famous *hep hep* riots at Frankfort, in which the populace hunted the Jews like mad dogs from street to street, and assaulted their houses with volleys of stones. Down, indeed, to the time of the revolution of 1848 the Jews were still forced, in the chief towns of Germany, to live apart, like unclean beasts, from the rest of the inhabitants: they were pent up in ghettos—quarters

as prison-like as the Judenstrasse in Frankfort, subject to severe regulations of police, and unable to marry beyond a certain number in the course of each year.

In those dark days of hate and persecution, it was natural that the children of Israel should cling obstinately to their own customs and traditions, and find pride in an exclusive existence, based on a rigorous observation of the customs and ordinances of the Mosaic law, in whose behalf they and their forefathers had suffered centuries of martyrdom.

The Jewish population of Germany had, therefore, almost up to the date of the French Revolution remained entirely indifferent to social movements of every kind, whether political, artistic, or scientific, in the world around them; they spoke for the most part a wretched Hebrew-German jargon, styled *Mauschel*; and such learning as existed among them was limited to the knowledge of the Mosaic and prophetic traditions, and the interpretation of the Mischna and the Talmud. To these records of a dead past, and to the vague Messianic hopes of a better future, was confined the whole range of their speculative activity.

Moses Mendelssohn, the contemporary and friend of Lessing, was the first German Jew who emerged from the blind state of superstitious ignorance, then common to his tribe, and showed that it was possible for a member of his oppressed and despised race to become a sharer in the chief acquirements of Nazarene wisdom, and for him also to remain a Jew while acquiring affection and esteem in quarters in which it had been customary to look for insult and contempt. The friends and disciples of Mendelssohn of his own creed, inspired by the example of their master, established in Berlin, in 1778, the first Israelitish Free School, in which the German tongue was taught in its purity, and made the basis and medium of instruction. The tolerant measures of the two most civilised sovereigns of Germany in the eighteenth century had already prepared in a manner the way for the

amelioration of the social and intellectual condition of the Jews. Frederick the Great, consistently with his notion that everybody should be allowed to go to heaven in his own way, had already in 1750 relieved his Jewish subjects from that abject condition which placed them entirely without the pale of legislature; this enlightened monarch conferred upon his Israelitish people fixed rights and privileges, though not of an extent equal to that of his Christian population of Prussia. Joseph II. of Austria, in 1781, had not only granted to the Jewish population of his dominions civic rights, but had also devised for them a scheme of systematic instruction for their youth. But the reforms of Joseph II. in this, as in other cases, were in advance of his time; and the Rabbis, as the guardians of the dead rubbish of the Mischna and the Talmud, felt both jealousy at the apprehension of new intellectual rivalry, and suspicion of all designs for the improvement of the intellectual condition of the community of which they held themselves to be the spiritual chiefs: in fact, the Hebrew Rabbi, like the Jesuit, like the Ultramontane, like the religious bigot of whatever denomination, held in horror anything in the nature of secular education. Yet, external events, which gave a powerful impulse to liberal and intellectual progress all over the world, did not fail also to accelerate the evolution of thought and the change which was now taking place in the Jewish community. The American Revolution, with its appeal to those fundamental aspirations after freedom which exist in all human nature, did not fail to set in motion in Germany, as well as in France, a vast amount of political and intellectual energy, destined to mould the future destinies of the European continents; and the Jewish community did not, any more than the rest, escape from the influence of the general wave of enthusiasm which passed over the Continent. The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, and the wild passions and burning hopes evoked everywhere by the outburst of the

French Revolution, added fresh fuel to the flame of new life which was already strong in the bosoms of the choicest spirits of the Jewish community; and the advent of Napoleon in Germany, after his astounding career of conquest, as the representative of the ideas of toleration of the French Revolution, which placed the Jew on the same social and political level as the Christian, was greeted with an enthusiasm almost as great as if he had been the expected Messiah.

Such illusions were, however, destined to fade away among the miseries consequent on a foreign domination; and the Jews of Germany, for the most part, confiding, like the rest of their compatriots, in the promises of the princes, that civil and religious liberty should be the reward of victory over the invader, took a generous part in the patriotic revolt of their compatriots from the Napoleonic yoke, and volunteered by thousands into the armies of the War of Liberation; and though the promises which had been held out to them turned out to be as illusory in their case as they were with respect to the civil rights of the rest of their countrymen, yet the fact that they had participated in the greatest contest of modern times, and by such participation in the general current of human affairs, did not fail to exercise an influence in blending the interest of Jews and Gentiles more intimately together.

But it was at Berlin, more especially, that this process of approximation of Jewish tones of thought to modern ideas was progressing more rapidly. The Israelitish free school, of which we have already had occasion to speak, was founded in part by Friedländer, one of the pupils of Mendelssohn, at the end of the last century; and Friedländer continued to lead the Jewish reform party in the Prussian capital up to a very advanced age. He was indefatigable in his attempts to procure for his co-religionists both equality of civil rights and a free participation in the educational privileges of the rest of his countrymen, as he was also in endeavouring to

subdue the stiff-necked opposition of Rabbinical intolerance. It is a curious proof of the zeal with which he prosecuted his idea of placing the interests of Jews and Christians on a common basis, and of the prevalence of the doctrines of the French Encyclopedists in Berlin, that he should have addressed a letter to Teller, the provost of the Berlin University, in 1799, requesting his opinion whether it were not possible for enlightened Jews to be received into the community of those 'who called themselves Christians, without going through the hypocritical form of a conversion.' The answer of the provost Teller was not favourable; and such Jews, we shall see, as desired to acquire the full privilege of a citizen, and not to be embarrassed in their career by the prejudices which still lay in the path of a member of that creed, were obliged, like Bartholdy, Mendelssohn (the celebrated composer), like Edward Gans, and like Heine himself, to go through the form of conversion and the ceremony of baptism.

Israel Jacobson was another Jew who devoted his energies, and a very considerable fortune, in a fine spirit of sacrifice, to the instruction and advancement of the interests of his fellow-religionists. After having founded schools and Jewish places of worship, in which the German tongue was used, in various parts of Germany, he settled down at Berlin in 1815, and established in the Prussian capital itself a Jewish synagogue, in which various preachers of eloquence, such as Kley, Auerbach, and Zunz, addressed the audience in the German tongue.

A Jewish party of progress had thus been gradually growing up in Berlin for nearly half a century, whose chief aim had been to acquire for themselves, and for their creed, the full advantages of German culture. This party numbered among them many distinguished men; and chief among these were Edward Gans, the distinguished jurist, already mentioned; Leopold Zunz, a man versed in Oriental an-

tiquity and in the study of modern science and philosophy; and Moses Moser, a learned merchant of Berlin. These three were already devising by what sort of organization it would be possible to consolidate the movement which was going on among them, so as to form a centre from which the impulse might be radiated anew among their co-religionists throughout Germany, when a series of atrocious scenes, of which the Jews were the victims, in various German towns, broke forth and accelerated the birth of their project. The organization of which this project took the form was the 'Society of Jewish Culture and Science.'

This *Verein* or Society, which lasted about four years, and of which Edward Gans was president, published a programme, which gives a high idea of the philosophic conceptions on which the society was based, and which aimed at nothing less than the liberation of the followers of Judaism from the shackles of ancient bigotry, and transforming the moral and social ideas of the whole community, so that it might be more in harmony with the general culture of Europe. This programme, which was published in 1822, declared that the want of harmony between the inner condition of the Jews and their external position among nations, which had existed for centuries, had become lately more decided than ever, and demanded urgently a total remodification of the peculiar form of culture and manner of living hitherto adopted by the Jews, so as to lead them up to the same stand-point at which the rest of the European world had arrived. After further declarations of the aims of the society, and after calling for the co-operation of the most enlightened members of the community, the programme proceeded to set forth the means the society proposed to make use of; and these were to employ, in the first place, all aids which might serve to increase the spread of intelligence, such as the establishment of schools, seminaries, academies,

and the active encouragement of literary and other public efforts of every kind; and, in the next place, it was proposed to direct the activity of the rising generation to the practice of professions, arts, agriculture, and scientific occupations—by suppression of the one-sided tendency to trade and money-dealing—which had hitherto been, and still is, the chief characteristic of the Jews in all countries. It was proposed, also, to aim at bringing about a change in their social ideas and relations, which should result in subduing all those peculiarities which were at variance with the general character of society?

It soon, however, became evident that the programme of the society, in thus attempting to grasp life in its totality, was far too vast: it was, moreover, found impossible to stir the sluggish energies of Judaism, sunk either in Rabbinical ignorance and intolerance, or absorbed in money dealing and the traffic of old clothes; and the 'Society' depended solely for its support upon the few earnest spiritually-minded men of direct elective affinity with the founders. The first institution which proceeded from the society was a scientific institute, whose investigations were to be specially directed to the elucidation of matters concerning the Jews and Judaism. Gans, who was the soul of the institute, as he was of the society, delivered six lectures in six sittings on Roman legislation concerning the Jews in the time of the Empire, which were followed by other lectures on the history of the Jews in England, on the Mosaic and Talmudic laws of inheritance; and Zunz, Moser, Ludwig Markus, Immanuel Wohlwill, and others contributed a series of equally learned disquisitions on points of old and modern Hebrew philosophy, on the influence of Christianity upon Judaism, on agriculture in Palestine, &c. Most of these lectures were published in the 'Journal of the Institute;' but the misfortune was that the eminent men who put themselves at the head of the movement were so far advanced in culture and science above their

fellows, that they found but few able or willing to listen to them; and very soon the 'Journal of the Institute' came to an end for want of subscribers. In the beginning of this century it was a rare occurrence indeed to find a Jew at a German high school or university. Zunz himself, in 1809, was the first Jewish student who had ever attended the College at Wolfenbüttel; and since, after a Jew had gone through his school and university career, there was no profession whatever open to him except that of medicine, and that with a view of practising among his co-religionists, Jewish parents were remarkably sparing in incurring for their sons the expense of a good education.

Even the wealthy Jews showed little alacrity in aiding the movement; so that the society had to rely for support entirely on the subscriptions of members, who were for the most part men of small means, and whose number in the year 1822—the year in which Heine came to Berlin—did not exceed fifty. Edward Gans, with his generous enthusiasm for all noble and high aims, wrote in the mournfullest fashion about this condition of the society: 'Of all the wealthy brethren of our creed, there was no one who, however complete was his approval of our aims, however great was his enthusiasm for our performances, had given a single voluntary offering to the society or its institutions.'

In the face of such difficulties, the Judaic reformers confined their attention mainly to the improvement of the institution for Judaic education at Berlin and elsewhere; and, in spite of the bigoted opponents of the old Rabbinical party, and with the assistance of such men as Friedländer, Jacobson, and Bendavid, who had already distinguished themselves in the same cause, much progress in this direction was really accomplished.

Edward Gans, who introduced Heine into this Judaic society, loved to theorize most learnedly and with deep enthu-

siasm, and in crabbed Hegelian phraseology, on the future place of the Jews in Europe. He showed how the essential attribute of European life was 'manyness, which had only its oneness in the whole,' while the Jewish life had remained 'oneness without arriving at manyness.'

But however earnest Gans may have been in his desire to prove that Judaism in itself was imperishable, it must be confessed that it is not to be wondered at that some of his arguments, couched in the following style, failed to excite a deep conviction: 'They have understood their time and the whole question ill who can comprehend no mean between destruction and separation, which is its result; who hold the substratum of the Idea more perishable than that of nature itself; to whom the truth of the whole does not appear in each particular, and the truth of each particular in the whole; to whom the ever-present stand-point is the absolute, but the other a falsehood.' He becomes a little more clear when he goes on to say, 'This, however, is the consolatory teaching of all history, that everything passes away without passing away, and that all remains when it has long gone by. Therefore neither can the Jews become extinct, nor Judaism undergo dissolution; but in the great movement of the whole shall it appear to pass away and yet live on, as the stream lives on in the ocean. Bethink you, gentlemen and friends, bethink you on this occasion, of the words of one of the noblest men of our German Fatherland, of one of its most eminent scholars of divine wisdom, and of its greatest poets; they express shortly what I have said at greater length: "There will come a time when men shall no longer ask in Europe, who is a Jew and who is a Christian." To hasten on this time more rapidly than it might otherwise arrive, to hasten it on with all the power and energy which you have at command—this is the task, gentlemen, which you have set before yourselves in your society.' The peroration of one of Gans's addresses arrives at something like eloquence: 'Up, then, all you

who are of noble soul; up, then, those whom the hundredfold fetters and their biting indentations have not turned into bondsmen; up you whom science and love of kindred and benevolence have raised on high; up and join yourselves to this noble society; and I see in the sure fraternisation of such choice spirits the dawn of the Messianic time of which the prophets have spoken, and which only the corruption of our race from age to age has turned into a fable!'

But in whatever cloud of Hegelian terminology Gans might involve himself, or to whatever degree of eloquence he might rise, it is clear that this reign of science which Gans wished to bring about, in which the wall of separation was to be torn down between Jew and Christian, was nothing less than the reign of free thought, and that the Judaism itself of Gans was already lost in the sea of Hegelian philosophy. The 'Society for Improvement of Culture and Science among the Jews' was an appeal like that of Friedländer's, but on a grander scale, aiming at placing Jew and Christian on the same level on the ground of philosophy and science, and trusting to time to abolish religious distinctions. The consequence was that the 'Society' became suspect at once both to the old Rabbinical party and to the authorities of the State.

Heine, with his quick and open intelligence, it may be readily imagined, would enter with enthusiasm into this project of delivering his community from a base state of servitude and isolation, by associating their theory with the highest aspirations of the time. Even in 1844, on looking back to this period, he wrote of it: 'The Jews must perforce arrive at the conviction that they would then first be truly emancipated when the emancipation of the Christians was entirely achieved and secured. Their cause is identical with that of the German people, and it was not as Jews alone that they should demand that which was long ago their due as Ger-

mans.' In another passage, written in 1823, however, he showed that he was under no illusion as to the real motive of the movement: 'We are no longer able to wear a beard, to fast, and to hate, and to be patient out of hate—that is the real motive of our reformation.'

In the passage from which the former extract of 1844 is taken he writes again, in his own peculiar style, of the Jewish emancipation and its necessity: 'Yea, this emancipation will be granted, either sooner or later, out of love of justice, out of prudence, out of necessity. Antipathy against the Jews has no longer a religious ground with the upper classes, and with the lower classes it is transformed more into social spite against the overpowering might of capital, against the exploitation of the poor by the rich. Hatred of the Jews has now another name with the people. As for the Government, it has at last arrived at the intelligent view that the State is an organic body which cannot attain perfect health so long as one of its limbs, were it only the little toe, is in inflammation. Yea, the State may carry its head as high as it will, and defy all the storms with its broad breast, but the heart in its breast, and even its proud head, will yet be sensible of pain if only its little toe suffers from a corn. The Jewish disabilities are just such corns on the feet of the German State. And if governments did but consider how horribly the main column of all religions, the idea of Deism itself, is threatened by the new doctrines—how the feud between science and faith will be no longer a tame skirmish, but soon a wild battle to the death—did governments consider these hidden necessities, they should be grateful that there are yet Jews in the world, that the Swiss guard of Deism, as the poet has called them, yet stands on its legs, that there exists still a people of God. Instead of endeavouring to make them abjure their faith by legislative penalties, they should rather endeavour to keep them therein by offering them rewards; they should build up their synagogues at

the cost of the State, on condition only that they make use of them, so that the people outside may think there is yet some faith in the world. Abstain from spreading baptism among the Jews: that is simple water, and dries up readily. Rather encourage circumcision—that is, faith by incision in the flesh: in the spirit are no more such incisions possible. Hasten on, hurry on the emancipation, so that it come not too late, and while Jews are yet to be found in the world who prefer the faith of their fathers to the welfare of their children. There is a proverb, "While the wise man reflects, the fool reflects too."'

For the social and scientific efforts of the *Verein* Heine evinced the deepest interest from the moment of his becoming a member in the autumn of 1822: he attended regularly the lectures of the institute, and even undertook to give readings and to draw up reports. He undertook, in the summer of 1823, to send contributions to the journal, but was prevented by ill health; he wrote, however, to Moser: 'I am very anxious to give utterance, in an essay for the journal, to the vast Jewish sorrow (as Börne names it), and it shall be done as soon as my head is capable of it.'

Soon after he had left Berlin, and gone back to Göttingen, he wrote again to Moser in 1824, 'Thinkest thou that the cause of our brethren is not as dear to my heart as ever? You err, then, deeply. Although my headaches still oppress me, yet have I never ceased to work on. "Perish my right hand, when I forget thee, Jeruscholayim," are nearly the words of the Psalmist, and they are mine.'

However, the journal had about this time already ceased to appear, and the *Verein* itself was at its last gasp. This reform movement among the Jews had from the first, as we have said, been looked upon with disfavour by the State as well as by the hidebound old Rabbis, for whom the traditions of the Talmud and the Mischna were the sum of all human learning. Frederick William III. was determined not only

to put down all change in the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish religion, but to suppress, as far as possible, among the Jews all their efforts to attain culture. The new Berlin synagogue was shut up; its Rabbi, Dr. Auerbach (father of the famous novelist), was forbidden to exercise priestly functions; and when the son of Dr. Jacobson was about to marry a lady of similar views, he was constrained to have the ceremony performed by the chief Rabbi recognised by the Government, and after the old Judaic ritual. No clearer proof can be given of the determination of the Government to put down the new movement than the reasons set forth by a Berlin censor for suppressing a pamphlet which merely advocated the use of German instead of Hebrew in the synagogue:—

'The so-called reformation of the Jewish worship could only lead to the establishment of a new sect, which the State could not permit; and with every recognition of the good purpose of the author of the pamphlet, permission to lay it before the public cannot be granted by his Majesty.' And on another occasion it was replied: 'The legalisation of a new profession of faith for those who did not belong to Judaism, and would not accept baptism, could not be permitted.'

As has, too, before been hinted, the indifference of the wealthy and better class of the members of the Jewish community to the movement served not a little to assist in discouraging the promoters from continuing the struggle. Edward Gans, upon whom rested the greatest share of the labour of the undertaking, in his third annual report, in 1823, bewailed deeply this apathy of his co-religionists, while in a private letter to a friend, before drawing up his report, he expressed himself thus:—

'Since such misunderstanding, such a lack of enthusiasm, rules—since soullessness and thoughtlessness are so deeply seated—it is not worth the trouble to worry oneself any

more about such a rabble. I must set forth that in my report.'

Gans did, too, set it forth, and that in tolerably powerful language: but all was of no use, either for the purpose of increasing the number of members, or of filling the strong-box of the *Verein*. The 'Society' therefore died a natural death, and of the three founders, Zunz and Moser only remained faithful to the creed of their fathers. Zunz, after a long life of activity; after having gained a well-merited reputation as a man of deep acquirements in philology and for scientific investigation, and treatment of the Hebrew Scriptures; and after having, in conjunction with Moser, founded the Israelitic Commercial School in Berlin, fulfilled the functions of preacher in Prague, became again the head of a collegiate establishment in Berlin, and still lives, or did live till lately, at a very advanced age, with faculties unimpaired, and able to look back with satisfaction at those lofty conceptions of human life with which, during fifty years, he endeavoured to inspire his co-religionists, and to lift them up to the height of European culture, enjoying the conviction that his labours bore good fruit in the end.

Moses Moser, who also remained true to the creed of his fathers, was a worthy comrade of Zunz; and as he was one of the truest and most genuine of Heine's friends, and since it is to him that a considerable part of Heine's published correspondence is addressed, he calls for some notice in a record of the poet's life. He was born at the end of the last century, at the little town of Lippehive in Neumark; came early to Berlin, and obtained a good position in a banking-house. Moser, while paying severe attention to the ledger in office hours, applied himself in his spare time with unremitting industry to the cultivation of his mind. He was an excellent mathematician, well read in ancient and modern literature, and drank in with equal avidity the lectures of Hegel on Logic, and on the Philosophy of History; F. A. Wolf's

readings upon Homer, and Franz Bopp's disquisitions on the Indian languages and Indian poetry. The study of Sanskrit was, we are told, his favourite recreation; and he gave lectures before the Society for the Improvement of Culture and Science among the Jews, which proved that he had bestowed no small attention on the history, literature, and traditions of his race. Moser was one of those men whose best achievments are the impressions they leave in the memories of their friends and contemporaries, for, owing to the division of his attention between his counting-house occupations and his multifarious scientific pursuits, he never produced any great work; and though he complained occasionally in his letters that want of quiet and leisure prevented his following out his tasks in scientific and literary pursuits, yet he possessed a noble spirit of patience and love of industry, which enabled him to reconcile himself to his lot, and to which, in a letter of advice to a hypochondriacal friend, he gives a splendid testimony: 'I too do not live in the full realisation of the songs of my cradle and the dreams of my youth; yet, sighing and groaning I have ever held far from me. I have no care of what change or effect a storm can bring about, which may fall from a roof as I go along the street. The realities, which are not born in and out of myself, I despise. I will have none of the servitude of the philosophy of happiness. The passive principle only acquires warmth and life from the active; and thus might I set forth to you a crowd of such theses which you know as well as myself, but do not possess as the fact and reality of your life. Therefore work on, even though you find no enjoyment in it. With the first thought of a truly scientific disquisition, you have removed yourself far above all such impediments and particularities as you may now find somewhat oppressive.'

'My sole consideration,' he writes in a later letter, 'is science—not that starved, misshapen science which is called learnedness—but the free, the high, which exalts the head

and makes heaven and earth seem as one, and fills the whole personality with the consciousness of the world. My present halting-place is on the Ganges; I hear a primæval spirit—the genius of the spot—speak in his own tones, and then ascend to me from out the pit majestic, mystic, fantastic forms begotten of an earlier world, like those strange animal organisms which likewise have disappeared. In this spiritual kind of mining-labour I have taken refuge from my aversion to the present turn of political affairs.' Of all Heine's early friends, none had so much influence on him as Moser, and none deserved to have so much: to Moser Heine laid bare all the secrets of his soul, his thoughts of glory, his hope of fame, as well as all the miseries of his life; and Moser well repaid the confidence. Their friendship was, it is true, suspended for a time, but during Moser's life, and after his death, the pen of Heine bore willing testimony to the worth of this true-hearted friend and helper of his race. 'Of a truth,' he writes to him, 'thou art the man in Israel who hast the finest feelings. Thy feelings are heavy ingots of gold; mine are but light paper money. The last gets its worth only from the confidence of men; but paper remains paper, though the banker gives a premium for it, and gold remains gold, though it should be in a dark heap in a corner.' At another time he wrote to him, on the occasion of some misinterpretation which he had made of an expression of Heine's: 'In the name of dear heaven, can a man who reads and understands Hegel and Valmiki in the original, who mutters over Homer to himself, early on Sunday mornings, as our forefathers did the Tausves Jontof, not understand one of my curt witticisms? In the name of God, how must other men misunderstand me, when Moser, the disciple of Friedländer and contemporary of Gans, Moser, Moses Moser, the friend of my heart, the philosophic part of myself, the correct state edition of a real man, *l'homme de la liberté et de la vertu*—the perpetual secretary of the *Verein*, the epi-

logue of Nathan the wise, the normal humanity,—where shall I stop? I will only say—how hard it seems to me if Moser does not understand me.' It was, however, after Moser's death, in a small memorial essay which Heine composed in honour of his friend Ludwig Markus, who died in Paris in 1843, that the poet has left the fairest remembrance of Moser: 'The most active member of the society, the especial soul of it, was M. Moser, who already at a youthful age not only possessed the necessary acquirements, but was also impassioned with deep pity for humanity, and with a yearning to convert his knowledge into work of deliverance. He was unwearied in philanthropic strivings; he was very practical, and in unpretending quiet worked busily at all kinds of deeds of love. The general public knew nothing of his doings and strivings; he fought and bled *incognito*; his name has remained altogether unknown, and he stands not inscribed in the address-book of self-sacrifice. Our time is not so poor as men think; it has brought forth an astounding quantity of such martyrs.' Another prominent member of the society, who continued in the profession of faith of his fathers, was Immanuel Wolf, a man of much learning, who directed various Jewish academical establishments, and died in 1847. He had suffered much in mind and in circumstances, from the failure of the Jewish reform movement. Finding all careers closed to an Israelite in Germany, he had determined at one time to emigrate to America; and he died with the melancholy conviction that all the dreams of his early life for the liberation of the Jewish race had been utterly unsuccessful. Had he lived, however, for another year, he would have seen grounds for consolation, since the great revolutionary movement of 1848 in Germany, unsuccessful as it was in most respects, at least relieved the Jews from the most shameful badges of their servitude, and tore down the gates of the Juden gasse at Frankfort.

Nor amongst these brave and intelligent members of the

Jewish faith, who thus devoted their talents and their youth to a struggle with bigotry, ignorance, and prejudice, can be passed over Ludwig Markus, of whom Heine, as we have said, has left a memorial sketch. Markus was born at Dessau, and came to Berlin in the year 1820. 'He was,' says Heine, 'then two and twenty years old, but his external appearance was anything but youthful. He had a small slender body, like that of a boy of eight years, but in his countenance there was an old man's look, such as we see in people with a bent spine. Such a deformity, however, was not to be found in him, and such a deficiency even seemed extraordinary. While his features offered the most striking resemblance to those of the dead Moses Mendelssohn, so was Markus also spiritually of near kindred to the great reformer of the German Jews; and in his soul dwelt also the purest unselfishness, the most patient gentleness, the most modest sense of right, the most good-humoured contempt of all that was base, and an inflexible adamantine force of love for his oppressed companions of the faith. The destiny of these was with Markus—as in the case of Moses Mendelssohn—the painful glowing central point of all his thoughts—the very heart of his life. Already in Berlin was Markus a very Polyhistor: he rummaged in all the departments of knowledge; he gulped down whole libraries, he ransacked the treasure-chests of all tongues—old and new—and universal and special geography became at last his daily study. There was on this earthly globe no fact, no ruin, no idiom, no foolishness, no flower, which he did not know; but from all his spiritual excursions he came ever back home to the story of the sorrows of the house of Israel—to Jerusalem's place of Golgotha, and to the dialect of his fathers, the tongue of Palestine—on which account he perhaps cultivated the Semitic languages with greater love that the rest. But all that Markus knew, he did not know in organic fashion, but as dead historicality; all nature became stone before him,

and he knew in reality only fossils and mummies. To which defect was joined utter incapacity in artistic forming power: hence the articles and books which he wrote were unenjoyable, indigestible, abstruse.' To a man of this impassioned and generous spirit, the very want of artistic expression would be a cause of suffering; and when to this was added the deep compassion which he felt for the calamities of his brethren of the oppressed race, it is hardly to be wondered at that Markus should, even in his youth at Berlin, have been subject to a mental malady. The great *Judon-schmerz*, the 'great Jew-sorrow,' as Börne expressed it, has the reader any sense of it? Alas! it may well be conceived that when a man both passionate and compassionate, and powerless to express his burning aspiration to be a healer and deliverer, rose to the highest pinnacle of history, and from thence saw, adown the long vistas of time, this long tragedy of the Jewish race, and became convinced of the irremediable folly and cruelty of the oppressor, he should lose all trust in himself and should despair of Providence. Ludwig Markus, however, gathered his wits together again, and since he saw that neither in Prussia, nor elsewhere in Germany, could the Jew be anything else than an outcast and a subject of mockery, he betook himself, in the year 1825, to Paris—to Paris, that more than second country of genius and intelligence—to Paris, the graceful and the generous, where the pariah and the persecuted of every race and creed have never wanted for helpers and defenders, and elective and sustaining sympathy. Ludwig Markus then came to Paris, and there, soon after his arrival, the great and grand-hearted astronomer, Laplace, took him by the hand, gave him mathematical work to do, and procured him a professorship at Dijon. After about five years, however, he got into some trouble with the ministers of the day, and he came back to Paris to engage in a geographical work on Abyssinia, which was to be the *opus magnum* of his life. In Paris he met again with Heine,

whom he had not seen since he left Berlin, and at whose recommendation he received from the Baroness Rothschild a yearly pension. In the year 1843, however, he was again attacked by a disease of the brain, and he finished his days in a lunatic hospital at Chaillot.

There was also another member of the Jewish *Verein* with whom Heine was on intimate terms; and this was Joseph Lehmann, who became editor afterwards of the 'Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes.' Between Lehmann and Heine a quick sympathy was established. Lehmann became the confidant of the young poet in his poetic and other designs. One of Heine's letters from Lüneberg in 1823 was addressed to him: 'You are almost the first who came near to me so lovably, and showed yourself so friendly and serviceable to me in my clumsiness in many ways, and in the most unselfish fashion. It is a point of my character, or, better expressed, of my weakness, that in moments of ill-humour I do not spare my best friends, and that I banter and maltreat them in the most objectionable manner. You, too, will have had experience of this amiable side of my character, and have yet perhaps more in the future. Yet must you not forget that poisonous plants have the strongest growth where a fertile soil brings forth the most delightful and majestic vegetation, and that barren heaths—which are spared by such poisonous plants—are only barren heaths.'

To no one of these old fellow-champions of his creed had Heine shown himself less kindly in his judgment than to Gans. Of Gans he wrote in a memorial which he composed for Markus: 'This highly gifted man can at least lay no claim to modest self-sacrifice or to anonymous martyrdom. Yea, if his soul indeed expanded itself at any time quickly and widely to all the vital questions of humanity, yet in the intoxication of enthusiasm he never left his private interests out of sight. . . . With bitterness we must record that Gans, in his relation to the *Verein* for the advance of culture and know-

ledge among the Jews, behaved in anything but a manly way —nay, he even incurred the charge of the most unpardonable felony. His falling off was so much the more repulsive in that he had played the part of agitator and had undertaken specific presidential duty. It is a traditional maxim that the captain shall be one of the last who shall leave the ship. Gans, however, left the ship the first.'

This accusation is not wholly true, but there is some truth in it. Gans had, indeed, been the chief agitator in the movement, but, as we have seen, he was disgusted at the apathy with which the rest of the Jewish community looked on at it. He was, moreover, a lawyer at heart, a man of the world, conscious of talent and anxious to get on. He was well known in Berlin to be one of the most capable men of the day, and the Minister Hardenberg had made earnest application to the King to allow Gans to be admitted into the State service without his formally receiving baptism; but his orthodox majesty answered, as Philip II. of Spain was accustomed to answer, *er liebte keine Neuerungen*, 'he liked no novelty,' *no quisó novedades*. Hardenberg shortly after died, and all hope for Gans of State service, or even of a State professorship, was gone if he remained a Jew. The 'Society' of which he was president had come to an end; never, perhaps, was the aspect of European politics so discouraging as that of the year preceding 1830—the Restoration period. Gans thought of expatriation to England, France, or even America. He could not make up his mind to this however, so he became a Christian. He obtained a professorship at once at the Berlin University, and, like a man of the world, never after troubled his head about the Jewish community.

Gans, however, remained throughout his life a valiant champion of freedom in thought and politics, in a time of all others the most discouraging for such efforts. He occupied the chair of Savigny, so well known for his valuable antiquarian researches into the influence of the Roman law on

the mediæval period, but who was at the same time a bitter opponent of all progress and a blind supporter of the despotic system of the Restoration, which fully explains why he set his face so obstinately against all codification, his political prejudices leading him to prefer that law should rather be a fluctuating expression of arbitrary power than reduced to form or system—a preference which has been quoted with immense delight by some, who, without any acquaintance even with Savigny's pedantic erudition, yet are delighted to turn to profit his political intolerance. To this merit of Gans as a champion of spiritual and political freedom Heine ever bore willing testimony. 'Gans,' he writes, 'was one of the most active apostles of the Hegelian philosophy, and in the department of jurisprudence he fought and spread havoc among those lackeys of the old Roman law, who, without a sense of the spirit which once lived in the old legislation, were only occupied with dusting its old wardrobe, and shaking out the moths, or patching it up for modern uses. Gans laid the ferule on such servility in its most elegant livery. How did the poor soul of Herr von Savigny whimper under the kicks he gave him! More by his speech than in his writings did Gans forward the development of the German sense of freedom; he took off the fetters from those thoughts which were enchained the most heavily, and he tore the mask from falsehood. He was a fiery spirit of quick mobility whose sparks of wit were excellent to set on fire—at least, they gleamed nobly.'

This story of the failure of the 'Jewish Society,' and its aspirations for spiritual and political freedom, deserves a place in any account of Heine's life; indeed, without some such notice, Heine's life could hardly be understood: through its means, we see, Heine was brought into contact with men older in years than himself, and of infinitely more profound attainments and more extensive knowledge of the world; yet we have seen that he was at once accepted among

them as a worthy brother in arms, and with the greater number he continued till death on terms of sympathetic intimacy. All these men, too, full as they were of high aspirations and generous enthusiasm, were seeking earnestly two objects at the same time—liberty for themselves, to enable them to start on an honourable career; and toleration for their oppressed race. By dint of embracing all sciences, and cultivating in them the noblest manifestations of the spirit of the time, they had arrived at elevated conceptions of the duty of man to man, and of the mission of individuals and of humanity. All these fine aspirations were, however, brought to nought: it seemed preposterous in the eyes of authority for these sons of a pariah race to attempt by mere spiritual force to emerge from their degrading state of thraldom; every door of liberal enterprise or occupation was closed against them, and all attempts at admission were vain. One by one these accomplished men were turned away; some took refuge in the work of instructing their own Israelitish brethren, trusting that the fates would find some means in the future for breaking down the walls of separation which girt them in on all sides; some left the inhospitable land of Germany behind them, and sought the shores of England, France, or Germany; and some, like Gans and Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn, weary of having to contend as well at once with the stiff-necked bigotry and narrow-minded indifference of their own people, as with the gross intolerance of their oppressors, professed themselves converts to Christianity, were baptized, and prospered. Heine, as an Israelitish youth, with no liberal career open to him without submitting to baptism, must have taken a passionate interest in all the proceedings connected with the *Verein*, and in all the projects of his fellow-members; and when a little knot of these high-minded men of a common creed gathered together in intimate conversation, we may be sure the topics chiefly discussed were of absorbing interest—topics which engaged

their whole spiritual, moral, and political aspirations; and in such conversations, far more than at the University lectures, it may well be concluded that the spiritual and moral development of the poet was being carried on. The question now presented itself to him for solution—What was he to make of society, or what would society make of him? Not even a Jew was bound to commit suicide to satisfy a *mot* of M. de Talleyrand, who did not see the necessity of anybody living but himself. What was he to do? After Goethe and Schiller he possessed, without doubt, the highest poetical intelligence which Heaven had thought fit to bestow on the German people since the beginning of time. What was he to do? Was he, with his flashing intelligence, his ætherial aspirations, his delicate organisation and fine sensibility, to be a hucksterer or trader, the only callings left open in contempt to the Jew and the outcast? This private problem of his own, as well as the more general one of the social and political future of his comrades in the faith, beset Heine, we may be sure, from the moment of his joining the *Verein*. We may well imagine, indeed, that when he embraced a University career, he had entertained some thoughts of changing his profession of faith; and indeed such change had been suggested by his uncle Solomon himself. However this may be, it is certain that even at Berlin at this time, like Gans and Markus, and others of his co-religionists, he had already conceived the design of leaving a country in which his Jew descent and religion were for ever cast in his teeth, and raised barriers before him at every entry into social life. The magic soil of France, where, even in the days of the Restoration, no distinction was made between Jew and Christian, already drew him towards it with irresistible fascination. He entertained already a project, of which we find record in various letters, of going to Paris, of finishing his studies there, writing essays on German literature, and also political pamphlets, and thus

gaining admittance into diplomacy. This scheme, which has a wild look, but which yet, to one in his oppressed condition, may have seemed hopeful, he was compelled to forego by domestic circumstances. Nevertheless, he left Berlin with such intention in 1823, and betook himself, as a preparatory measure, to Lüneburg, in Hanover, to which place his parents had removed from Düsseldorf. Seven years were, however, destined to pass before he transferred himself to France, in which he found a second country, more kind and more genial to him than his first, and one to which he owed spiritual and physical freedom, and the greater part of such happiness as it was given him to enjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST VOLUMES OF VERSE.

HEINE'S residence at Berlin had thus lasted more than two years; he had taken no degree, but a greater change had taken place in him during his residence there than any degree could confer. Besides the expansion of his mind, and the increase of experience which he had gained by mixing with the social life of the capital, two events had happened of critical importance to him. His cousin Amalie had married, and he had appeared before the world as a poet. Amalie Heine was married in August 1821, consequently in the year of his arrival in Berlin; and the influence of this event upon his mind and literary development will be best made apparent by consideration of his poems. Two volumes of these had been issued before he left Berlin—the 'Junge Leiden,' the publication of which, in the summer of 1821, we have already mentioned; and also his tragedies 'Almanzor' and 'Radcliff,' and the 'Lyrical Intermezzo,' so called from its position in the volume, separating the two tragedies.

As we include in these volumes much of Heine's own brilliant disquisition on the Romantic School and on Philosophy, we will not here attempt to set forth at length his relation to former and contemporary poets and writers. It will suffice now to mention that he appeared at a period of reaction especially favourable for a young poet to make his mark.

The Classic School, of which Goethe and Schiller were the chiefs, was dead. Schiller had long passed away, and Goethe was regarded already as a writer of the past. The Romantic School, which had then arisen out of a spirit of reaction against the Classic School, had produced no writer of sufficient eminence to take hold of the general public. The most popular author of the school at Berlin was Hofmann, with his phantasmagoric romances, who died in 1822. There was a school of insipid novelists in existence, of which Claurens was the best known; and the society of Berlin was given over to the reading of these, to the interminable discussion of poor theatrical performances, of which Heine's Berlin letters have already given us an idea, and to 'æsthetic tea-parties,' of whose pretentiousness and poor talk he has also left an imperishable record in a sparkling poem. The desire, however, for something new—something which should awaken admiration, not altogether unequal to that aroused by Goethe and Schiller, was still alive—there was a vacant place, and though the competitors for filling it were many, as soon as Heine appeared, it was felt at once that there was present a claimant of serious pretensions, and curiosity was aroused.

From the story of his education, so far as we have given it, it will be sufficiently evident what were the chief literary influences to which he had been most subjected. We must add, too, such as he derived from the ghostly fancies of Achim von Arnim, Brentano, and Hofmann; those, also, which he drew from assiduous perusal of the collection of German popular poetry, styled 'Der Knaben's Wunderhorn,' published by Achim von Arnim and Brentano, as well as those which he derived from the study of English literature, with which it is clear that he occupied himself much at this period. One would hardly expect Heine to be found quoting Milton, yet he does so in his letters from Berlin; and his first published volume of poetry contained various translations

from the poems of Byron, whose genius had influenced him far more than he was ever willing to acknowledge. Moreover, in the 'Dream Pictures' ('Traumbilder'), the series of spectral poems with which the 'Junge Leiden' commence, there is a poem which is an evident imitation in form, however different in spirit, of the 'Jolly Beggars.' of Burns—a poem which Sir Walter Scott thought to be inferior to no poem of the same length in the English language.

When we read these 'Youthful sorrows,' even by the light of Heine's later reputation, it is easy to see the original qualities which distinguish them, and that they contain the germs of his future excellence; nevertheless one cannot help wondering at the effects they immediately produced. There are, it is true, ballads, songs, and fantastic spectral vision-poems, which have the true Heinesque stamp, yet there are but very few pieces among them which one would care to preserve in the memory; while there are traces of imitation of the archaic diction of Arnim, Brentano, and De la Motte Fouqué, which set these down as the productions of a novice and a pupil in the art. Such archaisms, indeed, are to be found in Heine's poems of later time, but introduced cautiously, with the careful delicacy of a master, while in his first productions they are abundant.

The key-note, as it were, of the collection of the 'Junge Leiden' is the little poem called the 'Minnesingers.'

Minnesingers by are wending,
On the strife of song intent;
Strange the strife to which they're tending,
Strange indeed the tournament.

Phantasy, which wildly reareth,
Is the Minnesinger's steed;
Word alone as sword he beareth,
Art his shield is in his need.

Ladies fair, in bright robes flaunting,
From the balcony look down;
But the right one there is wanting,
With the rightful laurel crown.

Other warriors, in their speeding
To the lists, are hale and sound;
But we Minnesingers, bleeding,
Carry there our own death-wound.

He whose heart's blood there most burneth,
He whose song with blood most drips,
He is victor, and he carneth
Fairest praise from fairest lips.

This little poem is a genuine emanation of the romantic influence. The 'death-wound' which the poet bore in his heart was no other than the 'Welt-schmertz,' the world-sorrow which wailed in the 'Réné' of Chateaubriand, and made dark the stanzas of 'Childe Harold,' and which was, as it were, a weird presentiment of the decline of Romanticism and the approaching domination of vulgar appetites. As for the 'right lady' who is missing from the fair spectators who look on the contest in the lists, we imagine this is no other than Liberty—*vox et prætera nihil* even in contemporary Germany.

Another little poem in which this 'Welt-schmertz' is the leading note, is that styled 'The Sorrowful One' ('Der Traurige'):—

Thou who saw the pale youth languish,
Felt at heart a secret pain;
For all read the pain and anguish
On his features written plain.

The very breezes, touched with feeling,
Fain would cool his fevered brow;
Many a maid would fain smile healing,
Though to others coy enow.

From the city's roar and hustling,
To the woods he glides along,
Where the leaves with joy are rustling,
And the birds are blithe with song.

Yet hushed grows each note of gladness,
Mournful rustleth leaf and tree,
As he creepeth, steeped in sadness,
Through the wood all silently.

Still more melancholy is the next poem, styled the 'Voice of the Mountain' ('Bergstimme'), where the mountain echoes at the close of every verse declare that peace alone is in the grave.

Melancholy, however, as these poems are, they are cheerful compared with the series of spectral poems called 'Dream Pictures.' The distinguishing quality, however, which we find in them all is that of real poetic diction, such as no one gifted with a sense of poetry could fail to recognise. Every poem flows as naturally and easily as an olden ballad, and the sentiment of the moment, and the presence of the spectral figures evoked, are seized with an objectivity which is palpable. These qualities are especially evident in the legendary poems, such as 'Don Ramiro,' 'Zwei Brüder,' 'Die Botschaft,' and others, which showed that Heine had in him the simple yet very rare talent of telling a tale in ballad form, in a way equal to that of the unknown early ballad makers. Goeth ehad, it is true, done much in the ballad way; but he is far less original than Heine, and some of his very best ballads are but a reworking of old materials into a modern form, so as to be acceptable at æsthetic tea-tables.

That, however, which was apparent in the productions, even to the eyes of the most superficial critics, was that the gloomy desperation which was its peculiar characteristic was the result of an unfortunate attachment. Hence these wild visions, as we have said, of corpse-like brides coming at

midnight to mock the hot blood of youth with the semblance of passion, and departing at cock-crow, which are repeated with tiresome monotony. The following spectral poem from the 'Traumbilder' is the best sample of the whole series:—

Why leaps and fumes my wild mad blood?
Why burns my heart in fiercest mood?
My blood it hisses, steams, and churns,
And in my heart a grim fire burns.

My blood is mad, it churns and steams;
The foulest I have dreamed of dreams:
He roused me up, the night's dark son;
He led the way—I followed on.

He brings me to a lightsome house,
Where rings the harp and roars the rouse,
Where tapers shine and torches glare:
I reach the hall and enter there.

For bridal feast the house was drest,
And at the board sat many a guest;
But when the bridal pair I spied,
Oh, woe! my darling was the bride!

My darling! Oh, 'twas weird to see!
The bridegroom he was strange to me!
The bride looked full of happiness;
The bridegroom turned her hand to press.

The bridegroom filled a goblet up,
And drank thereout, then passed the cup;
The bride she took with thanks and laughed:
Oh, woe! 'twas my life-blood she quaffed.

The bride an apple took so bland,
And gave it to the bridegroom's hand;
He took a knife and cut: oh, woe!
It was my heart he severed so.

They ogled sweet, they ogled long;
The bridegroom seized her, passion-strong;
He kissed her on the cheek so hot:
Oh, woe! death kissed me on the spot.

There are, however, four lines in this first collection, of which the following is an imperfect translation, which have a touch of true feeling of more worth than all these spectral fancies:—

First I thought I'd ne'er get o'er it;
Life it seemed I must forswear:
Yet I bore it, yea I bore it—
But to ask me how, forbear.

But it is in the 'Intermezzo' that the smart of Heine's unrequited affection has found its most perfect utterance. This collection, which contains sixty-five poems, is a complete poetical narration of his unfortunate attachment. In this he has touched those tender chords whose notes have found an echo growing louder and wider with the increasing generations of the German youth of both sexes.

There is, as before noticed, a spiritual unity running through the whole of the 'Intermezzo.' Love is born in May, and it dies in the fall of the year. The birth of the passion is told in the first eleven poems:—

In May, the month so wondrous fair,
When all the buds were starting,
Right through my heart, right through my heart,
Love all at once went darting.

In May, the month so wondrous fair,
When woods with song were teeming,
To her, to her I told my love,
Its longing and its dreaming.

Blooming flowers are born of his tears; his sighs become a chorus of nightingales; all these do service to the object of his love. Quite new and peculiar is the way in which Heine makes the flowers minister to the expression of his passion:—

My soul I will steep truly
In the depths of the lily-bell,
And the lily shall breathe song duly
For the maiden I love so well.

The flowers of Europe, and Europe itself, are not sufficient for the lover to express his passion and his fancy: on the wings of song he bears his love forth to the Ganges, where the lotus flowers await their little sister, 'Schwesterlein,' and the roses are whispering to each other the most loving of tales. One of these series—that of the lotus flower, which with drooping head awaits all day the arrival of her wooer the moon at eventide—has become a chief favourite in the German language, and, though we believe incorrect from the point of view of natural history, inasmuch as it is at night and not by day that the lotus gathers up its petals, is deservedly so.

Soon, however, suspicion arises that the lover has been under an illusion, that his longing is not reciprocated; but the suspicion takes at first no serious form, as a series of sportive poems from the 12th to the 17th mockingly testify. He makes light over the avowal of his mistress, only half believed in, that his love is not reciprocated:—

Thou lov'st me not I hear thee cry;
I care not, child, a berry:
Turn thou thy face to me, and I
As any king am merry

Thou hatest, hatest me, forsooth,
Thy lips make exclamation;
But let me kiss them—that in truth,
Will, child, give consolation.

However, at last the bitter truth is revealed, and the lady of his passion is married to a husband and a stranger, and the bridal feast excites from the poet the following poetical lament:—

There's fiddling, and piping, and pleasure,
The quick trumpets rattle and roll;
She's dancing her first wedding measure,
The maiden beloved of my soul.

There goes on a clanging and throbbing
Of trumpet, and drum, and bassoon;
But there's a wild groaning and sobbing
Of good angels after each tune.

The poems which follow, and which express the desolation of the deceived lover, and in which the flowers, and the stars, and the nightingales are all drawn to sympathise with the anguish of a wounded heart, are the most delicate and touching of the 'Intermezzo':—

Oh, wherefore are the roses so wan?
Oh, tell me the reason why;
Oh, wherefore so sad and dim on the lawn
Do the violets silent lie?

Oh, wherefore do such sad music make
The larks within the skies?
Oh, wherefore from out the scented brake
Do corpse-like odours rise?

Oh, wherefore shineth the sun by day
With such a grievous gloom?
Oh, wherefore is the earth so gray,
And dreary as a tomb?

Oh, wherefore so sad and so woebegone,
Me, darling, dost thou see?
Oh, tell me, my heart's beloved one,
Wherefore thou didst leave me?

A star fell, shooting rapidly,
From heaven's most glittering height:
It was the star of love which fell,
And perished in my sight.

The midnight is all cold and dark and mute,
As through the wood I wend with sudden foot;
The trees from out their slumber I awake,
The leaves their heads in deepest pity shake.

The anguish of the poet deepens down to utter desolation and despair in poems thirty-one and thirty-two, where he longs to descend to the grave, and to sleep with his dead love in his arms so fast that he would be unawakened even at the Day of Judgment. One of these runs—

When thou, dear life, within the grave,
Within the grave shalt hide thee,
I will descend adown to thee,
And lay me down beside thee.

I kiss and embrace thee and press thee all wild,
Thou quiet, cold, pale one, my chosen;
I cry and I tremble, I weep myself mild,
Until to a corpse I am frozen.

The dead they arise in the deep midnight gloom,
They dance in their airiest graces;
But we two keep quiet and snug in our tomb,
Close enshrined in each other's embraces.

The dead will arise by the last trumpet-call,
To bliss or to torment invited;
But we two will trouble about nought at all,
In quiet eternal united.

The yearning, however, for the love, for ever now unattainable, returns again from time to time. One such mood is expressed in poem thirty-three, in a plastic and tender beauty of form which is unsurpassed in poetry—

A pine tree standeth lonely
Upon a Northern height;
By ice and snow surrounded,
It sleeps in mantle white.

Of a palm tree it lies dreaming,
Which far in Eastern lands
Mourns brooding in lone silence,
Down on the burning sands.

The vain yearning proceeds so far that it calls up the vision of the dead love, under various figures, by night and by day; she appears generally in spectral fashion and always unhappy; for the poet ends by portraying the fate of both lovers as unhappy, the bride cannot rest in the arms of an unloved husband, and in visionary form visits her former lover in his desolation:—

Thou com'st and greetest me, my sweet,
In dreams when I am sleeping;
And then I throw me at thy feet
With sobbing and with weeping.

Thou look'st at me so sorrow-pale,
Thy darling fair locks shaking;
While down thy cheeks their silent wail
Thy pearly tears are making.

A word thou sayest, upon my bed
A branch of cypress placing;
I wake, the cypress branch has fled,
The word flies, self-effacing.

The last poem but one in the 'Intermezzo' is a wonderful imitation of the old weird ballad spirit, and its application to his own case needs no explanation:—

Night weighed upon my eyelids,
Lead weighed upon my tongue;
With brain and heart all frozen,
I lay the dead among.

How long I cannot tell you
I lay immersed in gloom;
I woke as I was ware of
A knocking at my tomb.

'Will you not rise, O Heinrich;
It is the eternal morn:
The dead they are arising;
Eternal bliss is born.'

'My love, arise I cannot,
Mine eyes have lost their light;
By weeping have my eyeballs,
My love, been blinded quite.'

'Oh, let me kiss them, Heinrich,
And charm the night away;
The angels thou shalt see then,
And Heaven's eternal day.'

'My love, I cannot rise up,
My blood doth ever flow,
Where with a hard word's dagger-point
My heart thou woundedst so.'

'My hand I will lay, Heinrich,
Lightly upon thy heart;
And stayed shall be the bleeding,
And healèd all thy smart.'

'My love, I cannot rise up,
My head it bleedeth aye;
It is a wound—I shot *myself*
When thou wert torn away.'

'My long, long hair, O Heinrich,
I'll bind thy head around,
And send the blood-stream back again,
And make thy head quite sound.'

She prayed so soft, so lovingly,
I could resist no more;
I must rise up and go with her,
I loved her still so sore.

My wounds they open'd then again,
And in its fierce might broke
A stream of blood from head and heart,
And, oh! and, oh! I woke.

What was the real story of the love affair which forms the basis of the 'Intermezzo' it is, as we have said, impossible to determine. From one of the poems it would seem they

parted in consequence of a sudden fit of frostiness on the part of the lady, who gave him his *congé* with a mocking curtsey; in another he accuses himself of having kept away from her too long; in another he says they were both always playing at hide-and-seek with one another, till at last they played it so well that neither could find the other at all; lastly, he extorts a dreary satisfaction from the belief that her marriage was not a happy one, and that therefore both he and she were equally wretched.

What may have been the truth underlying all this it is really of little import to know. What is of more importance is the character of the love which is expressed in this poetry, and by love here we mean the love between man and woman which is but one form of that all embracing Love whose highest expression is Christianity.

However exquisite may be the fancies in which this passion is expressed, yet it is at bottom as absolutely pagan as the loves of Catullus and Propertius, or that of Goethe in his 'Roman Elegiacs.' There is no trace of ideality about it. The highest delights set forth in the imagination of the poet have all some tinge of sensuality, and for him the lofty ideal of constant, chivalrous love, as imagined by the troubadors of Provence, and which formed the soul of the sublime poetry of the lovers of Beatrice and Laura, had no meaning at all.

One of the chief tests of the character of a poet's genius is the fashion in which he conceives this very passion of love, the chivalrous ideal of which has had so incalculable an effect in ennobling and purifying modern life.

Heine's conception of it was as completely pagan as if the chivalrous ideal had never existed at all; and as for Petrarch, the perusal of whose sonnets and *canzoni* must remain ever, both for happy and unhappy lovers with any purity of feeling and elevation of sentiment, a most ennobling study as long as the world endures, a well of healing and purifying waters—to him Heine, involved in the coarse

folds of a sensual being, remained ever insensible. On the occasion of a visit of Vaucluse, he expresses his dislike of Petrarch's poetry in no measured terms, and so pronounced his own condemnation. Even Burns, with all his failings, had a far nobler conception of the passion than Heine, and his love-poems spring from a far purer and healthier inspiration.

The world has, indeed, need to hold fast in the present hour to the chivalrous ideal of love, and to make a stand against the degradation of the passion to the foul conceptions of Baudelaire and his admirers. Love is, after all, the mightiest and the most interesting factor of life.

> So lange nicht den Bau der Welt
> Philosophie zusammen hält,
> Bewegt sich der Getriebe,
> Durch Hunger und durch Liebe.

Between this appetite and this passion, which Schiller declares, and rightly, to be the chief motive powers of life, there can be no question which possesses the nobler quality. No poet, so far as we know, has been inspired to write in favour of hunger; but from the beginning of the world love has formed the poet's theme; and it is he who has raised it from the *status* of a mere animal passion, till in its highest idealisation it is the purest of human conceptions and the most active agent in civilisation, subduing the grossest corporeal appetites and passions, aiding in the development of arts, the finest conquest of humanity, and lifting the soul to the highest regions of the ideal.

The ideal aspects and tendencies of love conceived in this have been expressed in the following stanzas; for verse, perhaps, is the only due form of handling the subject:—

> O star of life! sweet star of modern days,
> Fond spirit yearning pure of soul for soul,
> Without whose fair society, nor grace
> Nor strength is perfect, who towards the goal
> Of time, in thy harmonious control,

The nations of the world dost ever sway;
To thee we turn, as to the starry pole
The seaman turns to seek the one pure ray,
Which gives him heart and hope on his uncertain way.

Thy grace divine, throughout the universe
Eternally descending, can endue
All things with radiance, and the darkest curse
Of drear mortality with some clear hue
Of heaven-born glory; and as birds anew
Burst into song as soon as storm is o'er,
And all the sky is domed with sunny blue,
E'en such a season art thou evermore
Unto the hearts which do thy blessed worth adore.

The magic of thy presence doth transfuse
The dull, gross meshes of our mortal clay;
The bonds of sense then melt away like dews
Within the noontide beam; earth fades away.
From star to star, on some star-paven way,
The soul triumphant walks, upheld by thee;
And in the light of that diviner day
It doth behold fair visions, doomed to be
The utmost goal and hope of our humanity.

For Music, Painting, Sculpture, Poesy,
All the arts which stretch the mind's expanse,
And change man's grossness and his cruelty,
Spring into life beneath thy starry glance.
Thine are the fairy glades of fair Romance,
Its fountain-heads and Eden-margin'd streams;
And as the ages flow in swift advance,
Rarer become the fond prophetic dreams
Which these fair spirits weave of Hope's immortal beams.

Beyond the narrow bounds of earth and day
We feel that thou art lord, and we revere
Each record faint of thy eternal sway;
And Hero's shriek and Desdemona's tear
To all remain imperishably dear;
And empire's woes may often vainly seek
The willing homage of attention's ear;
But sighs of antique lovers grow but weak
To touch with pallid ruth the breathless maiden's cheek.

For love transcends the bounds of time and space;
  Its essence is impalpable as light;
And all created things in its embrace
  Do lie, the while it spinneth, day and night,
  The warp and woof of Being. Oh, its might
Is universal; round it too doth turn,
  As round some central sun, the order bright
Of all intelligence; like planets yearn,
All good thoughts to their light fit homage to return.

From the days of Plato, we conceive, up to the present time, or nearly up to the present time—for, of late the ideal seems to be in a perilous way altogether—love has gone on assuming, progressively on the whole, a more spiritual form. Plato was the first, on record at least, to point out the distinction between sensual and spiritual love. We use here Shelley's beautiful translation:—

'Simply to praise Love, O Phædrus,' says Pausanias in the 'Symposium,' 'seems to me too bounded a scope for our discourse. If Love were one, it would be well; but since Love is not one, I will endeavour to distinguish which is the Love which it becomes us to praise, and having thus discriminated one from the other, will attempt to render him also, as the subject of our discourse, the honour due to his divinity. We all know that Venus is never without Love, and if Venus were one, Love would be one; but since there are two Venuses, of necessity also must there be two Loves. For assuredly are there two Venuses—one the daughter of Uranus, born without a mother, whom we call the Uranian; the other the daughter of Jupiter and Diana, whom we call the Pandemian; of necessity also must there be two Loves, the Uranian and Pandemian companions of these goddesses. It is becoming to praise all the gods, but the attributes which fall to the lot of each may be distinguished and saluted.. For any particular action in itself is neither good nor evil which we are now doing—drinking, singing, talking: none of these things are good in themselves; but the mode in which they are done stamps them with its own nature. Thus not all love, nor any mode of love, is beautiful or worthy of commendation, but that alone which excites us to love worthily. The Love, therefore, which attends upon Venus Pandemos is in truth common to the vulgar, and presides over transient and fortuitous occurrences, and is

worshipped by the least excellent of mankind. The votaries of this deity seek the body rather than the soul, and the ignorant rather than the wise, disdaining all that is honourable and lovely, and considering how they shall best satisfy their sensual necessities. This love is derived from the younger goddess. But the attendant on the other is the love who inspires us with affection, and exempts us from all wantonness and libertinism.

It was this love of the Venus Urania which was subsequently idealised in the age of Chivalry, in a far purer form than could have been imagined by Plato:—

For then afresh unto th' abandoned earth
From the Eternal Mind came gleams of Truth,
And from the darken'd heavens, in joyful birth,
Flashed Love and Poesy; and Faith, and Youth,
And Valour led the giant forms uncouth
Of Force and Rapine chained to Beauty's feet;
Whose radiant eyes were dimmed with tenderest ruth,
That she alone must pine in castle seat,
While her dear knights went forth her miscreant foes to meet.

But Heine, as we have intimated before, had no sympathy whatever with the chivalrous spirit: he had as little sympathy with it as he had with the early Christian spirit of martyrdom and abnegation; and, considering his Hebrew descent, there can be little cause for astonishment at his permanent estrangement from the finest traditions of Christian Europe. His love is of the earth, earthy; and there is not one of his poems which might not, so far as the sentiment goes, have been written by an oriental. The love poems of Burns breathe much more of the chivalrous spirit than those of Heine, besides, as we have noted, being infinitely more healthy.

Indeed, in the first edition of the 'Intermezzo' there were included poems of a sensualism approaching even to cynical audacity, which must have painfully contrasted in the minds of the readers with the delicacy of treatment of the purest of the collection; and the wonder would appear

to be that they did not bring down upon the volume a severe condemnation of the whole. However, it must be admitted that Goethe, in his 'West-östlichen Divan,' and in his 'Roman Elegiacs,' had already given the Germans a good flavour of the sensualistic and pagan in amatory poetry.

The 'Intermezzo' was, as we have already mentioned, interpolated in publication between the two tragedies 'Ratcliff' and 'Almansor,' to the consideration of which it is not necessary to give much space. They were complete failures, notwithstanding that they both contain some redeeming qualities both in conception of character and in poetic diction. 'Ratcliff' we believe has never been even acted in Germany, though a French romance was played for a few nights a few years ago in Paris at the Odéon. 'Almansor' was, however, produced at the theatre at Brunswick, but was hissed down on the first night by a clique in the town who fancied they were hissing the production of one Heine, a Jew money-changer in the town. We will not analyse at length the plots of either of these productions, for they are vitiated by fatal faults of conception. 'Ratcliff' represents the 'Sturm und Drang' period of Heine's youth, and evidently bears on its face traces of the influence of Schiller's 'Robbers.' 'Ratcliff,' a young Scottish nobleman, under the despair of an unhappy passion, dissipates his fortune in London, and takes to highway robbery in order to repair it; notwithstanding his wild life, he contrives to watch over Maria, the heroine, and to scent out every indication of a wooing in the old castle, and to kill his rivals one after another in singular duel. The last rival, however, wounds him; whereupon he goes to Maria, whose love returns at sight of his danger. She is willing to fly; they are intercepted; Ratcliff then stabs Maria, stabs his rival, and shoots himself—a very sanguinary piece of business, and one which is complicated still more by the weird old Sotch ballad being involved in the plot—

Why drips thy sword with bluid,
Edward, Edward?

a ballad which had been translated and made known to the German public by Herder. It is clear, however, that Heine's own fruitless attachment was, as usual, the chief impersonation of this, as it was of the 'Intermezzo.' In 'Almansor' the story is as unfit for tragical purposes as that of 'Ratcliff,' though here the motive of the piece is quite of another character. The scene is laid in Granada, and the love adventure takes place between a converted Moorish girl and a young Moor, Almanzor. The idea which Heine had in his head was evidently to contrast the religion of enjoyment with the religion of abnegation, to the disadvantage of the latter; and it is curious to observe the proclivities which this piece already evinces towards the Saint Simonian doctrine of the *réhabilitation de la chair*, which he subsequently adopted with such ardour.

Two poems, however, written at this period, but published later, may be taken as better representatives of his poetical qualities, both in his wild 'Sturm und Drang' humour, and in his gentler character of a true ballad singer; and these are the 'Twilight of the Gods' and the 'Pilgrimage to Kevlaar'—

Now May is come, with all its golden lights;
With silken rustling airs and spicy scents,
It kindly beckons to us with white buds,
And greets us with its thousand violet eyes,
And spreads its carpet green, begemm'd with flowers
Enwoven of bright sunbeams and dawn-dew,
And calleth every child of man outdoors.
The simple people hear him at first call,
And the men draw their nankeen trousers on,
And Sunday coats with buttons of bright gold.
The ladies put on innocent white robes,
And young men curl their sprouting spring moustache;
Young ladies let their bosoms rise and fall,

And the town poet in his pocket thrusts
His paper, pencil, opera-glass; and all
The rolling tribe go joyous to the gate,
And camp outside upon the bright green turf.
They wonder at the trees, how fast they grow,
And play quite simply with bright pretty flowers;
They hearken to the song of merry birds,
And shout aloud to the blue tent of Heaven.
To me, too, came the May. He knocked three times
Outside my door, and called, 'I am the May;
Come, thou pale dreamer, come, be kissed by me!'
I kept my door hard bolted, and I cried
'Vainly thou callest on me, thou sorry guest;
I have seen through thee; I have seen clear through
The order of the world, and seen too much,
And seen too deep. Away is all my joy,
And pain eternal holds my heart in thrall.
My eyes have pierced the hard and stony crust
Of human houses and of human hearts,
And both alike conceal lies, fraud, and misery,
And in men's images I read their thoughts—
Base mostly. In the virgin's blush of shame
I see desire in secret trembling cravingly;
And on the gay enthusiast's head erect
I see a grinning foolscap hung with bells,
And goblin forms, and sickly pining shades
I see o'er all the world, and do not know
If 'tis a madhouse or a hospital.
I see right through the base of the old world
As though 'twere crystal, and the horrors see
Which with its joyous verdure May would hide
In vain from me. The dead ones I behold;
They lie in narrow coffins, down below,
With their hands folded, and stark open eyes;
White is their dress, and white too is their look,
And through their lips are crawling yellow worms.
I see the son sit with his paramour,
And sport and toy upon his father's grave;
The nightingales sing out in mockery,
And slily laugh the soft young meadow flowers,
While the dead father turns him in his grave,

And our old Mother Earth in anguish groans.
O thou poor Mother Earth, thy pains I know;
I see the fire that in thy bosom burns;
I see thy thousand arteries run with blood;
I see how gape thy torn and jagged wounds,
And flame and smoke and blood come streaming forth;
I see thy proud, defiant giant sons,
Primæval brood, arise from thy dark gulfs,
Swinging their crimson torches in their fists;
And black dwarfs clamber after, and the stars,
The golden stars, fly crackling into dust;
And man with insolent hand the golden skirts
Of God's pavilion lifts, and howling fall
Down on the face the pious angel hosts;
And on his throne sits God with visage white—
Takes from his head his crown and rends his hair,
As nearer press the wild and hellish crew.
The giants far and wide in heaven's domain
Hurl their red torches, and the dwarfs strike quick
With fiery scourges on the angels' backs.
These turn and twist, and bend beneath the pain;
Those by the hair are hurl'd forth into space.
And mine own guardian angel see I there,
With lute of gold and features gentle-sweet,
And with eternal love within his smile,
And with a blessed rapture in his eye;
And then a monstrous ugly gnome all black
Seizes him up, my angel pure and pale;
Eyes with a grin his fair and noble limbs;
Clasps him all fast with such a tender clasp,
That shattering runs a cry through the wide world:
The columns break, and earth and heaven rush in
Together, and the ancient night prevails.'

The other poem, with which we conclude this chapter, namely, the 'Pilgrimage to Kevlaar,' is one of the sweetest of all Heine's productions; and although, as he has written, the subject of it may have been suggested by an actual incident of his own experience, yet one cannot but imagine that the story of Cleobis and Biton, as told in Herodotus, was present to his mind:—

I.

The mother at the window stood,
The son abed lay sick;
'Get up, Wilhelm, the pilgrims come;
Get up and see them, quick!'

'I am so faint, O mother,
I could not hear or see;
I think but on dead Margaret—
My heart it paineth me.'

'Get up, take book and rosary;
We will to Kevlaar go:
The Mother of God, oh! she will heal
Thy ailing heart, I trow.'

The banners wave of holy Church,
There's chanting in Church tone;
The pilgrim-train goes by the Rhine,
And wends forth from Cologne.

The mother follows with the crowd,
Her son supporteth she;
And both join in the holy chaunt,
'O praised be thou, Marie!'

II.

The Mother of God at Kevlaar
Her finest robe doth wear;
For she must busy be to-day,
So many sick are there.

The poor sick folk upon the shrine
Lay down, as offerings meet,
Great store of hearts in waxen shape,
And waxen hands and feet.

And he who gives a waxen hand,
Gets heal'd of his hand's wound;
And he who gives a waxen foot,
A foot gets whole and sound.

On crutches some to Kevlaar crawled
Who now dance best at the fair,
And many a fiddler good once went
Without a sound finger there.

The mother a taper took in hand,
Thereof she made a heart:
'Give this to the Mother of God, my son—
'Tis she will heal thy smart.'

He took the wax heart in his hand,
And at the shrine he sighs,
And prays forth from his inmost heart,
As tears glide from his eyes—

'O thou most blessèd of mothers!
O Virgin of God, lov'd well!
O sinless Queen of Heaven!
To thee my sorrows I tell.

'I with my mother was dwelling
Within the city Cologne,
Where the chimes of church bells daily
From hundreds of spires are thrown.

'And Maggie she was our neighbour,
Who now lies underground;
Marie, I bring thee this wax heart:
Make my heart whole and sound.

'Oh, make my heart whole and sound, I pray,
And I will fervently
Pray, singing early and late each day
"Oh, praised be thou, Marie."'

III.

The ailing son and his mother
In a little chamber slept;
The Mother of God she came therein,
And to the son softly stept.

She bow'd down over the ailing son,
  And the mother saw her lay
Her hand so light on the poor boy's breast,
  As she smiled and then passed away.

The mother she seemed to see dreaming,
  And more she would have seen,
But she started as though from slumber,
  The watch dogs barked so keen.

The mother she saw her son lying
  Stretched out, and the boy was dead,
While on his pale cheek were playing
  Faint flushes of morning red.

The mother her hands she folded,
  Feeling strange as strange could be,
And kept singing lightly and lowly,
  'O blessed be thou, Marie.'

CHAPTER VII.

DOCTOR OF LAW AND CHRISTIAN.

It was now twelve months ago since Heine's parents had, with their other children, taken up residence in the quaint, dull little provincial town of Lüneburg, once the capital of a principality. The health of Heine's father had declined at Düsseldorf, till, finally, he resolved to sell off his business and transplant himself elsewhere. At first the family had settled at Oldesloe, in the south-east corner of Holstein, but they did not find the place to their taste; and that they removed to Lüneburg seems to be due to the initiation of old Solomon Heine, the banker of Hamburg—at least, some of the old inhabitants of Lüneburg remember to this day the strange commotion excited in the little place by the unexpected appearance of the great banker in a carriage and four, and his stay there until he found out a convenient residence for his brother and his family in an old-fashioned house in the market-place, after which he drove off. The heart of the rough old money bags was in the main kindly and true, and, when he could escape from the avaricious handling of his sons-in-law and their clique, showed that he felt that the maxim *noblesse oblige* might suggest another that of *richesse oblige*. The mother and father of Heine came, then, thither a few days afterwards, and commenced to live in poor fashion on the interest of the little capital into which they had converted their property. They possessed few friends or acquaintances in the town, and those they had were

chiefly of the Jewish circles. Heine's brothers and sisters were now grown up. The second son, Gustavus, for some years had been learning husbandry. Heine's sister Charlotte was engaged to be married to a merchant of Hamburg, Moritz Embden; and his younger brother, Maximilian, was a pupil at the Lüneburg Gymnasium. The change from the intellectual life and varied movements of Berlin to the stagnant atmosphere at Lüneburg was immense. Heine called it 'the capital of Ennui,' and immediately began to lament over his changed life to his friend Moser: 'I live here in a state of complete isolation, and never come in contact with a single human specimen of humanity, for my parents live retired from all society. Jews there are here as everywhere, intolerable chafferers and dirty rag-dealers. The Christian middle class have not a spark of vivacity and an extraordinary amount of *Rischess* (religious intolerance); the upper class are the same in a different way. Our little dog is smelt at in a peculiar way in the street, and ill-treated; and the Christian dogs have evidently *Rischess* against the Jewish dog. I have, therefore, made acquaintance here with the trees; and these show themselves new again to me in their old adornment, and remind me of old days, and whisper to me back into my memory old forgotten songs, and incline me to melancholy. So much that is sorrowful now springs up in me again and overpowers me; and this it is, perhaps, which increases my headaches, or, more properly, prolongs their duration, since they are not so bad as in Berlin, but more enduring. Study can I little, and write less.'

In his literary tastes and projects Heine met with few sympathisers at home. The publication of his volumes of poems had struck the family aghast, and they augured no good from such a commencement. His father never read them at all; his brothers did not understand them; his sisters thought them tolerable, and his mother just a little more than tolerable. Unfortunately, too, for Heine, what literary

talk there was in the town or in the family rolled upon Goethe; and his father, who knew as little of Goethe's works as he did of his son's poems, used to mumble in a displeased way, 'How *can* my youngster get on if they talk of nothing but Goethe?'

Heine, however, while living in this obscure position, occupied himself in an amiable way about the education and future of his family. His brother Gustavus, who had been learning agriculture, found that his Jewish creed was a terrible obstacle to overcome in the way of finding employment. So Heine endeavoured to get an engagement for him on the estates of his friend Jacobson in Mecklenberg. Gustavus, however, ultimately, weary of trying for advancement in Prussia, abandoned his paternal name, took that of his mother, entered into the Austrian military service, and finally became editor of a newspaper in Vienna. With his sister Charlotte Heine ever remained on terms of affectionate sympathy, and subsequently dedicated to her the 'New Spring.' He superintended the studies of his brother Max, introduced him to an acquaintance of Goethe and Goethe's 'Faust,' and took part in his readings of classical authors. Maximilian, in his 'Erinnerungen,' tells a quaint story about the composition by the brothers of some rival hexameters and pentameters in German. Maximilian was a better proficient in this exercise than his brother, and on looking over a copy of verses by the latter, said, 'In God's name, Harry, this hexameter has only five feet.' Heine tore up the verses in a pet, and a day or two later came to his brother's bedside in early morning and woke him out of sleep, saying, 'Ah, dear Max, what an awful night I have passed! Just imagine, close upon midnight, as I fell asleep, I felt oppressed as by a nightmare. It was the unhappy hexameter which came limping on my bed with five feet, and, with fearful bewailings and terrible threats, demanded from me his sixth foot. Yea, Shylock could not insist more rigorously on his pound of flesh than this impertinent hexa-

meter for his lacking foot. He appealed to his primitive classic right, and left me with horrible gestures only on condition that I would never make another hexameter.'

In this state of exile from the literary world, Heine found his chief resource in a constant correspondence with his Berlin friends, with the Varnhagens, and the Roberts, with Lehmann and Moser. The kindliness of Moser was inexhaustible: he sent him constant reports of all that was going on in the literary and artistic circles; sent him political news, and forwarded whatever books and periodicals Heine asked him to send; and this so constantly that Heine said pleasantly that, in order to get an immediate reply from Moser, he had only to give him a commission. We find thus Moser despatching to Lüneburg Basnage's 'History of the Jews,' Montesquieu's 'Esprit des Lois,' Gibbon's 'Decline of the Roman Empire,' and De Stael's 'Corinne,' which latter book Heine said he could never have been able to understand before that 'great epoch of his life' when he knew Rahel von Varnhagen.

From about the middle of May 1823, till the end of the year, Heine remained at Lüneburg, with the exception of a brief absence with a family party to celebrate the marriage of his sister, and with the exception also of a visit to Hamburg and six weeks' sea-bathing at Cuxhaven. His projects as to his future life during this term underwent a change; his plan of emigration to Paris, with nothing to depend upon but the bounty of his uncle, seemed impracticable, and he resolved to devote himself now exclusively to law—to make the study of jurisprudence his *Brodstudium*—to get a doctor's degree, and to liberate himself from the state of galling dependence in which he stood towards his uncle. The most suitable spot for following out his plan seemed to be the university town of Göttingen, where his attention was not likely to be distracted by any of those numerous calls upon it to which it would be subjected in Berlin.

These nine months which Heine loitered away before returning to his university career were—with the exception of the six weeks spent at the sea-side at Cuxhaven, in pursuance of medical advice—of an extremely disagreeable character. His old malady of nervous headaches troubled him, as we have seen, much; he seemed buried alive, and his stays at Hamburg, as he went and returned from Cuxhaven, subjected him to many disagreeable incidents. His mercantile relations in the commercial city sneered both at the 'poetic stuff' of which he had been the author, and at his further literary projects; and, with a view to their private interests, were ever at the ear of old Solomon Heine, persuading him that his nephew was a good-for-nothing scapegrace, who would never make a decent figure in the world, and upon whom all his money was thrown away. The old banker, it may be supposed, was somewhat facile of conviction on this latter point, regarding ever with fresh wonder and suspicion this strange birth of a poet and a wit in his family, whose songs and fine sayings were as unintelligible to him as the song of the mocking-bird may be supposed to be to the comprehension of the grizzly bear. Indeed, the old gentleman complained even later in life, when Heine was acknowledged as the first poet of his country, that 'if the stupid fellow had ever learnt anything, he had never needed to write books.'

It may be imagined, too, that Heine was detained at Lüneburg for so many months by the want of funds. Indeed, in his letters to Moser, we find at this time incessant complaints both of the illiberality of his millionaire uncle and the humiliating way in which the latter kept him in uncertainty as to his intentions. The original agreement which Solomon Heine made with his nephew was to allow him 400 thalers (60*l.*) a-year; and in October 1822, he promised to continue the allowance for two years longer. It may be concluded that Heine found this pittance barely sufficient

for existence; that he may have had debts, and that his retreat to Lüneburg was made from motives of economy. When he was recommended to try the baths of Cuxhaven, the old gentleman gave him ten louis d'or to pay his additional expenses; but as this sum was exhausted before the end of his stay, he drew upon the Berlin bankers, who had been instructed by his uncle to pay him his yearly allowance, for a quarter's money in advance. This advance being signalised to Solomon Heine, he wrote to Heine, declaring that he had but agreed to pay 500 thalers in all after October 1822; that such sum was now complete, and that he must look for no more support. This announcement naturally threw Heine into a state of immense vexation; he was enabled, however, by the assistance of the bankers from whom the sum was drawn, to prove that the arrangement was for another year; and in the end, old Solomon agreed to increase the allowance, and to give 100 louis d'or (80*l.*) for the year between January 1824 and January 1825; and as Heine did not leave Lüneburg till January 1824, it is probable that he was waiting there for his first quarter's allowance of the 100 louis d'or before he was able to move. This arrangement, however, was not made without an interchange of a good deal of correspondence, and much inward trouble. Heine bewailed to Moser his dependent condition; this necessity for having to resort to the *captationes benevolentiæ* of his rich relative; and at being condemned to hear eternal reproaches. Moser, on his side, found fault with Heine's want of prudence and management in dealing with the testy old gentleman; and it may be imagined that Heine, on his side, did not let pass any occasion of showing those claws which he knew so well how to use. 'The best thing about you, uncle,' once he said arrogantly to him, 'is that you have my name;' and it was a long time before the old millionaire could get over this speech. The old man even complained, 'I believe he thinks it a favour on his part not

to ask me for a special *honorarium* whenever he writes me a letter.' However, that there was—in spite of these ever-recurring money squabbles between the stiff-necked wealthy old gentleman and his wilful, sensitive nephew—a good deal of mutual esteem is certain enough; otherwise the relations between them could not have been so lasting as they were. There was, in fact, a good deal that is common in the basis of character between the two, if we make abstraction of the facts that the one was a successful money dealer with barely any education, and the other a poet with a great deal. The old millionaire, he too possessed a good deal of droll humour and much shrewd common sense; he was in the main very generous and humane, as was shown by the immense quantity of money which he gave in charity, and by the large number of charitable institutions to which he left money at his death. After the great fire at Hamburg, too, he headed the list of subscriptions for the victims, and sustained the operations of the whole of the Hamburg exchange with all the force of his credit in order to keep up the reputation of his native city; and when many an application was made to him for pecuniary assistance, he often appeared to turn to it a deaf ear, and then subsequently took the petitioner by surprise by granting him all and more than he had asked for, and this without warning or waiting for thanks. It may be imagined, then, that the old banker, in spite of his apparent harshness towards his nephew from time to time, nourished confusedly a secret pride in his celebrity, and knew how to estimate the efforts made by his relatives around him to ruin the poet in his esteem. That he knew how to take a joke without offence was shown by a kindly letter which he wrote to Heine, with 'before feeding time' written below his signature, to twit his nephew for advice which the latter had given by letter to a friend about to visit his uncle; Heine having warned his correspondent that if he wished to find the old gentleman in a good humour, he must

seek him 'after feeding time.' It may be imagined, then, that the old banker would in the main be able to puzzle out the sense of such a characteristic letter as the following, addressed to him from Italy, and that he would probably on the whole be pleased with its purport: 'I will not dwell upon the complaints which I might urge against you, and which are perhaps greater than you can imagine. I pray you, therefore, spare me some of yours, since they all reduce themselves to a matter of money; and when the whole of them, down to *Hellers* and *Pfennings*, were reckoned up in *Banco Mark*, they would not reach a sum which a *millionaire* might not well throw away; whereas my complaints are incalculable, infinite, since they are of a spiritual nature, rooted in the depths of the most painful sensations. Had I ever with a single word, with a single look, failed in the respect I owe you, or injured your family —I have but loved it too much—then you would be justified in being angry. Yet this is not at all. When all your complaints are reckoned up together, they can all be put into a money-bag; it need not be of too great dimensions, and they would all go into it well enough. And if I suppose the money-bag were too small to contain the complaints of Solomon Heine against me, and that it got a rent, can you well believe that this is of as much importance as when the heart is torn with the quantity of vexations that are crammed into it? Yet enough. The sun shines out so fine to-day, and when I look out of the window I see nothing but laughing hills and vineyards. I will not complain, but only love you as I have ever done. I will only think on your soul, and confess to you how this is yet more beautiful than all the magnificence which I have yet seen in Italy. And now farewell! It is fortunate that I cannot tell you where an answer of yours could find me. You can be so much the more convinced that this letter would offend you in no wise. It is just a sigh. I am sorry I cannot put a stamp upon the

sigh, for it will cost you money, and that will be again matter of complaint. Adieu, dear, magnanimous, stingy, noble, infinitely beloved uncle.'

Heine's visit indeed to Hamburg in the beginning of July 1823 had been made with the intention of getting his uncle to make some definite arrangement. He found the old man, however, on the point of setting off on a journey, and unwilling to discuss the subject; yet he gave his nephew the ten louis d'or we have mentioned to go to the sea-baths of Cuxhaven.

Heine in his letters to Moser shows that he had a fearful horror of revisiting Hamburg, the scene of all those sorrows which he had poured forth in the 'Junge Leiden' and in the 'Intermezzo;' and the sensations which were evoked by his frequenting again the old haunts, gave rise to a portion of the collection of poems which forms the third part of the 'Book of Songs,' under the name of the 'Heimkehr,' or 'The Return Home:'—

Cloud-like on the horizon,
There before me on my way,
The city with its towers
Starts in shroud of twilight grey.

The sun once more uplifteth
From the earth his sinking light,
To show me yet the place again
Where dwelt my heart's delight.

I wander o'er the well-known road,
O'er streets which wild thoughts waken;
I come to the beloved's house,
Now lonely and forsaken.

The streets how narrow now they look,
The pavement is a worry;
The houses seem to fall on me,
As fast along I hurry.

From these impressions he rushed away to Cuxhaven, where he made his first acquaintance with the sea; and the sea

awoke in him a new set of sensations, which he has given out with such plastic form and such charming freshness in the series of sea pieces composed in the 'Heimkehr.' During his stay at Cuxhaven he endeavoured to pass over to Heligoland, but was prevented by a violent storm, an account of which he gives in a letter to Moser. A few sentences of this will show that in the midst of the storm he could think with satisfaction on the fact that he was not at least at Hamburg. 'It appears to have been one of the wildest of storms; the sea was one moving mountainous region; the water-mountains dashed themselves together; the waves dashed over the ship and rolled it hither and thither. Music and groans in the cabin even of sailors; hollow howling of the winds, roaring, hissing, whistling—a scene of death; the rain rushing down as though all the heavenly hosts were emptying their slop-pails; and I lay on the deck with anything but pious thoughts in my soul, I tell thee. Although I could hear the trumpets of the last judgment, and saw the bosom of Abraham wide open, yet I found myself much better than in the society of the Hamburg male and female talkers of Jew-gibberish.'

There were at least three of the poems of the 'Heimkehr' evidently suggested by this storm. Yet not alone had he sympathy for the sea in storm, but all its changing moods, by moonlight, in the gloaming, in the sunny calms of noon, in the mists of morning, found also faithful reflexes in his verse. The sea-faring and fishing folk, too, whom he met with, interested him deeply, and gave rise to sundry little idyllic poems of that kind in which Heine stands unsurpassed for grace and nature.

Come, fairest fisher-maiden, here,
  Put, put thy skiff to land;
Come close to me and sit thee down,
  And prattle hand in hand.

Oh, lay thy head upon my heart,
Have not such fear of me;
Thou trusteth day by day thyself
Unto the wild wild sea.

My heart is like the sea, it hath
Its storm, and ebb, and flow;
And many pretty pearls, my love,
Rest in its depths below.

At the end of September he quitted Cuxhaven and returned to Lüneburg by Hamburg. At Hamburg he saw his uncle again; but the money difference which existed between them rendered it too difficult for him to propose his scheme of emigrating to Paris, which would require an increase of pecuniary assistance, so he returned to his original design of acquiring a *Brodstudium* and of taking a university degree.

His fresh experience at Hamburg of the bitterness of dependence had given him a new resolve to complete his juridical studies, and spurred his energies anew. It does not appear that he entertained hopes at any time of succeeding as a practising lawyer; and, indeed, it may be taken for certain that even if he had made himself theoretically a perfect master of the science of jurisprudence in all its details, he never would have made a good practitioner. For a man of his intellectual capacity—leaving out of consideration those exceptional gifts which go to make up genius—it would not of course have been difficult to acquire knowledge of almost any subject; but those very qualities which constituted his especial distinction were precisely those which incapacitated him from making the petty squabbles and dealings of humanity the object of his daily solicitude, and from practising the petty arts and manœuvres by which men attract the attention and interest the selfishness of their neighbours. To expect a man endued with prominent poetic gifts to live like a lawyer or a stock-jobber, is much the same thing as to

expect a singing bird to be able to adopt the habits of a bird of prey. In the first place, as often happens with men of poetic temperaments, his indrawn nature, his dreamy way of looking at every subject, his delicate sense of language, the very fineness of his mental fibre, made him a bad public speaker; while that excessive sensibility which accompanies poetical natures, and the capricious way in which his intellectual powers would brighten and fade, like a lamp in the risings and falls of the wind, made him one of the worst men possible for a life of monotonous routine, or for being jostled in the crowd. To endeavour indeed to make a man of business of an individuality like Heine, was like turning Pegasus into a cart-horse, after the fashion of Schiller's fable.

Looking back across the ages at the few real poets which have been given to humanity, and remembering also that the purest joys and the purest delights have been those which spring perennially from the gifts of poets to mankind, one would imagine that society would by this time have come to the conclusion that it were better that a poet here and there of doubtful genius should be tolerated and given a chance of existence, rather than risk should be run of the real poet being either killed off or demoralised by cruelty or selfishness. Society, however, in modern times, troubles its head little under what conditions its poetry is produced, and the poet will probably be the last of the disinherited of the earth upon whose condition a little human reason will be expended. As for sympathy, that by the nature of things is impossible.

In the absence of other outlook what Heine did set his heart upon at this time was either a Government appointment or a University professorship, to either of which offices he imagined that a degree of doctor of law would prove a stepping-stone. He worked away then during the rest of his stay at Lüneburg heartily at law, with the intention of returning to Göttingen at the beginning of the new year. He resolved at this time to give up his poetry altogether; bad taste, he

said, was predominant. Why should he prepare for a life of struggle and a crown of martyrdom? He would none of it. Such resolves poets, indeed, have been in the habit of making, and in perfect good faith—the business seems so thankless a one, the pains and perils so infinite, and the reward so doubtful—surely one can leave it alone. However, the imagination gathers force again, the mind grows charged with electric force, and a touch again sets it free without power of resistance. We learn thus that soon—no later than November—after his return to Lüneburg in September, that he has now a crowd of songs ready—indeed half the 'Heimkehr' was composed.

However, the whole of these nine months, with the exception, as we have said, of the Cuxhaven visit, were of a sorrowful nature, independently of the isolation of his life and his troubles at home and at Hamburg. The bad fate of his tragedy of 'Almansor' had worried him a good deal, and brought to his ears the exultations of enemies and the condolence of friends. One of his letters to Ludwig Robert gives a glowing picture of the state of his mind: 'There is nothing for me to tell you, dear Robert, except that I live and that I love you. This last fact shall endure as long as the first, whose endurance is, however, uncertain, for, as to my life to come, I promise nothing. With the last breath all is over—joy, love, anger, lyrics, macaroni, theatres, the Linden, raspberry *bonbons*, "The Influence of Relations" (a play of Robert's), the clappings of applause, the howling of dogs—and of the mighty Talbot, who has filled the theatre of Germany with his fame, nothing remains over but a handful of waste paper. The *æterna nox* of the cheese-shop engulphs the "Daughter of Jephthah" as well as the hissed-out "Almansor." It is truly a wonderful state of mind in which I have been brooding for two months. I see nothing but open graves, heads of blockheads, and walking rules of three.'

On January 19, 1824 Heine left Lüneburg for Göttin-

gen—in bad weather, we learn, and in worse company. He stayed two nights in Hanover—'in which city,' he remarks, 'the rack has only been abolished a few years since' —and reached Göttingen the 22nd; and on January 30, Heine was again a matriculated student of the University.

He wrote Moser a letter from Hanover, in which we find that his last days at Lüneburg had passed more pleasantly. The inhabitants of the primitive place were aware that they had a celebrity staying within their walls, and some of them at least endeavoured to make his sojourn more pleasant. The consequence was, that when on the point of departure he really felt some regret at leaving the quiet town, and this the more as he expected to find few or none of his old friends at Göttingen. 'I believe,' he writes in the letter alluded to, 'I shall pass the first part of my time very wretchedly, then accustom myself to my position, make friends *peu à peu* with the inevitable, and at last I shall even feel attachment to the place, and to quit it will give me pain. It has ever been so with me, and nearly so in Lüneburg. *Lorsque mon départ de cette ville s'approchait, les hommes et les femmes, et principalement les belles femmes, s'empressaient de me plaire et de me faire regretter mon séjour de Lunebourg. Voilà la perfidie des hommes; ils nous font des peines même quand ils semblent nous cajoler.* My candle has nearly burnt down, it is late, and I am too sleepy to write German—in fact, I am no German, as you well know—*O ce sont des barbares.* There are but three civilised people—the French, the Chinese, and the Persians. I am proud of this, that I am a Persian. . . . Ah, how I yearn for Ispahan! Alas! I poor fellow am far from its lovely minarets and odoriferous gardens! Ah, it is a terrible fate for a Persian poet that he must wear himself out in your base, rugged German tongue; that he must be martyred to death by your clumsy post coaches, by your bad weather, by your stupid tobacco faces, by your Roman

Pandects, by your philosophic gibberish and the rest of your clumsy ways! O Firdusi! O Ischami! O Saadi! How miserable is your brother! How do I long after the roses of Schiras! Germany may have much that is good; I will not revile it. It has its great poets: Karl Müchler, Claurens, Gubitz, Michel Beer, Auffenbach, Theodor Hell, Laun, Gehe, Houwald, Rückert, Müller, Immermann, Uhland, Goethe. But what is all their magnificence compared with that of Hafis and Nisami? But, although I am Persian, yet I recognise that thou art the greatest of prophets, O great Prophet of Mecca! and thy Koran, although I know it only through a bad translation, will not readily leave my memory.'

The fashion *ridentem dicere verum* was never more natural to any body than to Heine, and when he says he is no German he utters a spiritual truth. Genius, as he has said elsewhere, is of no country.

Among these Germans, however, as he declared them to barbarians, his poems were making way, and his name was becoming celebrated among all classes. Of this he had pleasant proof, not long after his return to Göttingen, from the lips of Lotty ('Lottchen'), the waiting-maid of the little inn the 'Landwehr,' situate about a mile from Göttingen. Lottchen, of the Landwehr, was a fascinating little dame, whose good looks and blooming colour, and good humour, and quick and dexterous way of serving her guests, made her a general favourite, and drew the University students largely out in the direction of the Landwehr. That Lottchen was a highly proper person, and would admit of no nonsense, added to the charm of her manner and appearance. Heine, with the rest, was wont to wander out to the Landwehr, to have the pleasure of being waited on by Lottchen at his supper, dinner in Germany being for the most part at midday; and his supper usually consisted of 'eine Taube' or 'ein Entenviertel, mit Apfelkompot.' He

was in the habit of laughing and joking with the young *kelluerm*, when one day he went farther, he took her round the waist and tried to kiss her cheek. Lottchen tore herself away with indignation, and reproached him so scornfully for his presumption that Heine went away quite crestfallen, and resolved never to come back again. However, we may suppose beauty was rare at Göttingen. He did return again, but with the intention of pretending to take no notice whatever of Lottchen. What was his surprise, however, to find, when he came, that Lottchen, when she saw him, ran up to him and said with a laugh, 'I have forgiven you, Herr Heine, for you are not the same as the other gentlemen students, *Herren Studenten*. Sure *you are already as famous as our professors*. I have read your songs. Oh, how beautiful they are! The song of the churchyard I know by heart. And now, Herr Heine, you can kiss me in the presence of all these gentlemen. But you must be really industrious and write more of such pretty poems.' Heine told this story thirty years afterwards to his brother Max, and said sorrowfully, 'This little *honorarium* has given me more pleasure than all the glittering gold pieces of Hoffmann and Campe.' One would like to know a little more about Lottchen. Her pretty form and brave heart are just revealed this once, and then disappear for ever.

In spite, however, of these evening walks and the pretty serving maid of the Landwehr, Heine was painfully and steadily working away at his legal studies, and following assiduously the lectures of Hugo, Bauer, and Meister, the epoch for the dreaded examination drawing nearer and nearer. In his letters to Moser at this time he renders, as usual, a faithful account of his daily strivings to overcome his natural repugnance to such studies—efforts alas! which were, it is plain, to be utterly thrown away. The Arab has a proverb, 'Put a greyhound's tail in a straight tube and keep it there for ten years; it will curl all the same

at the end of the time.' And so it was with Heine's spirit; neither force nor art could utterly divert it from the aim for which we suppose it was created.

'I live here,' he wrote to Moser, 'in my old fashion; that is to say, I have headaches eight days in the week; get up in the morning at half-past four, and consider what I shall begin with; in this way nine o'clock comes along, when I hurry with my portfolio to the godlike Meister. Yea, the fellow is godlike; he is idealistic in his woodiness; he is the most perfect antithesis of everything poetical; and even on that account does he become a poetic personality in a reverse way as it were: yea, indeed, when the matter which he brings forward is especially dry and leathery, then does he generally seem to be full of inspiration. In very truth I am perfectly content with Meister, and shall get through the Pandects with his and God's assistance.' 'The whole day through,' he writes again, 'I am at the forum; I hear nothing spoken of but *Stillicidium*, *Testamenta*, *Emphyteusis*, &c. I have tortured myself with *Jus* like a man in desperation, and yet God knows if I have got anything by it. If Meister refuses to be the chief examiner this time, I am a lost man! For then will Hugo, the friend of my bitterest foes, be chief examiner. You must know I have made enemies for myself here—that lay in the nature of things.' One of the most common effects on poetic minds of such uncongenial studies, is to make them doubt if they have not even less wits than ordinary people. Heine's account of himself in this respect is very striking, and nothing can be more humorous than his wonder at people retaining the 'half understood.' 'When I say that I am no ass and no genius, I do not boast of myself. For if I *had* been the first, I long ago should have got advancement, for example, as *Professor extraordinarius* in Bonn. And as far as concerns genius! O God! I have made the discovery—all people in Germany are Geniuses, and I—precisely—I am the only one who am

no genius. I jest not; I am in earnest. I wonder how men can hold in their heads—*the only half understood*—that which is divorced from all connection with the spirit of comprehension, and can retail it out again with honest face in books or from their professorial chairs. Who can do this, him I hold to be a genius. In the meanwhile, on account of his extreme rarity, the man who cannot do this gets the name of a genius. This is the great irony.' The quality of irony, it must be observed, here had been created into a leading principle of art and criticism by Tieck and others at Berlin; hence a frequent use of the term by Heine at this time.

But notwithstanding the energy which the poet threw into his law studies, and notwithstanding his fear of failure at the final examination, the charms of literature were too strong to be abandoned entirely; and during the year and a half which he remained at Göttingen, various literary and poetical projects started up in his brain, some of which he partly executed. One of these was a novel to be called the 'Rabbi von Bacharach,' of which he never completed more than a fragment; another resulted in the first part of the 'Reisebilder.' The first part in the 'Reisebilder' was the product of a vacation journey, which he took on foot in September 1824, in the Hartz Mountains; and which, with the exception of a flying visit to Berlin, was the only break in his residence at Göttingen up to July 1825.

Had it not been for the pressure put upon Heine by the old banker at Hamburg, he would probably have delayed his final examination for some time longer. His fears of a break-down through his own inefficiency were excessive. However, in the spring of 1825 he sent, according to custom, his *litera petitoria* in Latin, asking for admission to the examination for a doctor's degree, and addressed to Professor Hugo—for the dreadful Hugo was, after all, examiner in chief. Besides this *litera petitoria*, there was a further letter

of announcement in German to be addressed to the faculty; and the conclusion of it betrays Heine's fears about the issue, by a modest appeal intended to mitigate the rigour of his judges: 'Although I, in the six years which I have devoted to my studies, have always kept close to the juridical faculty, yet it was never my intention to follow the science of law exclusively as the only means of living; much rather did I seek to cultivate my spirit and heart scientifically in the humane studies. Nevertheless, in this way I was gratified with no very successful issue, since I neglected many most useful preparatory studies, and applied myself with too great preference to philosophy, Eastern literature, the German literature of the middle ages, and the *belles lettres* of modern nations. In Göttingen I occupied myself especially with jurisprudence; but a persistent headache, which has afflicted me for two years, was always a great impediment to my progress, and has been the cause that my knowledge does not equal my industry and my zeal. Therefore, high and well born, *Herr Dean* and highly renowned members of this highly praised faculty, I place my trust in your indulgence, of which I promise to prove myself, by the greatest intellectual exertion, not unworthy in future.' That Heine's fears were not wholly without grounds, is shown by the fact that he took only a third class. However, the great thing for him was to have done with his examination in any wise. The examination was held on May 3, 1825, and he was admitted to a doctor's degree on July 20. On the day of his admission the doctorial candidate had to sustain various legal theses in Latin argument, and this Heine managed to accomplish in somewhat faulty Latinity; indeed, he made one mistake which aroused general laughter.

The much-dreaded crabbed old Hugo, in the customary address made to the young doctor on his admission, showed himself much more accessible to the charms of the Graces than Heine could possibly have imagined. The rugged old

jurist executed a series of elaborate compliments to the new doctor on his poetic achievements, and compared him with Goethe, who, he said, had likewise been distinguished both earlier and better as a poet than as a jurist, and even said that Heine's poems, in universal opinion, were placed on a line with those of Goethe. Heine could scarcely trust his ears as Hugo uttered these flattering words, and his opinion of the tough old civilian was of course immensely modified. 'And this,' writes Heine to his friend Moser, 'said the great Hugo out of the fullness of his heart; and *privatim* said he also a good deal that was nice as we went for a ride in the evening, and he invited me to supper. I find, therefore, that Gans is wrong when he speaks slightingly of Hugo. *Hugo is one of the greatest men of our country.*'

As Professor Hugo—like the pretty Lottchen—now disappears from our history, we cannot allow him to depart without a friendly greeting. Both he and Lottchen came out well as occasion offered respecting the subject of this history.

But between his admission to his doctor's degree and his examination he had undergone an ordeal, the most terrible, perhaps, which a man can undergo, even if it is accomplished in good faith. He had changed his profession of faith, and been baptized as a Protestant on June 28, 1825, in the little Prussian town of Heiligenstadt, a few miles from Göttingen, in the house of a clergyman of the place, and changed his forename of Harry for those of Christian Johann Heinrich. The ceremony was strictly private, and his godfather was a clergyman, as well as his baptizer, who was named Karl Friedrich Bonitz: Heine's object in choosing a clergyman also for godfather appears to have been to throw upon the ministers of the Church all the odium of instrumentality in an unwilling conversion.

This, the gravest act in Heine's life, offers of course matter

for the most serious reflections. In the case of ordinary men of the world, a Jew might undergo baptism, a Protestant become Catholic, or a Catholic become Protestant, for worldly advantage—and the world would overlook the proceeding as rather meritorious than otherwise, provided it were successful; but in the case of a poet like Heine, of whom the world is generous enough to accept all it can get on the most cruel terms, the world takes upon itself to be inquisitive, hypercritical, and hypocritical. It must then be conceded that religious conviction had nothing to do with Heine's conversion; that he changed his faith simply with the hope of bettering his chance to obtain that daily bread which the intolerance of the Prussian Government and of society denied to him. He was no longer orthodox as a Jew; but he found it impossible to get rid of the brand of the Pariah unless he went through the ceremony of baptism. With the exception of the calling of a Jewish trader or schoolmaster, there was no other outlet for him in Germany. Why not, it may be said, have followed up his project of going to France or America? As to America, the career offered then for a German poet and *litterateur* was not very attractive, nor was it likely to be successful. Lenau and other German poets, weary of the miserable outlook which German society offered them, did try it and gave it up in despair; and, as will be seen, Heine *did* consider the project, only to dismiss it from his thoughts. He might, as he did later, have tried France, where wit and genius find a second country often better than the first; but it is not so easy at first to make up your mind 'to carry your country on the soles of your feet,' as Danton expressed it. He and his friends, moreover, had been in communication with persons high in office in Germany—the Minister of Worship and Education in Prussia, amongst others—and strong hopes were held out to him of a Government appointment or a professorate in case of his conversion. The example of Gans and others had proved to him that no hope

remained without this formality, and thus he determined to undergo it; but his letters give evidence of the awful struggle which was going on within him both before and after this event, and the bitterness with which his heart was filled; and the sacrifice which he then underwent was all the more painful in the retrospect, inasmuch as it was utterly useless; and the independence which he aimed at so achieving did not come a whit the nearer to him in consequence. He was doomed to dependence on his rich uncle and his rich relatives for the term of his life. This dependency continued ever to be a source of vexation; and at the death of Solomon Heine, when the fortune of the latter passed into the hands of his avaricious kinsfolk, it became anew a subject of long and exasperating contention, which aggravated all the memories of the miseries of the past and accelerated his disease and death. Yet without such dependence existence for Heine would have been impossible. The whole action of society was hostile to him not only as a Jew but as a poet and an author, to prevent him from getting such reward for his intelligence and his industry as would enable him duly to exercise his talents.

This act of baptism on Heine's part was then a mistake even so far as an expediency is concerned, while from a higher point of view it deserves of course a much worse qualification. To repeat the proverb, *noblesse oblige*; and as genius is the highest nobility, it is revolting to see a man of genius adopt the same lax rules of conscience which are conceded to ordinary worldlings and adventurers. There was nothing in Heine's circumstances to render the step imperative, however useful it might promise to be. He might, in spite of Danton's saying, even at that time have migrated to France, as he was obliged to do later; and in France his Jewish descent would not have presented the slightest disadvantage. As it was, he humiliated himself in the eyes of the world, and in his own eyes, to no purpose. It was, moreover, an error of

judgment, which never in the slightest degree conciliated the rancour of his enemies among Christians, for whom he always remained the 'Jew;' while of course all the most severe or most bigoted members of the Jewish community regarded him as an apostate.

However, as we have said, there can be little doubt that from the time of Heine's entering on a University career the step of his going over to Christianity had been regarded as a necessary incident to the choice of a liberal career by himself and his relatives. Nearly four years before his baptism he wrote to Wohlwill, a friend of his own creed, 'I too have not the strength to wear a beard and to let people call "Judenmauschel" after me, and to fast.' Two years before the event he wrote to Moser, 'As you may imagine, the act of baptism is very often the matter of conversation. None of my family see any objection to it except myself. And this "myself" has a very wilful nature. From my way of thinking you can well imagine that with me baptism is an indifferent affair. I do not regard it, even symbolically, of importance, and I will devote myself all the more to the conquest of the rights of the unhappy members of our race. Yet, I hold it a stain upon my worth and my honour if I, in order to obtain an office in Prussia, should allow myself to be baptized—In beloved Prussia!!! I do not know how I can help myself out of my painful condition. I shall become out of vexation a Catholic, and then hang myself. We live in a sorrowful time, when rogues give themselves the airs of good men, and the good men must fain be rogues. I understand very well the words of the Psalmist, "God, give me my daily bread, that I may not revile Thy name."' In 1824, in consequence of recent changes among the ministers, he wrote to Moser for information as to the best channels of application for an appointment in Berlin; and it appears that even then he had hopes of attaining his end without undergoing abjuration: 'Your information about the changes with the

Ministry of Worship have much interested me. You can well imagine with what view. Everything is in such confusion in the German States that no one knows who is cook or who is waiter. I would like much to know to whom I could address myself with the best success in my application to the Ministry. I have already spoken with you in Berlin about it. The time is arriving when I should bring such purposes to fulfilment, and when I cannot enough recommend you to keep the thing in view.' The letters, however, which were written immediately after the baptism are pathetic in the extreme. The writer's mind was evidently for a long time in a perturbed state after submission to this moral torture. His first communication to Moser contains the words, 'I recommend to you Golowin's "Journey to Japan." Thou wilt see therein that the Japanese are the most civilised and urbane people in the world; yea, I may say a Christian people, if I had not read to my astonishment that this people holds nothing in such hatred and horror as Christianity. I will be a Japanese. They hate nothing so much as the Cross. I will be a Japanese.'

On another occasion, in writing to Moser, he speaks of Gans, who had, like himself, been recently baptized: 'I know not what to say; Cohen assures me that Gans is preaching Christianity and attempting to convert the Jews. If he is doing this out of conviction, he is a fool; if he is doing it out of hypocrisy, he is a rascal. I shall not, it is true, cease to love him; yet I confess that I had sooner heard that he had stolen silver spoons. I assure you, if the laws had allowed the stealing of silver spoons, then I would never have been baptized. Last Saturday I was in the (Jewish) Temple, and had the pleasure with my own ears to hear Dr. Solomon attack the baptized Jews; and especially was he severe on those "who, from the mere hope to get a place (*ipsissima verba*), allowed themselves to become untrue to the faith of their fathers."' In the spring of 1826 (nearly a year after

his baptism) we find the tortures of the conscience of the unwilling proselyte taking another and perhaps even more pathetic form. He looks back with regret on the days of enthusiasm of the *Verein*, when its most gifted members, with warm enthusiasm and brotherly rivalry, were looking forward to the redemption of their race by the pure force of spiritual aspiration. 'That was a good time when "Ratcliff" and "Almansor" were published by Dümmler; and you, dear Moser, selected the best passages for praise, and wrapped yourself in your cloak, and spoke pathetically, like the Marquis Posa. It was then winter, and the thermometer was fallen to Auerbach, and Dithmar was freezing, in spite of his nankeen breeches; and yet it seems to me that it was warmer than it is to-day on the 23rd of April, when the Hamburgers are already running about with spring sentiments and bouquets of violets. Then was it much warmer. If I am not wrong, Gans was not then baptized, and made long Verein speeches, and deceived himself with the devise, "*Victrix causa Diis placuit sed victa Catoni.*" I remember me that the Psalm, "We sat by the waters of Babel," &c., was then your favourite, and that you recited it so beautifully, so nobly, so touchingly, that I would fain weep now, and not alone over the Psalm. You had then some very excellent thoughts about Judaism, on the baseness of the proselyte system, on the baseness of the Jews, who not only aimed, by means of baptism, at avoiding disagreeable things, but of getting something good in the bargain; and many more thoughts of the same kind, which you should write out on the present occasion. . . . I am glad that old Friedländer and Bendavid are old and will soon die, for we are sure of them; and the reproach cannot be cast upon our time—that it can point to no one single man of blameless life. Pardon me this ill-humour, for it is directed against myself. *I often get up in the night and stand before the glass and curse myself.* Perhaps I see my friend's soul now for such a glass.

. . . And this night I thought about what sort of a face Gans could appear with before Moses, if the latter should come suddenly upon earth? For Moses is, after all, the greatest Jurist who has ever appeared in this world, since his legislation remains even to the present day.'

'How deep-based is the mythus of the Everlasting Jew!' he writes again at another time. 'The mother relates to her children the awful legend in her cabin in some quiet nook in a forest. The little ones press themselves closer to the hearth, since night is then out of doors; the post-horn sounds, and Jewish pedlars go by to the fair at Leipzic. We who are the heroes of this tale know it not.'

In fact, no sooner had Heine undergone baptism than he began to regret it. 'Now,' he writes, January 9, 1826, 'am I hated alike by Jew and Christian. I regret deeply that I had myself baptized. I do not see what I have been the better for it since then. On the contrary, I have ever since known nothing but contrarieties and misfortunes.'

Yes, this baptismal ceremony was to be a fresh spring of bitterness in his memory and in his existence, whose waters were to well up from time to time, and scorch and lay waste the tender blossoms of fancy and impulse, as these shot forth from time to time and strove to expand in the light of day.

In the mind of the poet, however, his quality as a descendant of the Jewish race remained unimpaired, and very numerous and very striking are the passages in which he meditates on their destiny and on the part they have played in history—passages in which love and contempt predominate, or are strangely mingled, according as their constancy in suffering for two thousand years, 'as the Swiss guards of Deism,' or their obstinate narrow-mindedness, is the chief subject of contemplation. We shall have occasion, at the close of this biography, in taking note of the re-awakening of deistic faith in Heine in his later years, to

appreciate more completely his religious or irreligious tendencies. A selection of some of the passages in which he speaks of the Hebrew race will show, however, how the judgments which he passed on it varied with the various epochs of his life.

In 1829, in the sketches styled 'The Town of Lucca,' he styled them the 'people of original sin,' who came out of Egypt, the land of crocodiles and priestcraft, and brought with them, besides their skin-diseases and their stolen gold and silver vessels, a so-called positive religion, a so-called church, a scaffolding of dogmas which one must believe, and of ceremonies which one must practise, a prototype of the later state-religions. 'O this Egypt! Its fabrics defy time; its pyramids stand still irremovable; its monuments are as indestructible as ever;—and even so indestructible is that mummy-people which wanders over the earth, swathed in their primitive letter-wrappings, a petrified fragment of the world's history, a spectre which for its livelihood traffics in bills of exchange and old clothes.'

Very remarkable, and more worthy of the subject, are the reflections on the same race and their Scriptures contained in letters written in the summer of 1830, just before the French July Revolution in Heligoland—letters which were intended for publication in his 'Memoirs,' but which he inserted in his book on Börne:—

'Heligoland, July 8, 1830.

'Since yesterday was Sunday, and a leaden ennui lay on the whole island, and almost crushed my heart, I took up the Bible in desperation, and, in spite, as I confess to you, of my being a secret Hellene, the book has not only well entertained me, but also deeply edified me. What a book! Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, all are in this book. It is the

book of books—*Biblion*. The Jews may easily console themselves for having lost Jerusalem, and the Temple, and the Ark of the Covenant, and the golden vessels, and the precious things of Solomon. Such a loss is only insignificant in comparison with the Bible, the imperishable treasure which they have rescued. If I do not err, it was Mahomet who named the Jews "the People of the Book," a name which has remained theirs to the present day on the earth, and is deeply characteristic. A book is their fatherland, their treasure, their governor, their bliss, and their bane. They live within the peaceful boundaries of this book. Here do they exercise their inalienable citizen rights. Here they can neither be driven along nor despised. Here are they strong and worthy of admiration. Absorbed in the study of this book, they observed little of the changes which went on about them in the real world: nations arose and perished; states bloomed up and disappeared; revolutions stormed forth out of the soil; but they (the Jews) lay bowed down over their book and observed nothing of the wild tumult of the times which passed over their heads.

'As the prophet of the East named them "the People of the Book," so has the prophet of the West (Hegel), in his "Philosophy of History," styled them "the People of the Spirit." Already in their earliest period, as we observe in the Pentateuch, the Jews announce their preference for the abstract, and their whole religion is nothing else than an act of dialectics, whereby matter and spirit are divided, and the absolute is recognised only in the single form of spirit. What an awfully isolated position must they have had among the nations of antiquity, who, devoted as they were to most joyous nature-worships, conceived much more readily spirit under the appearances of matter, in form, and in symbol. What a terrible opposition did they form to Egypt, gaily painted and swarming with hieroglyphs; to Phœnicia, with its great pleasure-temple of Astarte; or to the fair sinner,

the sweet-scented Babylon; and, finally, to Greece, the blooming home of art!

'It is a remarkable spectacle to see how the people of the spirit gradually free themselves entirely from matter and become wholly spiritualised. Moses gave to the spirit, as it were, a material bulwark against the realistic invasions of neighbouring nations. Round about the field where he sowed the seed of the spirit he planted the stiff ceremonial law, with an egotistical nationality as a protecting thorn-hedge. But when these holy plants of the spirit had struck such deep roots and shot up so high that they could no longer be uprooted, then came Jesus Christ and tore down the ceremonial law, which had then no further useful significance. He called all the portions of the earth to a participation in the kingdom of God, which belonged before only to a single chosen people of God. He gave to all humanity the Jewish civic freedom. That was a great emancipation question which, however, was solved in far more magnanimous fashion than emancipation questions in Saxony and Hanover of the present day. Of a truth, the Redeemer also freed His brethren from the ceremonial law and from their nationality, and founded cosmopolitanism. Then He became a sacrifice to His humanity, and the town magistrate of Jerusalem had Him crucified, and the people made mockery of Him.

'But only the body was made a mock of and crucified; the spirit was ennobled, and the martyrdom of the *Triumphator*, who won for the spirit the sovereignty of the world, was an emblem of this victory; and all humanity has striven since then, *in imitationem Christi*, after mortification of the body and a supersensual dissolution into absolute spirit.

'When will harmony be again re-established? When will the world be again restored from this one-sided endeavour after spiritualisation, this insensate error by which souls as well as bodies become diseased? A great capacity for healing exists in political movements and in art. Napoleon

and Goethe have laboured with great effect—the former in that he compelled the nations to all sorts of healthy bodily movements; the latter in that he made us sensible again to the beauty of Grecian art, and created solid works which we can clasp closely like marble statues in order not to perish in the foggy sea of the Absolute Spirit.'

A passage in the Memoir of the 'Herr von Schnabelewopski' is far less reverent than the preceding. It was, however, written previously, and in a humorous production:—

'The Jews are the most loyal of Deists, especially those who, like the little Simeon (one of the characters of the tale), are born in the free city of Frankfort. These may think as republicanly as possible about political questions; yea, they may roll themselves *sans-culotte-ishly* in the dirt; but if religious opinions are put in question, then they remain the submissive servitors of their Jehovah, who won't recognise anybody of all the family any more, and has got Himself baptized to a God-pure Spirit.

'I believe this God-pure Spirit, this parvenu of heaven, who is educated now to be so moral, so cosmopolitan, so universal, nourishes a secret grudge against the poor Jews, who knew Him in His first rough estate, and who now put Him in mind daily in their synagogues of His former obscure national relations. Perhaps the ancient Herr would like not to remember any more that He was of Palestinian origin, and was once the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and was called Jehovah.'

The 'Confessions,' published in 1854, which contain his latest expressions on the subject of the Hebrew race and their history, contain also the most striking testimony he has borne to the majesty of Hebrew history. Here, speaking of Moses, he cries—

'What a giant form! I cannot figure to myself that Og, king of Basan, was any larger. How little does Sinai

appear when he stands thereon! This mountain is only the pedestal on which the feet stand of the man whose head reaches to the skies and talks with God. God forgive me the sin, but many a time it has seemed to me as though this Mosaic God was only the reflected splendour of Moses himself, to whom He is like—like in anger and like in love. It were a great sin; it were anthropomorphism, if one were to accept such an identity between God and His prophet; but the similarity is striking.

'I had not had previously any especial love for Moses, probably because the Hellenic spirit was still predominant in me, and I did not forgive the lawgiver of the Jews for his hatred of all figurativeness, of all that is plastic. I saw not how Moses, in spite of his enmity to art, yet was one of the greatest of artists, and possessed the true artist spirit. Only this artist spirit with him was, as in the case of his Egyptian compatriots, directed towards the colossal and the indestructible. But, unlike these Egyptians, he did not form his works of art out of brick and granite, but he built pyramids of men; he chiselled obelisks of men; he took a poor shepherd race and made thereof a nation which could defy centuries—a great, eternal, holy nation; a nation of God, which should serve to all the nations as an example—yea, which should serve to all humanity as a prototype: he created Israel! With greater right than the Roman poet can that artist, the son of Amram and the midwife Jochebed, boast of having raised a monument which will outlive all images of brass.

'As it was with the artificer, so was it with his handiwork, the Jews. I have never spoken of them with sufficient reverence, and that, of a truth, on account of my Hellenic *naturel*, which was opposed to Jewish asceticism. My preference for Hellas has since then decreased. I see now that the Greeks were handsome striplings. The Jews, however, were always men full of power and inflexible, not only at

that time, but even at the present day, in spite of eighteen hundred years of persecution and of misery. I have since then learned to value them better, and, if every kind of pride of birth were not a foolish contradiction in the champions of revolution and democratic principles, the writer of these pages might be proud that his ancestors belonged to the noble house of Israel, that he is a descendant of those martyrs who have given to the world one God and a moral law, and have fought and suffered in all the battle-fields of thought.

'Yea, it is the Jews whom the world has to thank for its God—that it has also to thank for His word, the Bible. They saved this out of the bankruptcy of the Roman Empire, and in the wild bullying epoch of the swarming of nations they preserved the dear book until Protestantism found it in their hands, translated it into the tongues of all nations, and diffused it over the world. This diffusion has brought forth the most beneficent points, and is going on at the present time, when the propaganda of the Bible Society is fulfilling a providential mission, which is more important, and will have in any case quite other consequences, than the pious gentlemen themselves of the British Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge imagine. . . .

'It is for the thoughtful spectator a wonderful spectacle when he beholds the countries where the Bible has exercised its formative influence on the inhabitants since the Reformation, and has impressed upon them in manners, way of thinking, and in humour that stamp of Palestinian life which is to be found both in the Old and New Testament.

'Judæa always appeared to me like a fragment of the West that had lost itself in the East. In fact, with its spiritualistic faith, its severe, chaste, even ascetic manners —in short, with its abstract intrinsicness, this country and its people always formed the most extraordinary contrast to its neighbour-lands and neighbour-nations, who, while they

served the most luxuriously gay and passionate nature-worships, revelled away their existence in one Bacchantic sensual orgy. Israel sat piously under its fig-tree, and sang the praise of the invisible God, and practised virtue and equity; while in the temples of Babel, Nineve, Sidon, and Tyre, those bloody and licentious orgies were solemnised at whose descriptions our hair still stands on end. If one thinks of this surrounding, one cannot sufficiently wonder at the former greatness of Israel. Of the love of freedom of Israel when not only in its neighbourhood, but among all the people of antiquity—even among the philosophic Greeks—slavery was justified and in full vigour, I will not make mention, in order not to compromise the Bible with the present possessors of power.'

These were the latest reflections of Heine on the story of his race. He had then, in the lonely solitude of his mattress-grave, fallen into a train of thought far more serious than those which came to him in previous years, of which many records are preserved in the detached fragments published in the volume styled 'Latest Poems and Thoughts,' and published in 1819, with some of which we conclude the chapter:—'The Jews were the only individuals who preserved their spiritual freedom in the Christianisation of Europe.'

'The Jewish history is beautiful, but the later Jews injure the old, whom one would set far above the Greeks and Romans. I think, if there were no more Jews, and it was known that a single example of this race existed anywhere, people would travel a hundred leagues to see it and to shake hands; and now people turn out of our way!'

'The story of the later Jews is tragic, and, if one wrote a tragedy on the subject, one would be laughed at, which is the most tragic reflection of all.'

'Difference of heathendom (of the Indians, Persians, &c.) from Judaism. They have all an infinite, eternal, primitive being, but this is with them in the world, with which it is

identical, and it developes itself with this out of the laws of necessity. The God of the Jews is outside the world, and creates it by an act of His free will.'

'Is the mission of the Jews over? I think so when the world's Saviour comes. Industry, labour, joy! The world's Saviour is coming by the railway: Michel (the German Hodge) is making the road; roses shall be scattered in his path.'

'The certificate of baptism is a card of admission to European culture.'

'That I became a Christian is the fault of those Saxons who changed sides suddenly at Leipzig; or else of Napoleon, who had no need to go to Russia; or else of his schoolmaster, who gave him instruction at Brienne in geography, and did not tell him that it was very cold at Moscow in winter.'

'If Montalembert became minister, and could drive me away from Paris, I would become Catholic—"*Paris vaut bien une messe.*"'

CHAPTER VIII.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

We have been occupied so much with the story of Heine's conversion (*il gran refiuto*) in the last chapter, that we failed there to speak of the progress of his literary activity and relations, the chief subject of our story of his life. The eighteen months from January 1824 to August 1825, which passed during this second residence of his at Göttingen, was one of the periods of his most rapid intellectual development, as it was during this period that he struck upon that peculiar humoristic vein in prose which forms one of his chief characteristics. In spite of the horror and *ennui* with which the renewal of acquaintance with Göttingen affected him at the commencement of his residence—his first letter being dated '*O weh*, Göttingen'—the isolation and study which were here enforced upon him had, no doubt, much influence in fixing his individuality. Among the professors, with the exception of Eichhorn, Sartorius, and Dr. Donsdorf, he had few friends. His brother Maximilian tells a story of his having been invited to tea to Professor Hugo's, and of his devouring maliciously all the thin slices of bread and butter provided for the guests, and of his consequently not being invited again. But Maximilian tells a great many apocryphal stories, some of which are much more suited to the character of a fast medical student, such as he was

himself, than to that of his brother, who, at all events, had the manners of decent society.

Among his fellow-students he had no intimate friendships, though in his quality of 'alter Bursch' he was constrained occasionally to act umpire at occasional duelling bouts, and to be present at other student meetings.

We have already mentioned his rapid visit to Berlin in March 1824. On his way there he went by Quedlenburg and Halberstadt to Magdeburg, where he halted to make personal acquaintance with Immermann, whom he considered to be the first poet of his time, and with whom he had already by correspondence formed an offensive and defensive league. His short stay in Berlin was of the pleasantest. He found there the Varnhagens; Robert and his wife Frederika, whose beauty he never ceased to wonder at; Moser, Zunz, Gans, and Lehmann; and the time passed flyingly there in intellectual converse, while he sipped anew the honey of admiration which a series of poems, comprised later in the cycle of the 'Heimkehr,' and composed in the past autumn, lately published in the 'Gesellschafter,' had ensured in the literary circles of Berlin.

Shortly after his return to Göttingen news reached him of the decease of Lord Byron at Missolonghi, on April 19, 1824. Heine had, as we have seen, studied Byron, and even translated from him several fragments. He had, moreover, by some of his friends been dubbed the German Byron, which reminds one naturally of Klopstock being styled the German Milton. It is curious, therefore, to read, so far as we can, how the news of the great poet's decease affected his younger and German poetical kinsman. 'The death of Byron,' he writes, 'has for the rest very much affected me. He was the only man to whom I felt myself related, and we may well have had a good deal of resemblance in many things. Joke about this as much as you will. I read him seldom of late years. One carries on intercourse by

preference with men whose character is different from our own. I have, however, always got on comfortably with Byron, as with a fully equal comrade. With Shakespeare I cannot feel at my ease: I am too fully aware that I am not his equal. He is the all-powerful minister, and I am only a privy councillor, and I feel as if he could degrade me at any instant.'

Modest enough as regards Shakespeare, but as regards Byron——!

Heine's principal literary occupation during the hours which he could steal from his juristical studies in the remaining part of the spring and the summer of 1824 was employed in the commencement of a novel styled 'Rabbi von Bacharach,' a fragment of which only was completed.

The 'Rabbi von Bacharach' was intended to be a typical romance, personifying the two thousand years of persecution and sufferings of the Jewish race. Its scene was laid at Bacharach and at Frankfort in the fifteenth century; and Heine, to prepare himself for its execution, buried himself deep in all kinds of mediæval Jewish chronicles and histories. One could imagine, if he had not left it on record, what peculiar feelings would have been excited in him by such studies—indeed, in almost every page he had to sup full of horrors. Yet, as he read, the tragic spirit of Jewish story disclosed itself to him. We have already seen how he had sent to Moser for Basnage's 'History of the Jews.' And the work of Basnage was but a small portion of the erudition of which he made himself master, from Benjamin of Tridela downwards; and Moser, with the help of his learned friends among the Jews at Berlin, kept on sending to Göttingen a stream of Rabbinical lore, which Heine worked up into his story. The learned Zunz especially here was of assistance to him, and Heine was flattering himself that he was going to write a book which should be regarded as a source of authority for all the Zunzes of future ages. It seems strange, and yet it was but natural, that after Moser had taken such

interest in the production of the romance, it should be chiefly owing to his advice that Heine abandoned its continuance: and yet so it was. Moser, who we know was the soul of disinterestedness, so as to be styled the Marquis of Posa among his friends, had come to the conclusion that, having regard to the unfavourable state of public opinion at that time towards the Jews, and having regard also to Heine's recent adoption of Christianity, the publication of a story pourtraying the secular oppression of the race in Christendom in such tragic and passionate fashion would have a prejudicial effect on his poetical fame. Moser was doubtless right; yet Heine must have had some pain in suppressing a work to which he had already devoted much time, and which he felt he had so far successfully achieved. He ceased, however, to continue it, and the fragment then finished only saw the light in 1840, when it was published in the fourth volume of the 'Salon.'

The story of the 'Rabbi von Bacharach,' so far as it is completed, certainly justifies the high opinion in which it was held by Heine himself. The opening of the tale is extremely well managed, and the colour of time and place is vivid, and makes an admirable background to the figures, which stand out from it in objective relief. The author spares us all reflections; these, however, spring up naturally in the mind during the narration of the story; and the horror of the opening tragedy, the massacre of the Jews of Bacharach, is suggested rather than told, and that in the most powerful fashion. Thus, in a graphic sketch of the general condition of the Jews in the mediæval times, the reader has recalled forcibly to mind the danger which the community ran in those ages during the celebration of the feast of the Passover, when their enemies were enabled to fall on them as they were gathered together, and when the populace were excited to their slaughter by the device of conveying dead infants into the houses of the Jews, which the unfortunate

Israelites were subsequently accused of having murdered. The mind of the reader is then already prepared by this narration, when the Paschal feast takes place in the house of the Rabbi, in the midst of his kindred; and during the celebration two strangers appear and ask, as members of the race of Israel, to be allowed to join the festival. A little later the Rabbi by chance looks under the table, and his wife immediately sees his features convulse and contract in a horrible way, and his lips turn white. He recovers himself, however, and goes on with the prayers; and then, in the midst of a pause in the ceremony, giving his wife a sign to follow him, he finds occasion to slip out of doors, and, as soon as he is joined by his companion, tells her that he has seen under the table a dead infant—evidently placed there furtively by the two strangers. She understands the sign of the coming doom, and then, without a murmur, follows her husband in flight along the banks of the Rhine, until they meet with a boatman who takes them to Frankfort. On arriving at Frankfort, the Rabbi goes to the synagogue to return thanks for his delivery. And here too the extent and horror of the romance are again finely suggested as Sara, his wife, sinks in a swoon when she hears her husband's prayer of thanksgiving pass into the murmur of the prayer for the dead.

The fragment of the novel, however, spite of undeniable literary excellences which show it not to be unworthy of the labour which Heine bestowed upon it, is too small to enable us to judge of what success it would have had as a whole. As yet there is *nothing* like even the commencement of a plot, and it may be doubted whether the same degree of interest could have been sustained in a continuation of the story.

It is curious to remark, in connection with this fragment, that at this period, when Heine was on the point of conversion, the same detestation of the religion of renunciation is

made to be expressed by the lips of a converted Jew, in the piece 'Don Isaac Abarbanel,' as was expressed by those of Almanzor. In spite of his seeming conversion, Abarbanel boasts that he is in secret a heathen. 'I am a heathen,' he says proudly, 'and even so hateful to me are the dry, joyless Hebrews as the sorrowful, self-tormenting Nazarenes. Our dear lady of Sidon, the holy Astarte, may pardon me for kneeling and praying to the sorrow-laden mother of the Crucified; only my knee and my tongue do homage to death; my heart remains true to life.'

We read of various other literary projects entertained by Heine, but which were even more abortive than the 'Rabbi von Bacharach.' We read especially of another novel in the stocks, of a new 'Faust' tragedy; and we know that he spent some time over the composition of those memoirs, at which he continued to work all his life, and on which he based his greatest expectations of future fame, and which came later into the hands of his brother Gustave Heine, and were sold by him to the Imperial Library at Vienna; so that Heine's memoirs run a chance of being as entirely suppressed as were those of Byron.

But the pleasantest break to the life of the pedantic monotony of Göttingen was afforded by the journey on foot for four weeks through the Harz Mountains and Thuringia, which he undertook in September 1824. The opening poem of the 'Reisebilder' gives us a glimpse of the exultation with which the poet rushes at the opportunity of escaping from the artificial tameness and sameness of the society of Göttingen, and of inhaling the free air of the pine forests, and tasting of the exhilarating liberty of the mountaineer:—

Sleek black coats and silken stockings,
Ruffles white and courtly vest,
Soft fine speeches and embracings,
But no heart within the breast.

Not a heart in breast, no living
Loving warmth where warmth should be;
Oh, they kill me with their lying
Ditties of love's agony.

To the hill-tops will I clamber,
Where the pious hill-men dwell,
Where the breast expands in freedom,
And the airs in freedom swell.

To the hill-tops will I clamber,
Where the pine tree towers on high,
Where the bird sings to the torrent,
And the wild clouds proudly fly.

Fare ye well, ye fine kept *salons*,
Lords and ladies fair, adieu;
To the hill-tops will I clamber,
And in glee look down on you.

In a letter to Moser on October 25, 1824, Heine speaks thus of the invigorating results which the journey had had upon him, and also of his commencement of the 'Reisebilder': 'It was very salutary for me, and I feel myself much strengthened by the journey. I have wandered on foot over the whole Harz district, and for the most part alone; over fair mountains, through pine forests and valleys, have I travelled, and again breathed freely. I came back over Eisleben, Halle, Jena, Weimar, Erfurt, Gotha, Eisenach, and Cassel, and always on foot. I have experienced much that is fine and pleasant, and, if jurisprudence had not come along with me and haunted me everywhere like a ghost, I should have found the world very fair. . . . I had much to tell you of the Harz journey, but I have already begun to write it down, and shall send it this winter to Gubitz, the editor of the "Gesellschafter." There will be verses therein which will please you, fine noble feelings and such sweepings of the sentiments. What can one do? Truly to play continual opposition to the worn-out and customary is a thankless

affair. . . . I was at Weimar, and good beer is to be got there. Delightful is it that I found a theologian on the top of the Harz Mountains who had dragged my *Tragedies* up there with him in order to consider them at his leisure and pleasure in the intervals of his journey. Such queer things happen to me daily—sometimes flattering, often, however, humiliating—on my journey; and in this place, too, I find my little poems have made their way in a wonderful fashion. I was in Weimar. The roast geese are good there. Also was I in Halle, Jena, Erfurt, Gotha, Eisenach, and Kassel —long stretches, and always on foot, in my sorry brown, threadbare overcoat. The beer in Weimar is good, but more on that point. I hope to see you next spring, and to embrace you, and to plague you, and to enjoy you.'

The reader will not have failed to perceive how Heine in this letter returns again and again to his visit to Weimar, and maliciously praises its beer and roast geese, and makes no mention of Goethe, the Olympian divinity of the place, whom strangers came from all parts of the world to see. This naturally excited Moser's curiosity, who enquired several times of his young friend if he had really gone through Weimar without paying a visit to Goethe. It was some months before Heine would confess to having paid a visit to the Weimarian Jupiter, and this he did at length as follows: 'That I have written to you nothing of Goethe, and how I had an interview with him at Weimar, and how he said to me much that was friendly and condescending, therein have you lost nothing. He is only the building wherein the noble tree flourished, and that it was which interested me therein. He has excited a compassionate feeling within me, and he is become dearer to me since I felt compassion for him. At the bottom, however, I find in Goethe two natures, which must be mutually repulsive in their heterogeneity. He has been from his first start in life a man of the world, to whom the enjoyment of life is the

highest, who yet can feel and have a glimpse of life from and in the Idea (i.e. idealistic life), but has never deeply comprehended it, and yet less lived for it. I, on the other hand, am by nature an enthusiast, that is, inspired for the sacrifice of the Idea, and ever impelled to sink myself therein. Yet, nevertheless, I have a true sense of the enjoyment of life, and have found pleasure therein; and now is there a great contest in me between the lucid faculty of reason, on the one side, which approves of all the pleasures of life and declares all self-sacrificing enthusiasm to be something foolish, and between my enthusiastic tendencies on the other, which shoot up often all of a sudden and seize hold of me with power, and then perhaps snatch me down again, if it is not better to say "snatch me up," into their primæval empire, since it is yet the great question whether the enthusiast who sacrifices his life for the Idea does not live more and happier in one moment than Herr von Goethe in all the seventy-six years of his egotistic comfortable existence.' However presumptuous these words may appear to be as the judgment passed by a young man of twenty-five on the Weimarian sage of seventy-six, yet they are in the main true—there was a radical difference between the two poets, which no art or ingenuity of politeness could ever wholly smooth over. Goethe, on his side too, was equally conscious that there was repulsion and no attraction between their two natures; but the defect which he signalises in Heine's nature is, strange to say, very nearly the same which Heine had pointed out in his. 'It is not to be denied,' said Goethe, 'that he possesses many brilliant qualities, but he lacks love. He loves his readers and his fellow-poets as little as himself. And thus the saying of the apostle can be applied to him, "And though I talked with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not 'love,' so were I as sounding brass or as a tinkling cymbal."' The apostle did not say 'love,' but 'charity,' for which, singularly enough, they possess no name in Germany, and which certainly they have no less occasion to use there than

elsewhere. But letting this pass, this saying is perhaps the most pharisaical ever uttered by the old heathen of Weimar. To find Goethe accusing Heine of a lack of love in his composition is really amusing—Goethe, who seems from the beginning of his career to have consented to have entered into partnership with humanity on the 'limited liability' principle, and to have kept clear through life of all unpleasant emotions which could disturb the calm order and Olympian serenity of his existence; Goethe, to whom poetry had become something completely objective as a Grecian statue —something outside himself, at which he could chisel at his leisure without in the least interfering with the equability of his emotions; Goethe, who at the crisis of the most serious passion of his life, that for Lili, when her non-appearance at a country party was a token that the match was broken off, sat down and wrote a comedy with the title 'She comes not;' Goethe, who had so completely disentangled himself from all sympathy with his fellows that neither patriotism nor any of the deepest passions and hopes of humanity were capable of distracting him from his osteological and physiological investigations; Goethe, who by his impassibility, when the news of the Parisian Revolution of July electrified all Europe, had even stupefied his own Boswell, Eckermann.

The story is instructive. Goethe cried to Eckermann as he entered his room on the morning after the news of the Revolution of July had reached Weimar, 'You see the volcano has burst at last!' Eckermann naturally thought his divinity referred to the Revolution, the news of which was agitating the whole civilised world, and began to reply accordingly. 'Mein Bester,' said Goethe, 'what are you thinking about? I am speaking of the last meeting of the *Académie des Sciences*, where Geoffrey de Saint Hilaire spoke in favour of my transformation theory.'

No, this accusation of the stately mundane philosopher

and poet, Herr von Goethe, is a sublime bit of hypocrisy on the part of a man whose lines had fallen in pleasant places in life from the commencement of his career, who had never known the anguish, and the fever, and the fret from which the poor Israelitish outcast was never free at any period of his life. For Heine, alas! besides never being in circumstances conducive to inward calm, possessed a nature as passionate and impulsive as that of Goethe's was icy and deliberate, and spent his heart's blood on his loves and his scorns, which latter indeed were but the revulsions of the former in a state of disappointment. Heine has, in the letter given above, pointed out pretty clearly the difference of the two natures. Heine was no saint—far from it; but even in the matter of worldly enjoyment his life was assuredly carried on on more generous, and perhaps even on more moral, principles than those of Goethe. With Goethe the aim of life was to live self-centred, surrounded with worldly comfort and social ease, in a sort of æsthetic and scientific happy valley; and he husbanded even his sensual enjoyments with the most watchful care. He shunned in these all intensity, and cultivated their steady, calm duration. He regarded his body, his palate, and nerves as a kind of savings bank, out of which he should draw later the reward of an unremitting prudence. And Herr von Goethe did make his body last a long while: he lived to the age of eighty-six, and enjoyed life to the last. While poor Heine dashed as impetuously into pleasure as he did into everything else, carried away by the rapture of living and the intense joy of enjoyment; and gave himself wholly up without reserve, body and soul, to the impulse of the moment—Goethe was never wholly the man of pleasure, never wholly the poet or the man of science. He was Goethe, in respect of whose personality all things, human and divine, were of inferior moment. Heine, in his essay on the 'Romantic School,' gives, however, another account of this interview with Goethe at Weimar, evincing that he had not stood

in the presence of the old heathen without feeling some of the awe natural to a young writer on finding himself in the presence of the Nestor of German poets : 'Truly when I visited him at Weimar, and stood in front of him, I looked involuntarily to one side, expecting to see the eagle there with the thunderbolt in its beak. I was on the point of speaking Greek to him, but I observed that he spoke German; so I told him in German that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar had a very fine taste. I had during so many winter nights lay thinking and thinking what magnificent and profound things I should say to Goethe when I should see him; and when at last I saw him, I said to him the Saxon plums had a very fine taste; and Goethe smiled. He smiled with the same lips with which he once had kissed the beautiful Leda, Europa, Danäe, Semele, and many other princesses and commonplace nymphs to boot."

The 'Harzreise,' as published in the 'Reisebilder,' is but a fragment, and confined to Heine's wanderings in the 'Oberharz;' another portion was to contain the 'Unterharz;' but, like many of Heine's literary projects, was never accomplished. In the 'Harzreise' there is no allusion whatever to the visit to Goethe at Weimar; neither is there any to his visit to the Wartburg, where we learn from his book on Börne that he visited the cell in which Luther was confined, and also the armoury of the Castle, which latter visit he turns into a humorous episode.

'I visited the armoury there,' he writes of Wartburg, 'where the old suits of armour hang on the wall—the old headpieces, helmets, halberds, two-handed swords, the iron wardrobe of the middle ages. I wandered round the hall with a university friend, a cadet of a noble house, whose father was one of the most powerful duodecimo princes in our neighbourhood, and beneath whose rule the whole land trembled. His forefathers had been mighty barons, and the

young man revelled in heraldic reminiscences and in the sight of some armour and weapons, which, as a ticket attached thereto informed us, had belonged to a knight of his family. When he had reached down the long sword of his grandfather from its hook, and essayed, out of curiosity, whether he could wield it, he confessed that it was somewhat too heavy for him, and let his arm fall in despair. When I saw this, when I saw how the arm of the grandson was too weak to wield the sword of his fathers, then thought I quietly within myself, "Germany may be free."'

Immediately after his return to Göttingen, Heine began, as we have seen by his letter to Moser, to write down his impressions of his Harz journey; and already, by the end of November, he had made the first draft of the sketch. It underwent, however, a good many alterations before it took its final form. He offered it at first to Frederika Robert as a contribution to a sort of keepsake book called the 'Rhine-Blossoms,' which she was proposing to bring out. The 'Rhine-Blossoms,' however, failed to appear; so Heine returned to his original idea of publishing his prose in the 'Gesellschafter.' But this change involved the delay of a year, and when it appeared in the 'Gesellschafter,' was almost immediately re-published in the collection of sketches, in prose and poetry, which formed the first volume of the 'Reisebilder.' Heine's opinion of this his first prose work was not at first very favourable. He does not seem to have seen that he had struck on a new vein. The portions of the sketch which pleased him most were the poems; and in this he was not wrong, for some of the poems of the 'Reisebilder' are of an entirely new character, with a charming naturalness and freshness of conception. Heine a year later, however, took a more just view of his production. He writes, 'The prettiest thing which I have written of late is a description of a Harz journey which I made last autumn, a medley description of nature—wit, poetry, and

Washington-Irving observation.' 'The verses,' he writes, 'in my Harz journey are quite of a new kind, and wonderfully pretty. However, one may be wrong.'

The 'Harzreise' in its present form opens with a humorous description of Göttingen, which may be read with curiosity as rendering the last impression which Heine retained of pedantic *Georgia Augusta*: 'The town of Göttingen, renowned for its sausages and university, belongs to the kings of Hanover, and contains 999 fire-stoves, several churches, a lying-in establishment, an observatory, a jail, a public library, and a town-cellar, where the beer is very good. The stream which flows through it is called the Leine, and is used in summer for bathing, and in many places so broad that it requires a long run to jump over it. The town is very beautiful, and pleases you most when you regard it with your shoulders. It must have existed a long time, for I remember five years ago, when I was matriculated there, and was shortly after rusticated, it had the same grey old worn look, and was already fully provided with rattles, poodles, dissertations, *Thédansants*, washerwomen, *compendia*, roast pigeons, orders of the Guelf, state carriages, pipe-bowls, court councillors, and law councillors, &c.

'Some are even of opinion that the town was built at the time of the Aryan emigration, and that every German race left there an unbound copy of its members, and that from these came the Vandals, Frisians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, and the rest, who troop to-day in hordes over the Weenderstrasse in Göttingen, distinguished by the colour of their caps and their pipe-tassels, ever fighting together in the bloody field of combat of the Rasen-mill, of Ritschenkrug, and Bovden's, live much after the same way as the first Teutonic invaders, and are partly governed by their chiefs, called headcocks (*haupthähne*), partly by their book of laws, styled the *Comment*, which deserves a place *in legibus barbarorum*.

'The inhabitants of Göttingen are in general divided into students, professors, Philistines, and animals, which four classes are not distinctly separated. The animal class is the most important. To recount the names of all the students and all the regular and irregular professors here would tend to prolixity. Besides, at this minute I do not remember the names of all the students, and among the professors are many who have no name at all. The number of the Göttingen Philistines must be as great as sand, or, better expressed, as mud in the sea. Truly, when I saw them of a morning, with their dirty faces and white bills planted before the gates of the academical court, I could hardly conceive how such a pack of ragamuffins came to be created.

'Further particulars about the town of Göttingen may be read to advantage in the topographical guide of K. F. H. Marx. Although I cherish the holiest of obligations to the author of the work, who was my doctor, and showed me much kindness, yet I cannot recommend his work without restriction, and I have especial fault to find with him that he has not sufficiently refuted the false conception that the ladies of Göttingen have large feet. Yes, I have busied myself from year's end to year's end with the earnest confutation of this opinion; and I have to this end attended lectures on comparative anatomy, made extracts from the rarest works in the library, studied for hours at a time the feet of the ladies who pass over the Weenderstrasse, and in the profound treatise which will contain the results of these studies, I speak (1) of feet generally, (2) of the feet of the ancients, (3) of the feet of elephants, (4) of the feet of the ladies of Göttingen, (5) I collect together all the remarks I have heard about these feet in the music gardens, (6) I regard these feet in relation to their proper bodies, (7) if I can get paper of sufficient size, I will add thereto some copper-plate engravings, with portraits, life-size, of the ladies' feet of Göttingen.'

One can well imagine what attention such a style

would excite when contrasted with the ponderous elephantine phrases of ordinary German prose; and scores of readers felt as happy in the perusal of these sketches as Heine did himself when, arrayed in his student's cap, and an old brown overcoat, well known to his friends, with a knapsack strapped on his back, he escaped from the dull haunts of pedantry and formalism, the ghostly reminiscences of whose legal horrors, however, continued to haunt his slumbers for a while.

'It was very early when I left Göttingen, and the learned Professor * * * lay for certain still in bed, and dreamed, as usual, that he wandered in a beautiful garden, in whose flower beds grew white little strips of paper, with quotations written upon them, which glittered lovably in the sunlight, and of which he plucked several here and there, and then planted them anew in a fresh bed; while the nightingale delighted his old heart with the sweetest of tones.

'In front of the Weender gate two little schoolboys met me, of whom one said to the other, "I will not walk with Theodore any more; he is a low fellow, for yesterday he did not know the genitive of *mensa*." However unimportant these words appear, yet I have a purpose in repeating them—yes, I would even have them inscribed as the motto on the gate of the town; for as the old pipe here, so do the young, and these words characterise the pedantic pride of the profoundly learned *Georgia Augusta*.

'A fresh morning breeze waved on the road, and the birds sang quite merrily; and gradually I too grew again fresh and merry in spirit. I had need of such a recreation. For some time I had not quitted the sty of the Pandects; Roman casuists had spun my spirit even into a grey spider's web of casuistry; my heart had been as though cramped up in the iron paragraphs of selfish law systems, which rang continually in my ears, as "Tribonian, Justinian, and Hermogenian and Dummerjahn;" and a pair of lovers who sat under a tree seemed to me to be an edition of the *Corpus*

Juris with clasped hands. Towards the country it began to be more cheerful. Milk-maidens came along, also donkey drivers with their grey pupils. Beyond Weende I met the Shepherd and Doris. This is not the idyllic pair of whom Gessner sings in his poem, for they are the University beadles, who must watch carefully that no students fight duels in Booden, and that no new Ideas, which are always kept for a few decades in quarantine before the gates of Göttingen, are smuggled in by a speculative private tutor. The Shepherd greeted me like a comrade, for he also is an author, and has often made mention of me in his half-yearly reports; and, moreover, he has had often to summon me, and when he did not find me at home, he was also so good as to write the summons with chalk on the door of my room. From time to time a one-horse coach rolled by, well packed with students, who were travelling away for the holidays or for good.

'In a University town there is a constant coming and going. Every three years there is a new generation of students: it is a continual human stream, where one six-months' wave drives out the other; the professors alone remain fixed immovably firm in this general motion, like the pyramids of Egypt, only in these University pyramids there is no concealed wisdom.'

However joyous Heine may have been to get quit of Göttingen for a time, where the very viands seemed to him to taste of parchment, phantasmagoric visions of legal horrors beset his pillow from time to time—indeed he had not passed through his examination yet,—and his account of the phantasmagoric visions which he had on the first night of his travels is highly characteristic of his style and fancy; his description of his taking refuge at the foot of the statue of the Venus de Medici from the persecution of the legal spectres of his dream, is a curious and prophetic prototype of that pathetic picture which he drew of him-

self in later years, as tottering in adoration to the base of the peerless Venus of Milo in the Louvre, on the last occasion on which he was able to walk abroad, and before he was nailed, like a new Prometheus, to a bed of pain. The last visit of ceremony which the poet made in this life was to the master-work of beauty of Grecian art—showing himself thus, from first to last, a faithful devotee to the old Hellenic worship of divine beauty.

'In my dream I was already back in Göttingen, and in the library there. I stood in a corner of the juristical hall, rummaging in old dissertations, and had buried myself in study; and as I paused for a moment, I remarked to my astonishment that it was night, and that chandeliers of crystal illuminated the hall. A church clock close by struck twelve; the hall doors opened themselves slowly, and there stepped therein a haughty, gigantic lady, accompanied respectfully by the members and associates of the juristical faculty. This gigantesque woman, although already advanced in years, had in her countenance traits of decided beauty; every look betrayed the lofty Titaness, the mighty Themis: she held sword and balance negligently together in one hand; in the other she held a parchment roll. Two young doctors bore the train of her faded grey garment, and on her right side hopped distractedly hither and thither the lean privy councillor, Rusticus, the Lycurgus of Hanover, and declaimed out of his new code project; on her right side limped along her gallant and well-pleased *cavaliere servente*, the privy law councillor Cujacius, Professor Hugo (nicknamed "der alte Cujaz" by the students, after the celebrated French jurist Cujacius), and cut ever and anon juridical jokes, and laughed at them so heartily, that the severe goddess herself leaned down towards him and struck him on the shoulder with her parchment roll, and whispered in a friendly tone, "Little sly rogue, who cuts the trees down from the top" (an allusion to a pedantic dispute which Professor Hugo

had with one Professor Thibant of Heidelberg on the Interdict *de arboribus cædendis ne luminibus officiatur*, in the Roman Law of Easements, as to the right way of cutting trees according to the edict. Professor Hugo had a series of stock jokes, with which he interpolated his lectures, to which Heine also alludes). Every one of the rest of the worthies stept up close from time to time, and had some observation or joke to make about some new little system which he had just dug out of his brain, or some little mortgage crotchet, or some similar monstrous little abortion of his own invention. Through the open hall door more and more strange worthies came flocking in, who gave themselves out to be the other great men of the illustrious order, for the most part angular, cautious-looking fellows, who with broad self-satisfaction began defining and distinguishing and disputing over every little tittle of a Pandect title. And ever and anon fresh forms came flocking in, old law pundits in old-fashioned raiment, with white broad-bottomed wigs and long-forgotten faces, and were much astonished that they the great wonders of the past century did not attract more attention; and these now took part in their own fashion in the universal prattling and screaming and crying which, like the roaring of the sea, surrounded the lofty goddess in a more and more confused and noisy fashion, until she lost all patience, and cried out in a tone of the most awful giant sorrow, "Silence! silence! I hear the voice of Prometheus, the beloved. Scoffing strength, and dumb power, have bound the guiltless one to the rock of martyrdom, and all your prattling and contentions cannot cool his wounds or break his fetters." So called the goddess, and torrents of tears burst from her eyes. The whole assembly howled as though seized with the anguish of death, the roof of the hall cracked, the books tumbled down from their shelves; in vain the old Münchausen (the founder of the University) stept down out of the frame of his picture to call them to order, there was a wilder raging and

screaming—and I extricated myself from this oppressive madhouse noise, and fled into the hall of history, to that place of honour where the holy statues of the Belvedere Apollo and the Medicean Venus stand near each other; and I threw myself at the feet of the goddess of beauty: in the light of her countenance I forgot all the wild tumult from which I had escaped; my eyes drank in delight the harmony and the eternal loveliness of her most blessed body; Grecian peace passed through my soul and over my head like a heavenly blessing; Phœbus Apollo sent forth the sweetest vibrations of his lyre.'

No poet ever set forth his dislike for law in more weird and imaginative fashion; and it was vain indeed to expect that a man who could write thus about law and lawyers would ever make a lawyer himself. Heine is great in dreams of the most wild and phantastic kind; how many of them he actually passed through there is, of course, no possibility of knowing. But a sensitive, easily excited imagination such as his may be imagined to have been lightly moved to dreaming both by day and by night. The dream which we have already related of the Hexameter with five feet coming and screaming for his sixth foot, seems to have, if it is not a *contresens* to say so, the stamp of reality about it. There are various other dreams still in the 'Harzreise;' the most humorous, that of the ghost of the Doctor Saul Ascher coming to prove that there are no such things as ghosts, will be found farther on. But he had another form of legal nightmare even in the 'Harzreise,' and this was in the Blocksberg.

'At last I dreamed that I was present at the performance of a juridical opera called "Falcidia," with the text on hereditary right by Gans, and set to music by Spontini. A mad dream. The Roman forum was splendidly lighted up: Servius Asinius Göschenius sat as Prætor in his chair, and throwing his toga round him in haughty folds, poured himself forth in rattling *recitativi*. Marcius Tullius Elversus was *prima donna legitaria*; revealing all his sweet womanly

nature; he sang the love-melting Bravura air—*Quicunque civis Romanus.* Referendaries painted brick red roared out as a chorus of minors. Private tutors, clad as *genii* in flesh-coloured tights, danced an anti-Justinian ballet, and crowned with flowers the twelve tables. With thunder and lightning the aggrieved spirit of the Roman Legislation came up out of the earth: thereupon, trumpets, fountains, train of fire—*cum omni causâ.*'

However, if he was beset by such gloomy legal visions on the first night of his journey, the cheerful ring of the herd bells in the morning, and the bright sun leaping into his room, told him that he was in another world; and his spirit, he says, thawed gradually as he receded from Göttingen. So he took his morning coffee in his inn, read the inscriptions on the windows, paid his bill, buckled on his knapsack, and took to the road anew, and wended his way under and among the ruined castles of Osterode and Hardenberg and others; looking at them with romantic yearning, which broke out into song; associating on the way merrily with travelling '*Handwerksburschen,*' and singing and joking with them in their own fashion. Heine seems at this time, in the fullness of youth, to have been too fond of practical jokes; as when, on being asked by an old gentleman at a country inn for the name of an hotel suitable for himself and family, Heine gave the address of the *Hotel de Brühbach,* which was the students' slang name for the University prison; and also as when he prevented the young merchant from Frankfort, whose bedroom he shared in the Brockenhaus on the top of Blocksberg, from sleeping all night, by asking his pardon beforehand if he should disturb him, but he was he said a somnambulist, and then proceeded to lay his pistols by the side of his pillow. It is true the young Frankfort merchant had in his innocence begun a conversation by complaining that Jewish traders had no sense for the noble and beautiful, and sold English wares twenty-five per cent.

under cost price; and *then* Heine had just escaped from a German University, where the practice of jesting is not of the most refined order.

The chief part, however, of the humour and wit of the writer is directed against Philistine vulgarity, against such comfortable round-stomached individuals as the citizen of Goslar, whose portrait he has left for all time. This individual fell in with him in the mountains, and stuck to him for a space like a burr; making distressing remarks on the proofs of purpose in nature and its usefulness. The trees this individual said were green, because green was good for the eyes. To which Heine replied, 'no doubt,' and added that God had created cattle because meat-broth was a strengthening diet for man; that He had made donkeys that they might serve for human comparison; and that He had created man himself that he might eat meat-broth and not be a donkey. At which illustrations of his argument the comfortable citizen of Goslar was delighted, his visage gleamed with still greater self-content, and when to his fellow-traveller's delight he took his leave, he was quite touched.

'So long as he was with me,' continues Heine, 'all nature lost its magic; as soon as he was gone, the trees began again to speak, the sunbeams to be tuneful, and the meadow flowerets to dance, and the blue heaven embraced the green earth. Yes. I knew better. God has created man to adore the splendour of the world. Every author, however great he is, wishes his work to be praised. And in the Bible—the memoirs of God—it is expressly stated that He has created man for His praise and glory.'

One pleasant characteristic of the 'Harzreise' is the rapidity with which the writer formed relations with the simple country folk of all kinds, with miners and woodmen and their families, and with shepherd boys. The quick and simple sympathies of the poet always act on such children

of nature like a charm; in two minutes he finds himself with them on terms of frank and unsuspicious confidence, while they instinctively divine in him a simplicity of feeling akin to their own.

The sketch of the shepherd boy—the 'Hirtenknabe'—is one of the most charming things Heine has ever written, and the boy himself, as Heine saw him, will live eternally in prose and verse. What eyes of wonder, it may be imagined, would the rustic youth have opened if he had been told that this chance traveller who sat on the grass with him, partaking of his bread and cheese at the foot of the Brocken, with the calves and sheep leaping round them, was to make him immortal!

The meeting is introduced by a beautifully finished sketch of Harz scenery, instinct with a proud consciousness of the intimate sympathy of nature with the poetic sense. 'The sun rose. The mists flew away, like ghosts at the third cock-crow. I strode on up hill and down hill, and before me hovered the lovely sun, ever illumining new beauties. The spirit of the mountain favoured me visibly; he knew well that a poet fellow could recount many pretty things, and he allowed me this morning to see his Harz, as for a certainty everybody does not see it. And me, too, the Harz saw as few have seen me—in my eyelids glimmered as costly pearls as on the grasses of the vale. The morning dew of love was moist on my cheeks, the rustling pines understood me, their branches parted themselves asunder, and moved themselves up and down like dumb people, which show their joy with their hands, and in the distance it rang wonderfully full of mystery, like the chiming of bells of a lost forest church. They, say, however, these are the bells of the herds which are toned so lovelily, so clearly, and purely in the Harz.

'From the position of the sun it was midday, and I came on such a herd, and the herd boy, a hearty bright-haired

young man, told me that the great mountain at whose foot I was standing was the old world-renowned Brocken. For many miles round there was no house, and I was glad enough that the young man invited me to dine with him. We sat ourselves down to a *diner dinatoire*, which consisted of bread and cheese; the lambs picked up the crumbs, the dear bright calves leaped around us, and rang roguishly with their little bells, and smiled at us with their great delighted eyes. We sat at table like kings; especially did my host appear to me as a genuine king; and since he is the only king who has given me bread, so will I also sing him in kingly style:—

A blithe king is the shepherd boy,
  His throne's the mountain height,
The midday sun hangs o'er his head
  A crown of golden light.

As crowd of flatterers at his feet
  Lie sheep becross'd with red;
His nobles are the calves who stalk
  In lonely grandeur spread.

The kids and goats court actors are,
  And birds and cows combine
Court music there all day to make,
  With bells and flutings fine.

It rings and sings so pleasant so,
  Such pleasant murmurs creep
From waterfall and forest pines,
  The king he falls asleep.

And in his place as minister
  He leaves his faithful hound,
Whose growls and barks in faithful watch
  Re-echo all around.

Then sleepily the young king lisps,
  How lone is kingly state;
I would I were at home just now,
  And by my young queen sate.

My kingly head in my queen's arms,
So fair and soft it lies,
And realms and realms without a bound
Lie hid in her dear eyes.

In the same way we find Heine quickly in friendly relations with the mining people in Clausthal. 'I paid a visit to several of these people, examined their household arrangements, heard some of their songs, which they accompanied pleasantly with the guitar, their favourite instrument; made them recite me their old mountain legends and the prayers which they put up in common before they go down into the dark shaft, and many a good prayer have I prayed with them. An old miner wished that I should remain with them and be a miner, but I nevertheless took my departure; and he gave me a commission to his brother, who dwelt near Goslar, and many kisses for his dear niece.' Accordingly, after passing through the quaint old town of Goslar, we find him strolling half randomly up the village to the mountain residence of the brother of the old miner of Clausthal; and straightway he is like a prince, quite at home in the little household, and settled in the quaint old arm-chair of the family, while the mother is turning her spindle and the father is strumming his guitar. He listens to the innocent prattling of the little daughter, the niece of the old miner of Clausthal, who tells him all her secrets, and, with shudders, repeats all the legends and superstitions of the mountain; and he tells his own tales in return. Heine says somewhere that the poet's heart is the centre of the universe. At any rate, a true poet has something divine in his sympathy by which it may be said that the proud are brought down and the humble are exalted.

Heine does not appear to have passed more than one night in the cottage of the mountain peasant, but his experience sufficed to give him stuff for the composition of those charming sketches of peasant interior which are as lifelike

and graceful as pictures of cottage life by the Frères or any of the best of the peasant-painters of France:—

I

Near the hill-top stands the cottage
Wherein dwells the woodman old;
There rustle the green pine trees,
And there shines the moon of gold.

There's an arm-chair in the cottage,
Carved all rich and wondrously;
He that sits there, he is happy,
And the happy man am *I*.

On her stool a little maid sits,
On my knee her hands repose,
And her eyes are stars of azure,
And her lips are like the rose.

And the dear blue stars are shining—
Oh, so heavenly large!—on me.
And she lays her lily finger
On her rose lips roguishly.

No, thy mother does not see us,
For she spins and spins away;
His guitar thy father's strumming,
And he's singing the old lay.

Then the little maid light whispers,
In a tone subdued and clear,
As full many a mighty secret,
She entrusts unto my ear.

'Oh, but since aunt has been buried,
Down we cannot go below,
To the shooting feast at Goslar—
And 'twill be a splendid show.

'Oh, up here it is so lonely,
On this cold bleak mountain height,
And in winter are we nearly
In the deep snow buried quite.

'Then I'm quite a fearful maiden,
And I tremble like a child,
When the wicked mountain spirits
In the night are raging wild.'

Then the little one grows silent,
Of her words as though afraid,
And her two small hands all closely
On her eyelids has she laid.

Louder, louder hiss the pine trees,
And the spinning-wheel hums strong;
The guitar keeps ever tinkling
To the tune of the old song.

'Have no fear, my sweet child-darling,
Of the wicked spirits' might;
Angels o'er thee, my child-darling,
Are aye watching day and night.'

II

Tall pine trees, with green fingers,
On the lowly windows graze;
And the moon, the yellow listener,
Sends within its quiet rays.

Father, mother, deeply breathing,
In the near room lie asleep,
As we two in blissful prattling,
One another wakeful keep.

'That thou prayest long and often,
To believe I hardly dare,
For that curl that round your lips runs
Cometh not I think from prayer.

'Yes, that cold and wicked twitching,
Does my heart with fear surprise;
Yet my fears cease when I look up,
For thou hast bright pious eyes.

'And I doubt, if thou believest,
Thine's a half-belief at most;
Hast thou faith in God the Father,
God the Son, and Holy Ghost?'

'O my darling, when as child I
On my mother's apron sate,
I believed in God the Father,
Who rules all, so good and great;

'Who the fair earth has created,
Men and women fair beside,
Who for sun and moon and stars has
Fixed the course that they shall ride.

'Then, my child, as I grew older,
Still a higher faith I won—
I believed more with more reason,
I believed upon the Son;

'On the blessed Son, who loving,
Did reveal love's holy truth,
And was duly, as is usual,
For it crucified in youth.

'Now that I have grown to manhood,
Studied much and travelled wide,
All my heart, with new faith glowing,
Doth in Holy Ghost confide.

'He has wrought the mightiest wonders;
Mightier will He work again;
He has broke the tyrants' strongholds,
He has broke the servile chain.

'To all death wounds brings He healing;
He renews the ancient right,
And all men are all born equal,
All born noble in His sight.

'Mists of darkness He, and spectres,
From the brain doth chase away—
Things which love and joy can banish,
And bewitch us night and day.

'Knights a thousand, in proof armour,
Chosen has the Holy Ghost;
Courage high, to work His mandates,
Gives He to the champion host.

'Now their dear swords wide are flashing!
Now their banners are unroll'd!
Ho! wouldst thou fain, my child, now
Such proud champion knights behold?

'Well then look at me, my darling--
Look at me, and look thy most:
For I am elected truly
Champion of the Holy Ghost.'

But not only does this young prince of poetry in disguise know how to extract the secrets of simple human lives and turn them into song, *avec ce terrible don de la familiarité*, as Mirabeau the elder termed it, but the trees, the winds, the clouds, the rivers, all admit him equally into confidence at first sight. And was ever river, even the *Fons Bandusiæ* of Horace, so charmingly sung by poet as the 'dear sweet Ilse,' as he calls her, of the Ilsethal? not to speak of the charming prose which he has also devoted to the water-witch of the Harz. In truly Hellenic spirit Heine may be said to have given form corporeal and the purest, voice the most silvery, and the loveliest raiment to the spirit of the stream, which old legends declare to have been once a princess, and to have possessed a wondrous crystal palace in which she held once in delicious enchantment Heinrich the old German Kaiser.

'Yes,' he writes, 'the legend is true; the Ilse is a princess, who, laughing and blooming, runs down the mountain. How does her white foam-garment glitter in the sunlight! How do the silver ribbons in her bosom flutter in the wind! How do her diamonds sparkle and flash! The tall beeches stand beside her path like earnest fathers, who laugh in stealth at the caprices of their darling child. The white birches wave themselves, pleased like kind old aunts, and yet with a touch of anxiety about her daring leaps. The proud oak has the air of a morose old uncle, who will have to pay down money for the fine weather. The little birds in the air trill forth their approbation, and the flowers on the

banks whisper gently, "Oh, take us with you, take us with you, dear little sister!" But the merry maiden springs, without stop or stay, onwards, and on a sudden catches hold of the dreaming poet; and then there falls on me a flower-rain of the trickling sunbeams and beaming trickles, and my senses faint away in pure splendour, and I hear the following flute-sweet voice:—

The young Princess Ilse I am,
In the Ilsentein I dwell;
Oh, come with me unto my castle,
And there we will live right well.

Thy brow will I sprinkle all over
With the purest of springs I can,
And thy griefs shall be all forgotten,
Thou sorrow-sick, pale young man.

With my soft white arms all around thee,
Thy head on my soft white breast,
Shalt thou lie ever gently dreaming,
In visions of faïry blest.

Oh, well will I kiss thee and clasp thee,
As I clasp'd and kiss'd o'er and o'er
The dearest of Kaisers, Heinrich,
Who died in the days of yore.

The dead with the dead are lying;
Life alone for the living is meet,
And I, I am fair and blooming,
And my heart laughs out in its beat.

And when my heart laugheth and beateth,
Goes a ring through my crystal hall,
And the knights and the ladies fall dancing,
And the merry squires shout one and all.

Then the long trains of satin fly rustling,
The steel rowels jingle along,
The motley dwarfs blow on the trumpet,
And fiddle and dance to the throng.

Yet my arm will I hold thrown around thee,
As round Kaiser Heinrich 'twas thrown;
I shut his ears to with my fingers
Whenever the trumpets were blown.

Not less interesting or less characteristic is the writer's description of his own solitary sensations on looking out into the moonlight through an inn window: 'It was a beautiful evening. The night was dashing onwards on her black steeds, and the long manes fluttered in the wind. I stood at the window and looked at the moon. Is there really a man in the moon? The Sclaves say his name is Clotar, that he makes the moon grow by watering it with a watering-pot. When I was a small child I heard that the moon was a fruit which, when it became ripe, was plucked by the blessed God and stowed away with the other moons in a great cupboard, which stands at the end of the world, and which is then nailed up with boards. When I was bigger, I remarked that the world was not so narrow, and that the human spirit had broken through the wooden barriers and, with a giant Peter's key, that of immortality, had opened all the seven heavens. Immortality! —beautiful thought!—who imagined thee first? Was it a Nuremberg cit who, with his white night-cap on his head and his white clay pipe in his mouth, sate, on a warm summer evening, before his house-door, and thought, most comfortably, that it would be pleasant if he could live so for ever, without either his pipe or his vital spark going out, vegetating throughout all the blessed eternity? Or was it a young lover who, in the arms of his beloved, conceived that notion of immortality, and conceived it because he felt it, and because he could neither feel nor think otherwise? Love! Immortality! In my breast it was suddenly so hot, that I thought the geographers had mislaid the equator, and that it was running just through my heart. And out of my heart the feelings of love came in a stream into the wide night. The flowers in the garden under my windows threw

out a stronger and stronger odour. For odours are the feelings of flowers, and as the human heart in the night, when it thinks itself alone and without a listener, feels stronger; so the flowers, in their bashfulness, await to be enveloped in darkness, in order to give themselves up wholly to their feelings, and to breathe them forth in sweet odours. Gush forth, O odours of my heart, and seek behind yonder hills the beloved of my dreams! She is already now reposing and sleeps; at her feet angels are kneeling; and when she smiles in her sleep, it is a prayer which the angels repeat after her. In her breast lies heaven, with all its felicities; and when she breathes, my heart trembles in the distance. *Behind her silken eyelids the sun has gone to rest;* and when she opens her eyes it is again day, and the birds sing and the herd-bells ring, and the hills glimmer forth in their emerald robes, and I buckle on my knapsack and depart.'

One of the most effective passages in the 'Reisebilder,' and one which is thoroughly Heinesque, is the story of the apparition of the pedantic rationalist Doctor Saul Ascher, with whom he had been accustomed to hold disputes at the midday dinner table at the *Café Royal* in Berlin, about the distinction between soul and reason, the Doctor Saul Ascher, as a thoroughgoing rationalist, not admitting that there was anything in the mind or in the world beyond mere logic. Heine, in the quiet old town of Goslar, had been reading at midnight a dreadful ghost story of Varnhagen's, in a country inn:—

'The wonderful force of stage effect of this tale had such an effect upon me, that while I read on, an inner horror frosted me through and through. Ghost stories too excite in me a yet more fearful feeling when they are read on a journey, and at night in a town, in a house, and in a room where one has never been. How much of horror may already have been enacted on the very spot where you lie! one thinks involuntarily. Moreover, the moon shone at this moment so

equivocally into the chamber, and all sorts of uninvited shadows moved themselves on the wall; and when I got up in bed to look at them, I saw——

'There is nothing more uncanny than for one to see one's own face by moonlight in a looking-glass. At the same moment the heavy-striking yawning clock gave forth the hour, and so slowly that I thought it took twelve hours to strike, and that at the twelfth stroke it must begin again to strike twelve. Between the first and last stroke of the hammer, another clock had struck, very quickly, almost chiding, sharp, and perhaps vexed at the slowness of its big cousin. When the two iron tongues were silent, and a stillness deep as death ruled in the whole house, it seemed suddenly as though I heard in the corridor of my room something come waddling and flapping along, like the gait of an old man. At last the door opens, and slowly stepped in the deceased Doctor Saul Ascher. A cold fever drizzled through marrow and bone. I trembled like an aspen leaf, and hardly dared to look on the apparition. He looked just as he used to look—the same transcendental grey surtout; the same abstract legs; the same mathematical face, only his face was something more yellow than formerly; and the mouth, which used to form two corner angles of 22½ degrees, was knit together, and the eye-orbits were of greater radius. Tottering, and leaning, just as he was wont, on his Spanish cane, he approached my bed, and in his ordinarily disagreeable speech he said in a friendly way, "Do not be afraid, or think that I am an apparition. This is a deception of your fancy, if you see me in the light of a ghost. What is a ghost? Give me a definition. In what rational relation does such an appearance stand to the reason? The reason, I say the reason——" And now the apparition proceeded to analyse the reason, quoting "Kant's Critique of Pure Reason," second part, first division, second book, third chapter; the distinction between phenomena and

noumena. He thus constructed the belief in ghosts, as if he were working out a problem; set one syllogism on another, and concluded with the logical proof that there were no ghosts at all. All this time the cold sweat ran down off my back; my teeth chattered like castanets in anguish of soul. I nodded unconditioned approval to every proposition wherewith the ghostly Doctor proved to me the absurdity of all ghostly fear; and my visitor was so zealous in his demonstration that he once, in absence of mind, pulled a handful of worms out of his watchpocket in mistake for his watch, and, immediately aware of his error, with ridiculous haste and fear put them back again, saying, "Reason is the highest principle;" but here the clock struck one, and the vision disappeared.'

In such dream-scenes, and in other weird conceptions of Heine's fancy, the influence of the phantasmagoric fancy of Hoffmann is clearly recognisable, as also generally is the influence of Sterne, and, as he admitted himself, that of Washington Irving. The originality of Heine, however, is undeniable, and though Sterne is superior in many points to Heine as a humourist in his travels, there are in Heine's 'Reisebilder' weird and poetic fancies which Sterne could never have approached.

With this notice of the 'Harzreise'—the chief production of Heine while at Göttingen—we take final leave of the halls of *Georgia Augusta*. Soon after taking his doctor's degree Heine, by the liberality of his uncle, was enabled to pay a visit to Norderney, an island which lies off the coast of Holland, and which was frequented much as a bathing place by the Hanoverian people of fashion.

With the sea he had already made some acquaintance at Cuxhaven, but from the little lonely isle of Norderney it appeared now in grander majesty. In those days of restricted travel, the sea was known to few Germans, and the more

unfamiliar the impressions were called up by ocean scenery, the more sharply characterised were they likely to be. Heine's impressionable nature we have already seen was akin to the spirit of the ocean; in spite of his Jewish origin, it would seem as though he had a drop of the blood of the *Nixen* or sea-fairies in his veins, for no German has sung of the storms and calms and fickle moods of the ocean with such grace and power. He himself has sung

> My heart is like the sea; it hath
> Its storm, and ebb and flow,
> And many fairest pearls are hid
> Deep in its depths below.

From the isle of Norderney are drawn some of the most interesting of his 'Travel Pictures.' His prose sketches are chiefly confined to a characteristic of the inhabitants and of the reflections they suggest; the sea sketches proper he reserves for verse:—

'The natives are for the most part desperately poor, and live mostly by the fisheries, which begin in the next month, in October, in the stormy weather. Many of the islanders also serve as sailors in foreign merchant ships, and remain away from home for years together, without sending any news to their relatives. Not seldom, too, do they meet with their death at sea. I have met with some wives on the island all whose male relations have died in this way; a thing which can easily happen, since father and sons usually go to sea in the same ship.

'A sea-faring life has for these men a great charm, and yet I believe they are never really happy except at home. When they arrive at those southern lands where there shines a more splendid sun and a more romantic moon, yet not all the flowers of those lands could stay the yearning of their hearts, and in the midst of the scented home of spices they yearn to be back again to their sand island and to their

little cabins, by their flickering hearths; around which these people cower, well wrapped up in woollen jackets, and drink a tea which is scarcely to be distinguished from boiled salt water, and chatter in a dialect in which it is scarcely conceivable how they themselves manage to understand one another.'

From this sketch of the inhabitants Heine takes occasion to pass over to some of those general reflections on society which assisted to procure for his 'Travel Sketches' their rapid and extraordinary popularity; but which, however, we quote here more for the purpose of showing the character and tendency of Heine's thoughts than for the sake of the justness of his observations:—

'That which binds these people so closely and so contentedly together is not so much the secret mystic feeling of love as wont and use; a natural fashion of living and striving together, and immediate social contact. The same measure of spiritual elevation, or rather of spiritual degradation; the same needs and the same aims; the same experiences and reflections—these have they all, and thence it is easy to establish mutual understanding; and they sit sociably together at the little fire in their small huts, drawing close together when it grows cold, reading in each other's eyes their thoughts before they speak. All their mutual relations of life are present at once to their memories, and by a single word, a single dumb motion, do they excite among themselves as much laughter, or weeping, or devotion as we can bring forth from our fellows by a course of long explanations, gesticulations, and declamations. For we in our class live each in a spiritual solitude: by reason of some special method of education, or of books chosen it may be at haphazard, every one of us has imparted a different direction to his character. Every one of us, spiritually disguised, thinks, feels, and aims at something different from his neighbours, and hence there is so much misunder-

standing; that even in large houses it becomes difficult for people to live together. We find ourselves everywhere confined, everywhere strangers, everywhere in a strange country.

'In such a state of equality of thought and feeling as we find in the case of our islanders, whole nations, and often whole centuries of generations, have often existed. The Roman Catholic Church in the middle ages perhaps wished to found such a state of things in the incorporation of all Europe as one society, and therefore took under its guardianship all the relations of men, all powers and appearances, the whole of physical and moral human nature. It cannot be denied that much quiet happiness was founded thereby, and that life had a warmer inner glow, and that the arts, like flowers reared in quietude, unfolded that magnificence which we yet wonder at so much, and which we cannot imitate with all our science. But the spirit has its eternal rights; it will not be dammed up with propositions, nor lulled to sleep with church bells. It broke out of its prison and snapt asunder the iron leading strings wherewith Mother Church was leading it, and, in the vertigo of recovered freedom, it dashed over the whole earth, scaled the highest tops of the mountains, shouted aloud for very insolence, turned over again in its head doubts as old as creation, pondered on the miracles of day, and counted the stars at night. We, however, have not yet acquired a knowledge of the number of the stars, the miracles of day have we not yet unriddled, and ancient doubts have acquired a mighty power in our souls. Is there more happiness thus than before? We know that these questions, in so far as they affect the masses, cannot be lightly affirmed; but we know that happiness, for which we are indebted to a lie, is no real happiness, and that we, in a single isolated moment of a condition more approaching the divine, of a higher dignity of spirit, can experience more happiness than we should in vegetating for a series of years on the musty creed of a collier.

'In any case that church dominion was a subjection of the worst kind. Who is our surety for the good purpose even which I have attributed to them? Who can prove that there was not at times a bad purpose mingled therewith? Rome would still be the ruling power, and when its legions were overthrown it sent its dogmas into the provinces. Like a giant spider sat Rome in the centre of the Latin world, and covered up the whole with its endless web. Generations of people lived meanwhile a contented existence, since they held that to be the heaven above them, which was but a Roman spider-web; only the spirit of great aspiration, which saw through the spider-web, felt itself oppressed and wretched; and when it would break through, the crafty spider caught it up lightly and drank the bold blood out of its heart. And was not the happy dream of the dull-witted multitude bought too dearly by this blood? The days of spirit-slavery are over; old and weak among the broken pillars of her Colosseum the old spider of the Cross still sits and spins on at her ancient web, but it is now rotten and brittle, and only butterflies and bats are captured therein, and no longer the eagle royal of the north.'

Some such reflections as these, and the others which fill up the fragment called 'Norderney,' we may imagine to have crossed Heine's mind as he sauntered along the sandy shore, at times listening to the sound of the sea waves, with a gun sometimes in his hand for company, which he says he fired off occasionally to warn the sea-gulls to be on their guard against fire-arms. Yet, in truth, against his will, he says he had the misfortune to shoot a foolish young sea-gull by accident. For Heine was no sportsman, a fact for which he accounts thus: 'The passion of the noble, the beautiful, and the good may be developed by human education, but the passion for the chase is born in the blood. When one's ancestors have shot roe-deer from time immemorial, then will their descendants find a legitimate pleasure in this

occupation. My ancestors, however, belonged rather to the hunted than to the hunters, and it curdles my whole blood to think of shooting at the descendants of these our former colleagues of the chase.'

Yet he did not confine his wanderings to the shores: he would spend whole days cruising in a fisher boat about the island, looking at the blue sky, or watching the clouds and the play of light and shade upon the dancing wave, or listening to the plash of the oars and the tales of the old superstitions of fishermen, or looking down into the clear depths of the ocean, and fancying that he saw here the green caves of the ocean fairies, and there the sparkling towers of submerged and legendary cities.

However, his time was not spent altogether in solitary musings; he made many acquaintances among the bathing guests, who were numerous, and composed chiefly of Hanoverian officers and members of North German nobility. Among these was the Princess of Solms-Lich, whom he found to be a friend of the Varnhagens. Some of these acquaintances he met with again at Norderney on a subsequent visit.

Heine returned to the house of his parents at Lüneburg at the end of September, and remained there a month. His reputation had now so much increased that he found his society much sought after by the best people of the place; and he became soon on intimate terms with a son of the General-Superintendent of the town, Rudolf Christiani, who filled the office of secretary to the judge of the district, and who subsequently married a cousin of Heine's, upon which the latter felicitated him that they could now, like kings, call each other '*mon cousin*.' The friendship thus founded was one of the most lasting of all those which the poet formed in his lifetime, some of which, it must be allowed, met with a very speedy termination. Indeed, that which Dante describes as the worst torment of a life of exile, worse than

the salt bread of the patron, worse than the climbing up and down alien stairs—namely, the company of the malignant and the base—has been also the worst trial of most poets; and Heine was no exception :—

Tu proverai sì come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com' è duro calle
Lo scendere e il salir per l' altrui scale.
E quel che più ti graverà le spalle,
Sarà la compagnia malvagia e scempia,
Con la qual tu cadrai in questa valle.

Although Heine, in the passages above quoted, denies that his disgust with Hamburg arose at all from his unpleasant relations with his own family, yet this must be understood with considerable restrictions, and rather perhaps in the very strictest sense, that it was not the immediate members of his own family who were the original cause to him of annoyance, but rather other designing persons who made use of them.

CHAPTER IX.

VERDAMMTES HAMBURG.

In the beginning of November 1825 Heine went off to Hamburg with the view of commencing practice there as a lawyer. The undertaking seemed feasible enough from afar, but a few weeks' experience was sufficient to disperse the illusion. That revolt of the ideal before the practical, which is characteristic of the poetic nature, set in at once with violence, and Hamburg too, this city of commerce, was almost as ghastly and prosaic an *inferno* for his poetic nature as he afterwards in his perversity declared London itself to be on a larger scale. He writes to Moser on Christmas Eve in a state of desperation clammering for sympathy, and dates from *Verdammtes Hamburg*: 'Dear Moser, dear blessed man! You are behaving very ill to me. I do not want long letters; only a few lines will suffice me, and even these I do not get. Yet never was I in more need of them. Thus now, when again civil war has broken out in my bosom, and all my feelings are in revolt, for myself, against myself, against the whole world. I tell you it is a bad joke, but let it be. Here sit I in the A-B-C street (a street so called in Hamburg), weary of aimless peregrinations, feelings and thinkings, and there without are night and mist, and the devil's own look-out, and great and small are running from shop to shop to purchase Christmas gifts. And you, too, dear Moser, shall not complain of my stinginess; and since I am not in funds just now,

and will purchase for you no ordinary plaything, therefore will I send you something quite special for Christmas—namely, the promise that I will not shoot myself dead out of hand. If you knew what a state I am in, you would be convinced that this promise is a great gift, and you would not laugh, as you are now doing, but you would look as serious as I do at this moment. A little while ago I read "Werther." That was a bit of good luck for me. A little while back, too, I read "Kohlhaas," of Heinrich von Kleist, and am full of admiration for the author. I cannot sufficiently lament that he should have shot himself dead, but can very well understand why he did it.' We may imagine that his friend Moser was considerably alarmed at receiving such communications, and, like a good man of business, gave the poet some prudent advice to make the best of circumstances, and cultivate the good-will of the rich uncle. Whatever his advice was, like most advice in such and other circumstances, it was not well received, and led to a temporary estrangement between the two friends. Heine's exasperation against Hamburg and its inhabitants, and its ways of life, went on increasing; he longed again and again to leave it, never to return. This discontent left a permanent impression on his life: never, even after he had left the place for many years, could he think on the commercial city and its commonplace ways without a groaning and gnashing of the teeth, remembering the wasted hours of his youth in its cold and uncongenial atmosphere; and he has taken care, in his satire 'Deutschland,' to render this expression of his disgust immortal. His horror of the place went on increasing; whether he went out or whether he stayed at home, he felt he was in a hideous prison-house, and the general tone of thought and manners around him were so uncongenial that he preferred to see as little of society as possible, or, if he did see any, it was sometimes unfortunately not of the most select character, but yet such as with whose ready gaiety he

could forget the misery of a spirit condemned, like an exile, to existence among an alien people, whose language and tone of thought were as uncongenial to him as if they had belonged to another species. 'I see,' he writes to a Berlin friend, Lehmann, in 1826, 'you ask me how I live. O dear Lehmann! call it what you will, only call it not living!' In February 1828 he wrote to Varnhagen, 'Never will I return to Hamburg in this life. Things have happened to me here of the most vexatious bitterness, and could not be endured without the circumstance that no one knows of them but myself.'

When Adolf Stahr, the poet and writer, paid a visit to Heine in Paris in 1850, the latter burst out into the bitterest ejaculations when he came to speak of his former residence in Hamburg. 'Look you what sorrow this Hamburg has wrought for me! How profoundly unhappy I was there —that you cannot imagine. People have thought that it was my uncle or my family from whom I suffered, but this was not the case. They were at bottom ever good to me, and all my vexations came to me from the tittle-tattling of other people. This intolerant spirit of fault-finding, with a timber-deep thick-headedness; this hatred against everything extraordinary; this pitiful hostility to all that is greater than themselves; this hypocritical citizen morality, combined with a libertinism devoid of all grace of fancy—how horrible was all that! Berlin was very wearisome—very dry and very unreal—but Hamburg!! In Hamburg it was my only consolation to think that I was better than other people!' His only resource in the world, and without which one does not see how he could have lived at all, was the purse of the gruff and illiterate old millionaire banker at Hamburg. The poor old gentleman's brain was puzzled more and more in endeavouring to comprehend his nephew and his strange career. In his perplexity he had applied to Professor Zimmerman, one of the masters of the Johanneum

in Hamburg, whom he regarded as one of the chief lights of the place, and who was a really clever man and of good taste. '*Sagen sie mir*'—'Tell me, *Herr Professor*, is there really anything in my nephew?' To which question the Professor was wont to reply in the most affirmative manner.

The rich old banker, however, had a family of his own, two sons and three daughters, some older and some younger than the poet. Yet this circumstance—which did not prevent the millionaire from giving during life and at his death thousands away to the charitable institutions of the city and in aid of every public work—need not with his immense fortune have interfered with his generosity to his nephew. Neither would it if the old man had been left to himself; but the daughters of the old gentleman had married, and their husbands, strong-headed, envious men of business, undertook the management of the family, and took every opportunity of damaging the poet and his brothers and sisters in the good graces of their father-in-law, in order that as little of his bounty as possible should be spent in that direction. It might have been imagined, as Heine himself suggests in a letter, that a family so nearly related to him would, for the honour both of themselves and their oppressed race, have endeavoured to smooth the path, difficult at all times, of a man of genius, and have had some care for his reputation. But, on the contrary, not only was he made to feel his dependence in money matters, not only were the worst constructions put on everything he did—all his peccadilloes exaggerated, and carefully carried to the ears of the uncle—but the house of the latter was for ever beset by the enemies of his fame and his good name. 'In this house,' wrote Heine to his brother Max, 'there has dominated from the very beginning an *aria cattiva* for me, which infected my good reputation. Every creeping thing, which could ruin my good name, ever found in this house the most excellent reception.'

These family unpleasantnesses were increased infinitely by the animosity which the more bigoted among the Jews felt towards him as a renegade from their faith, and which was increased naturally by the wit and sarcasm with which Heine would meet all hostile bearing; and every light or audacious expression of the vexed poet would be sedulously spread abroad with exaggerations, and was a godsend for the brood of detractors to convey to the ears of the uncle. In such circumstances it may be that Heine's conduct was not politic, and that in the presence of the relative on whom his future depended, he would take a malicious pleasure in vexing his tale-bearing cousins, still more deeply by an assumption of reckless disregard. Yet to the jealousy and enmity of his kinsfolk, to the animosity and spite of the people of the faith he had renounced, were added the slights which he had to put up with as a converted Jew from Christians likewise. It must be admitted that his position was one of constant and painful difficulty; and we cannot wonder that he wrote, 'I see you ask me how I live here; call it what you will, dear Lehmann, only not *living*.'

Heine endeavoured to find some compensation for these family grievances in intercourse with the few men of literary and artistic culture which Hamburg possessed. Among these were the Syndic, Dr. Karl Sieveking, a man of some artistic taste; the physician and writer Dr. D. H. Assing, whose wife was a sister of Varnhagen; Professor Zimmerman, above named, 'the town poet;' a jovial individual named Prätzel; and three or four musical composers. But Heine's chief Hamburg friend was a prosperous young merchant, of the name of Merckel, who appears to have been possessed of considerable culture, and was allied to the best families of the place, and from whom Heine kept back hardly any detail, however private, of his life and expectations. It was through Professor Zimmerman that Heine became acquainted with Campe, the publisher, who, with

some unimportant exceptions, was the publisher of all his future works, and who survived him several years, dying in 1867. Julius Campe was eight years older than Heine, having been born in 1792. He was a man of considerable adroitness and enterprise, which he showed not only in the ordinary conduct of his publishing business, but in the ingenuity with which he contrived, in the days of rigid censorship, to smuggle his books into States in which they were strictly prohibited. Indeed, from the date of the July Revolution in 1830 up to the year 1848, the whole of Campe's publications were absolutely forbidden in the majority of the States of Germany. In this state of things there were two objects which the publisher had to attain: the one was to get his books delivered to those readers who required them; the other, to get paid for them. To secure the first object Campe's invention was drawn upon to devise the most subtle combinations. One of these consisted in sending the titlepages by one mode of conveyance, and the bodies of the books themselves by another, under the sham titles of grammars or religious treatises, or other apparently innocent publications. The getting payment, too, for books thus smuggled in, in spite of the prohibition of the authorities, was necessarily a delicate operation, since an unscrupulous bookseller might refuse to pay anything whatever for any number of forbidden books; and there was no means of redress. It was Campe's inexhaustible dexterity in pushing his publications thus surreptitiously across the German continent which made him an indispensable publisher for that large proportion of German authors who lay under the law of censorship; and Börne, Immerman, Raupach, Gutzkow, Wienbarg, Maltitz, Dingelstedt, Hoffman, Gottshall, Max Waldau, Vehse, and a crowd of pamphleteers more or less incendiary in the estimation of German censors, found in Campe the means of coming to the hands of the German public. The reputation of Campe became so notorious in

this way, and so offensive to great personages and officials, that sundry German governments, and the German Diet itself, made complaint to the Town Council of Hamburg of the conduct of their fellow citizen. Representations were made to Julius Campe of the iniquity of his proceedings, but in vain; he had an indomitable belief in free thought, and went on imperturbably despatching his incendiary publications into the hearts of German cities. Once, indeed, he was packed off to prison by the Hamburg authorities, for refusing to reveal his authority for an anecdote obnoxious to a royal personage.

Such a publisher was precisely the man for Heine, whose books though not yet forbidden in Germany, showed symptoms of being in a good way that they should be so.

Campe, too, showed his adventurous spirit in another way, in the alacrity with which he accepted the responsibility of publishing for young and unknown authors, and up to the last days of his life he boasted of having ever kept true to his principle of being by preference the publisher of young writers, and of having by this means preserved his freshness of spirit. The future, he declared, 'belonged to the young, and he was sure of remaining true to progress while he kept on enrolling them in his ranks.' This was all very well, but we, with Heine, must not lose sight of the fact that Campe was, after all, a publisher; and he seems to have sacrificed his old and successful authors in some measure to the hopes of gain by new and untried ones. Even in the matter of censorship Heine complained that Campe made a parade of publishing his more important works under the supervision of censorship in order to smuggle through some inferior nameless productions. The prices which Campe paid for Heine's first successful volumes were ridiculously, miserably small. It seems to be a fact almost as disgraceful in literary history as that of the payment of five pounds for the 'Paradise Lost,'

that fifty louis d'or only were paid for the copyright of the 'Book of Songs,' and fifty louis d'or for each volume of the 'Pictures of Travel.' Indeed, Heine, even in the fulness of his fame, never received more than 2,000 marks banco—about 80*l.*—for a volume; he used jestingly to say that he had one great monument at least in Germany, and that was Julius Campe's new house, built of the proceeds of his 'Book of Songs;' and he declared that one of the chief objects of his visits to Hamburg, after quitting Germany, was to stand in contemplation before his own monument. Bitter, very bitter, were often the relations between Heine and his publisher; and the fact that these were never broken off, in spite of a dumb hostility which lasted sometimes for years, speaks wonders for Heine's patience and his fidelity to a connection once formed. Throughout the whole of this connection, however, we trace no mark of real generosity, or even of sympathy, from the publisher towards the man whose works must have been a perennial fountain of wealth to his establishment. As long as there was any meat left on Heine's bones, the pound of flesh was paid for at the regulation price, and whatever augmentation was made in the original stipulations must be put down to the circumstance that Campe, having purchased the right of publication of Heine's collected works, was, in spite of affected indifference, inwardly ever anxious about Heine's publishing volumes with other publishers, and thus spoiling the promise of his collected edition. Heine had first offered the first series of the 'Reisebilder' to Dümmler, of Berlin, who had published his Tragedies, but who declined to pay the author's price; and the latter then offered them to Campe, who offered him the fifty louis d'or we have spoken of for the copyright, which Heine accepted; and the volume appeared at the end of May 1826. The author's anticipations of the success of the volume were not great. 'My fame,' he writes to Varnha-

gen, 'will not be much increased by the appearance of the first volume of the "Pictures of Travel." But what shall I do? I must publish something; and I reflected that, although the book has no general interest, and is no great work, yet all that is therein can in no wise be called bad.'

This first volume of the 'Reisebilder,' thus published, began with the 'Journey in the Harz Mountains,' which had already appeared in the 'Gesellschafter,' but which he now re-wrote and amplified; it contained also the cycle of poems called the 'Heimkehr,' five legends included later in the 'Book of Songs,' and the first division of poems entitled 'The North Sea.'

In less than two months after the appearance of the first volume of the 'Reisebilder,' Heine was again in Norderney. Years after he loved to return in thought to his residences in these island sand-dunes of Norderney, which, with the adjoining coasts of Holland, had a peculiar charm for him. The fresh sea-breezes were grateful to his always sensitive nerves, and he breathed them in rapture, and wrote to them hymns of gratitude after escaping from imprisonment among the bales and the mercantile odours of Hamburg.

His letters to Merckel tell us all we can know about the way in which he passed his time there. The first is dated July 25. 'The night before last I left Cuxhaven about one o'clock. It was a wild night, and my own mood was not of the most composed character. The ship lay high up, out on the roadstead, and the yawl in which I went out to meet it was cast back three times in the harbour by the wild waves. The little craft reared itself like a horse, and it lacked little but that a crowd of immortal sea-pictures were going to the bottom with their author. Nevertheless,—may the Lord of Atoms forgive me!—at that moment I felt very happy—I had nothing to lose.

'Here it is very lovely. The pretty lady is here as well as the Princess Solms, with whom I passed such agreeable

days in the last year. I have played a little, with more luck than at Cuxhaven, where I lost five louis d'or.'

On the 26th he writes again:—

'It is here very amusing—sounds of waves, pretty women, good living, and heavenly quiet. However, I feel myself in low spirits. It is a weariness which sets in after great storms, *papier mâché* thoughts and soapy feelings. In these unlovely circumstances I yet get hold of many fresh aspects of nature, and my fancy is working out many a poem only just begun—sea pictures and new scenes for my "Faust." I shall remain four weeks.'

The next letter is dated August 9:—

'I cannot let the post go without again sending you some friendly greetings. Bathing does me good, and that is the chief thing which I have to tell you. I do not live so pleasantly, however, as in the past year, but my disposition is more to blame for that than the people here. Against them I am often unjust. So that it even seems to me as if the pretty woman from Celle was not so pretty as in 1825. Even the sea does not appear so romantic as formerly; and yet I have had by the sea-side the most sweet, most lovely, most mystical adventure which could inspire a poet. The moon seemed to shine to show me that some glorious things existed yet for me in this world. We spoke no word. There was but one long deep look, and the moon made music to it. I seized her hand as we walked side by side, and I felt its secret pressure. My soul trembled. I wept afterwards.

'Yet, what good is it? Even if I am bold enough to seize fortune dashingly, yet I cannot hold it. I feared that day might break suddenly; the dark alone gave me courage. A beautiful eye! It will long dwell in my heart, and then fade and run away into nothing—like myself.

'The moon is accustomed to silence; the sea, it is true,

prattles continually, but no one can understand its words; and thou, the third one, thou, the third who knowest the secret, will keep your lips holy, and then it remains hidden in eternal night.

'Life is here tolerably lively. The Hanoverian nobility play the chief part. A crowd of princely persons. The Princess Solms is come back again. We are not so intimate as we were last year. She appears not to be inclined to like me so much; and when we meet each other she lifts up her fore-finger against me, and will not tell me what it means. In the beauty of Celle I adore but her voice. I drink in her words with delight. I do not of a certainty think that she likes me, although so lately she said to me, "I know you from top to bottom."

'Farewell, as well as it may be fared in the world.—Your friend, H. HEINE.'

It may be imagined that Merckel had written, in reply, to the effect that he hoped the sea-shore adventure had turned out favourably; and, if it had, it might indeed have been a happy thing, for a grain of sand would have been sufficient to turn the balance of Heine's life at this time. It was, perhaps, more serious than he was willing to allow. However, in his next letter, of August 16, he takes pains to assure his friend that it was nothing:—

'August 16.

'DEAR FRIEND,—The first post brings me your letter of August 11.

'The little adventure of the sea-shore is not so important as you think, and as my easily excited sentimentality conceived. It was a star which shot down through the night in fearful rapidity, and left no trace, for I am sad and oppressed as before. But it was a star! For the "Homer" which you have sent me I thank you. I read it wandering

along the shore, and all kinds of thoughts occur to me. Especially do I frequent the shore by night in the moonlight. I live here quite isolated, and do not pay court to the pretty women as I did last year.'

From the lonely and depressed tone of the last letter to Merckel it may be imagined indeed that the 'adventure by the sea-shore' had unnerved him again in a sense of his isolation, and led him to avoid the 'pretty ladies' in whose society he had taken at first so much pleasure, and to endeavour to console himself by reading the 'Odyssey' to the dash of the waves of the Northern Ocean breaking on the level sands. As for the Princess Solms and her retiring ways and uplifted finger—which Heine could not understand—these are intelligible enough if we suppose she had read the 'Reisebilder,' where the German nobility are pinpricked in the calves, so to speak, in a good many passages. His acquaintance fared better with a certain Russian diplomatist, Prince Koslowski, who had some office at the Russian Court, and was well known in European circles, and who now initiated Heine into a good many of the secrets of his experience; and it was he chiefly to whom Heine was indebted for the idea of a visit to London, which he shortly put in practice. Heine had intended to return to Lüneburg by Friesland and Holland, but, as the typhus fever set in, he altered his plans and came back by the quaint old free town of Bremen, where he paid a visit to the famous Rathskeller, or cellar of the town hall, in which he saw the twelve big casks, styled the Twelve Apostles, made notorious by Hauff in his 'Phantasien,' and to whom Heine, by a humorous poem in his 'Sea Pieces,' gave a fresh celebrity.

We must imagine this poem to have been written after the Apostles had been pretty freely tapped by Heine and the Rathkellermeister together, and that the Chateau la Rose

had bled freely, although Heine, as a rule, was no toper, and sipped his wine like a fly:—

Happy the man arrived at the harbour,
Who behind him has left the sea and the storm,
And now sits warm and at ease
In the good *Rathskeller* at Bremen.
How doth the world lovelily, pleasantly
Colour itself in the glass of Bohemia;
How doth the waving Microcosmos
Sunnily flow to my thirsty heart.
All things I see, all in my glass:
Stories of people, ancient and modern,
Turks and Greeks, Hegel and Gans,
Forests of citrons and troops in parade,
Berlin and Schilda, and Tunis and Hamburg;
But before all the face of the loved one—
The small angel head on a gold-ground of Rhine wine.
Oh, how fair! how fair art thou, beloved!
Thou art as a rose!
Not like the Rose of Shiraz,
The bride of the nightingale, sung of by Hafiz;
Not like the Rose of Sharon,
The holily crimson, bepraised of the prophets:
Thou art like the Rose of Bremen's town-cellar,
That is the Rose of all Roses.
The older she grows, the lovelier blooms she,
And her heavenly odour has made me feel heavenly.
It has inspired me, it has befuddled me;
And did he not hold me fast, fast by the girdle,
He the town-cellar master of Bremen,
Down I should tumble.
O brave man! together we sate
And drank like brothers,
And spoke of things lofty and secret:
We sighed and we sunk into each other's arms,
And to the faith of love he re-converted me.
Welfare I drank to my bitterest foes,
And all bad poets have I forgiven,
Even as myself I hope for forgiveness.

I wept with devotion, and
Finally, finally,
Unto me opened the portals of heaven,
Where the Apostles twelve, wine-butts of holiness,
Preach in their silence things so intelligible
Unto all nations.
What men are these?
No outward splendour, in wooden jackets,
Yet shine they inwardly, fairer and brighter,
Than all the Levites proud of the temple.

* * * * * *

Towards the end of September he returned again to his parents' house at Lüneburg. He lived here the same retired life as before, his chief companion being again Rudolph Christian, his plans for the future still as unsettled as ever. The desire to leave Germany for good had been growing stronger in him for some time; 'not so much,' as he wrote to Moser, 'from the love of wandering as from the pain of personal relations,' the never-to-be-washed-out stain of the Jew in him, '*der nie abzuwaschende Jude.*' Varnhagen, who felt for his condition, had for some time been advising him to emigrate to Paris, where he could study the world and men, and get together materials for a book. Heine, on the strength of the success of his first volume of the 'Reisebilder,' and with the example of the general interest inspired by Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' Lady Morgan's 'France and Italy,' and Madame de Stael's 'De l'Allemagne,' had himself entertained notions of writing a series of books of travel. Meanwhile, giving up the notion of producing a Faust, of which he entertained an abortive project at this time, he worked away at the materials already in hand, and by the end of the year the second volume of the 'Reisebilder'—comprising the second set of sea sketches in irregular blank verse, called 'The North Sea,' the sketch in prose, 'Norderney,' and the 'Book Le Grand,' from which we have already quoted—was ready. In January 1827 he went to

Hamburg to superintend himself the passage of the sheets through the press; but the book did not appear till the middle of April. In the interval he had made up his mind to visit London; and he left Hamburg for the English capital on the very day on which the second volume of the 'Reisebilder' was issued from the press.

The two volumes of the 'Reisebilder' which Heine had now published served wonderfully to increase his reputation; and that they were both speedily after publication interdicted in most of the States of Germany, only served as a stimulant to public curiosity and to the circulation of the volumes.

That which excited the public attention most in these two volumes of the 'Reisebilder' was not so much the poetry as the prose. The cycle of eighty-eight poems called the 'Heimkehr,' in so far as they are love poems, did not strike any new note. As he himself says in the first poem, 'This little book is the urn with the ashes of my love.' The fire and indignation of the 'Intermezzo' have given place to a certain lassitude, and a tone of mockery of self and of life becomes towards the end of the collection somewhat wearisome. His new style of poem, the lyrical idyll, was introduced in this cycle as well as in the poems which formed part of the 'Harz Journey;' and such aptitude for seizing the poetic aspects of ordinary life as is manifested anew in various little sea pictures and in miniatures of simple cottage life, of mountain and seafaring people. Here, however, the cynical contrast between the ideal and the actual sometimes meets us in the sharpest fashion, as in that terrible poem in which the dead village priest, in his priestly robes, looks through the window of the vicarage at his family, the mother reading the Bible still; but her children, all with evil projects in their heads, which they show no modesty in talking about, until the mother ends by throwing the Bible at their heads. However, the series contains some of the most charming of all

his songs—the pretty little child idyll, which we have before given, of his play-days with his sister at Düsseldorf; '*Du schönes Fischermädchen,*' also before given; '*Du hast Diamenten und Perlen,*' now become one of the most popular songs in Germany; and others. Of all these we will give translations of but two, both of which have a wonderfully weird and even chaste beauty.

The first is the famous Lorelei song, in respect of which, however, prosaic accuracy compels us to notice that the Rhine-Syren, the Lorelei, is a creation of quite modern birth, and, after full investigation of her history, she is found to have originated in a poem of Clemens Brentano, who wrote a ballad about an enchantress, to whom he gave the name of Lore Lay, suggested by the Lurlei-fels on the Rhine. In the ballad of Clemens Brentano the Lore Lay is quite another person with another history than that of the Lorelei as at present known, whose pretty legend has been gradually elaborated into its present form by successive poetic spirits, who thought it a pity that so romantic a spot, with an echo and a rock, and a whirlpool to boot, should not have its presiding genius. There are several Lorelei ballads, but undoubtedly the prettiest of all is Heine's:—

This sadness, what doth it betoken,
  This sadness which weighs on my brain?
A weird tale, with glamour unbroken,
  Keeps haunting my soul with its strain.

Eve cometh, and cool airs are flowing,
  And calm is the Rhine's running stream;
The hill-top's red summit is glowing,
  I'th' setting sun's last flying beam.

A woman, oh, fair beyond seeming!
  Sits up there aloft on the rocks;
With jewels on neck and arm gleaming,
  She sits and she combs her gold locks.

With comb all of gold sits she combing
Her locks, and she singeth a song,
Which ringeth so strange in the gloaming,
With melody weird-like and strong.

The song with its wild passion burning
The fisher has seized in his skiff;
He gazes on high with vain yearning,
And thinketh no more of the cliff.

O'er fisher and skiff in mad anger
The white waves are whirling along;
And having done this, with fresh languor,
The Lorelei sings a new song.

In the same collection, too, appeared first the following lines—one of the finest of his lyrics—and suggestive of infinite tenderness:—

Thou seemest as holy, pure, and fair
As bud at morningtide;
Yet as I gaze a sadness strange
Into my heart doth glide.

I feel as though that I must lay
My hand upon thy hair,
And pray to God that He may keep
Thee holy, pure, and fair.

Two sets of poems especially in the 'Reisebilder' came as a surprise to his readers—those of the two cycles called 'The North Sea.' Here Heine had to deal with special difficulties, only intelligible to those who can take account of the conditions of poetic effectiveness. He himself put this in perhaps as good words as can be used, in a conversation late in life with Adolph Stahr: 'One is only effective when one makes use of conceptions, which are common to the masses, and in his poetic delineations does not presume upon his own more extensive power of comprehension. There is here a kind of charlatanism, consisting among other things especially in

this—that one must let oneself down to the intuitions and powers of representation of the mob. I have, as a poet of the sea *par excellence*, experienced these most severely. For who was acquainted with the sea then in Germany? Now it is quite different; now that railways and steamboats have facilitated communication, everybody is familiar with the sea. But at that time, if one described the sea, one was describing for the crowd something quite unknown, and that is always difficult. I was obliged to stick to the most ordinary aspects, and that especially because I wrote in verse.' Indeed, a German poet writing on the sea even now suggests a notion something like that of a German fleet. Some of their first poets, we apprehend, never saw the sea at all. In the above passage, too, Heine expresses a truth which will account in large measure for a great part of his poetic and other misdemeanours. A poet, to affect his audience, must express sentiments which that audience must possess in common with him; at least in a degree capable of being roused into animation. But what if the audience are absorbed in vulgar unpoetic thoughts, or ignorant altogether of the things he wishes to describe? No amount of poetry could excite notions of the sublime or the pathetic in the soul of a crocodile or of a hippopotamus. Hence Heine, born in an unpoetic age, felt obliged to have recourse to other arts than those of pure poetry, in order to ensure a hearing; and the blame of his aberrations may fairly be ascribed in some measure to the dullness and the perversity of his readers.

These 'North Sea' poems are more likely to be attractive to German than to English taste, and this the more as they are written in a kind of lyrical blank verse, superior to all that other German poets have attempted in this way, with the exception perhaps of Goethe's 'Prometheus,' his '*Gesang der Geister über den Wassern*,' and the '*Harzreise im Winter*,' but which the ears of a stranger cannot be able to appreciate so well as those of a native.

Two of them will suffice to give an English reader a notion of their style and character. The first is called a 'Morning Greeting' to the sea in spring:—

Thalatta! Thalatta!
Be of me greeted, Ocean eternal;
Be of me greeted, greeted ten thousand times,
Out of my bounding heart,
As thee once greeted
Ten thousand Grecian hearts,
Sorrow-subduing, homeward-aspiring,
World-renowned Grecian hearts.
The waves they were waving,
Were waving and roaring;
The sun shot down through their
Rose play of rosy light;
The scared flocks of sea-gulls
Seaward flagged, screaming,
As, 'mid steeds pawing and shields resounding,
Wide rang the victor shouts—
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Be of me greeted, O Ocean eternal!
Like a soft mother tongue do thy waves lisp to me:
Like dreams of childhood seems the bright glitter,
On thy far-rolling wide wave-dominion.
And old remembrance whispers anew to me:
Of all the much lov'd and splendid toy-work,
Of all the glittering glad gifts of new years,
Of all the red trees with coral branches,
Gold-fish and pearls, and brightest of sea-shells,
Which thou preservest in secret places,
There down below in crystal palaces.
Oh, how I pined afar in desert places!
Like to a withered flower
Shut in japann'd box of the dry botanist,
So lay my heart in breast.
Now am I like as one
Who, sick the winter long, lay in the dark sick room;
And now I've left it suddenly, suddenly,
And dazzling darts on me spring, spring the emerald,

Spring, spring the emerald, waked by the sunbeams.
And now are rustling trees whitely blossoming,
And young flowers peeping look at me smiling,
With their bright-scented eyes.
Odours here, murmurs here, breathe soft with laughter;
Birds in the blue sky singing out clearly—
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Brave heart, in brave retreat,
Often, how often,
Thee have the northern barbarianesses
Ruthlessly held at bay!
From their gigantic eyeballs victorious
Shot they their burning darts;
With words like sling-stones smooth
Oft would they cleave my heart,
And with axe-*billets-doux*
Smote they sheer down upon
My poor bedizzied brain.
Vainly the shield I raised,
Arrows came whizzing by, hatchet-strokes fell anew;
And by the northern barbarianesses
Up to the ocean brink am I now driven;
Now freely breathing, greet I thee, Ocean,
Ocean, the dear and the befreeing—
Thalatta! Thalatta!

The next piece is called a 'Sea Vision:'—

Then did I lay on the edge of the ship,
And looked down with a dreaming eye—
Down, deep down in the mirror-clear water,
And looked deeper ever and deeper;
Till deep down from the floor of the sea,
Looking at first like a darkening mist,
Then growing gradually colour-distinguished,
Church towers and spires began to rise plainly;
And at last, seen clear, all a great city,
Antique in fashion and Netherlandish,
Live with men-dwellers—
Grave-looking men there, in long black mantles,
With white ruff-collars and chains of honour,
Wearing long sword-blades and longer faces.

Pacing they glide through the throng of the market-place,
Right to the high steps of the town-council house,
Where the old Kaisers' graven stone images
Stand and keep close watch with sword and sceptre.
There not a long way off, by the long house-rows,
Wherein are windows shining like moons,
Behind the lime trees, pyramidal-shaven,
Walk the young maidens with silken rustling;
Slim little bodies, with flower-like faces,
Soberly closed round with their black mob-caps,
'Neath which the gold hair springs like a fountain.
Gay, trim young fellows, in Spanish raiment,
Strut proudly o'er the way and nod in greeting.
Matrons, too, grave with years,
In their brown, old-fashioned,
Stiff-folded vestures,
Bearing within the hand hymn-book and rosary,
Go along, tripping
To the great minster,
Hurried by chime of bells
And the deep organ-tunes.
Me, too, it seizes, 'mid awful mystery
Of the far-sounding tones;
Infinite yearning, desperate languor,
Through my heart permeate—
My barely healèd heart,
It is as though its wounds
Were by dear lips bekissed,
And made to bleed again.
Hot drops and crimson drops
Fall from it downward,
Slow and more slowly,
Down to an old house, there
Down in the ocean-town,
Down to an old house, with gables lofty,
Moody and lonely.
Yet at one window there
Sitteth a maiden,
Head on arm leaning,
Looking like a poor child lost and forsaken:
I know thee, poor child, lost and forsaken.

Deep, therefore, sea-deep,
In childish humour
Hast thou thus hid thyself,
And couldst not rise again,
But satest strangely with a strange people,
Ages, long ages.
And the while I with soul,
Misery laden,
Sought thee the wide earth through,
And ever sought thee—
Thee, the loved ever,
Thee, the long lost one,
Thee, the one found at last.
I have now found thee, and now behold again
Thy sweetest aspect;
Thine eyes so deep and true,
And thy dear smiling.
Ne'er will I quit thee now,
For I come to thee;
And thus with open arms
Down to thy heart I rush.
But just at that time
Did the ship-captain
Pull me hard by the foot
Back o'er the vessel's side,
Saying with horrid laugh,
'Are you gone crazy?'

This last poem is a striking example of those conflicts of the ideal and the real in Heine, which too often ended in the cynical triumph of the latter; lost for a while in romantic dreamland the prose sea-captain comes and pulls him back into the every-day world by the leg. Still more striking is the cynical termination to the magnificent vision of Christ rising up over the sea in such grandeur that the sun serves Him for a heart from which He pours golden beams of love over the world; a termination which Heine omitted when he republished the piece in the 'Book of Songs.' For the rest, the tone of the two cycles is thoroughly sceptical.

Christ and the Christian hierarchy are treated quite on the same footing as the Grecian Gods—Jupiter, Kronos, Poseidon, and the others—who make a strange appearance in their banished desolation, floating about in this grey and gloomy northern hemisphere, so that the whole series forms a strange medley; attractive, however, through that peculiar charm imparted by a strong poetic individuality.

As for the prose portions of the 'Reisebilder,' they owe the chief part of the popularity they immediately attained to the fact that they announced the arrival in Germany of a humorist, and that of a rare order. For it is not so much in his quality as poet as in that of wit and of humour that Heine makes the strongest contrast to the German people; in fact, the singularity of Heine's appearance in this respect is so great, that a believer in M. Taine's brilliant theories might have demonstrated *à priori* that the existence of such a genius was impossible in Germany, and the birth of such a man at such a time and in such a period is a veritable *lusus naturæ*; since nature, after all, has more whims and fancies in her than can be accounted for either by the observation of Darwin or the genius of M. Taine. Excepting perhaps the Chinese, no nation was ever created with such an entire absence of the humorous element as the Germans; and of this the most amusing proof is that they do not know how heavy they are, and it is impossible to make them feel it. As the Englishman, it is said, never knows when he is beaten, a German never knows when he is dull. There is, or has been, some foundation for the continental picture of the Englishman devoured with *ennui*, and flying from clime to clime to avoid it; but at least the Englishman is capable of being *ennuyé*, and knows when he is so. The German is as incapable of this feeling as a walrus, and his ideas of diversion are not dissimilar to such as that creature may be supposed to entertain. The story of the German baron learning to be lively

by jumping over the dining-room furniture, and the question of the *père* Bonhours proposed to the French Academy—'if it were possible for a German to be witty,' *si un Allemand pouvait avoir de l'esprit*—are not without their *raison d'être.*

Is there anything in this world more painful to look at than the pages of the Berlin 'Kladderatatsch,' than the 'Fliegende Blätter,' the chief German so-called comic papers? What can be thought of a people's capacity for wit and humour who have not produced one single comedy which can be called tolerable? The German comedies are on a level with the 'Kladderatatsch' and the 'Fliegende Blätter.' Then, can anything equal the tediousness and dulness of the ordinary German novel? And while England and France have produced novelists by hundreds, after Auerbach, whom has Germany produced who can be really called a novelist? In spite of the many fine things in 'Wilhelm Meister,' the plot of the story is a miracle of dulness. And how dull and prosy, again, is Goethe in page after page of his autobiography! It is true that Jean Paul Richter is both a novelist and humorist, and that he has fine qualities; but Jean Paul was a South German, and even his humour frequently reminds us of an elephant attempting to waltz; and then his sentiment, how German! In one of his novels the pathetic incident of the story is a flow of blood from the heroine's arm at the moment she is receiving a declaration! The tape had become undone which the doctor had tied round it after an operation of phlebotomy! Indeed, the total absence or the clumsy fashion of the play-element in the German character is one of the most terrible facts in human nature. To show that we are not singular in our views or led away by any spirit of exaggeration, we refer the reader to the observations on this point of a correspondent of a daily English newspaper. They were published in the 'Daily Telegraph' on May 15, 1872, and read like a photograph of national manners.

Beside the North German we are a nation of light-hearted rollickers. Despite the rabies of money-making, which is spreading epidemically over all classes of Englishmen, there is more of the 'life gladness,' or 'Lebenglückseligheit,' in the sons of the Island-Queen than in the offspring of the Fatherland. Grown-up men in England do what, during several years' residence in Germany, I have never seen a German boy do—namely, play. The German youth of the upper or middle classes does not play at any manly game that I know of, except the *Kriegspiel*, for I do not reckon cards, dominoes, or even billiards, under the heading of manly sports. Their two great Universities, Bonn and Heidelberg, are situate on the banks of rivers, but you may look from one year's end to the other upon the waters of the Rhine and Neckar for a couple of local 'eights' or even 'fours' manned by German students. Here in Berlin there is a river also, and a University, with I don't know how many youngsters entered on its books; but not one of the *Burschenschafter* has its 'ship' on the Spree, although our Embassy manages to keep up a 'four,' and to man it all through the season, year after year. I cannot look upon the duelling that disgraces this as well as other German Universities as a manly sport. If you walk past Alma Mater at the hour (1 P.M.) when the columns are pouring forth through her portals into the Linden avenue, you cannot fail to notice that one face out of every four or five you meet is gashed and scarred, frequently in a ghastly and repulsive manner. The sword with the trenchant schläger point, prescribed by the students' code of honour for delivering only on the countenance, divides muscles and splits eye-balls, frequently leaving its victim's features set for life in a hideous involuntary grin, and at best furrowing his physiognomy with purple unsightly seams that give a sinister expression to the most insignificant lineaments. And yet the practice which results in such disfigurement is the nearest thing to a game indulged in by the youth of North Germany; for by no means do they *play* at drinking beer. The children do not play in parks and squares. I have never seen a boy trundling a hoop, tossing a ball, knuckling down at marbles, running a race, or even wrestling with a chum, in this country. Excellent gymnasia for adults abound in every large city of the Empire; but standing on your head at the end of a pole, or hanging by your chin to the bar of a trapeze, although achievements requiring strength and skill for their fulfilment, have nothing in common with playing at a game—which is, I contend, what the Germans never do. All such

acrobatic feats as are learned, and are admirably performed, at the Turnverein are essentially selfish: no feeling like that inspiring a cricketing eleven or a boat's crew, or even a 'side' at rounders, animates the lithesome athletes, who turn back-somersaults or walk up ladders with their hands with such magnificent precision. It is 'every man for himself' with each individual German, be it even in matters of recreation, just as it is with Germany herself in political affairs. To speak more plainly, the small German does not care any more for his neighbours than great Germany cares for hers. Catch her, like France, drawing her sword to redress another people's wrongs, or like England, putting her hand in her pocket to relieve the wants of those who are strangers to her soil and aliens to her in speech and race. It is this grand and massive egotism in little things as in large which has won her such triumphant success in the world; but selfish people are not playful. There are, indeed, few games at which the most sportively inclined person can play by himself or herself, and I incline to believe that the real cause of the extraordinary dulness characterising existence in North Germany, is the entire and engrossing devotion manifested by every native to his or her personal interest, the furtherance of which utterly absorbs each individual to attention, and occupies his energies. In peace the Prussian strives as constantly to make money as he exerts himself in war to conquer his enemy for the time being. Now he who pursues amusement is a money-spender, as a rule, and represents a class that absolutely does not exist in this part of Europe. There are, I really believe, fewer idle men in Prussia than there are 'loafers' in the New England States of North America. There are but a few wealthy nobles in the whole kingdom, while there are hundreds of titled gentlemen as poor as rats. Only one profession of any importance is open to men of rank, whether rich or poor—for diplomacy and the navy are so limited in their capacity for affording employment as to be scarcely worth mentioning—a profession which, for the very reason that it has been made the labour-outlet of a class of men whose birth is supposed to unfit them for trade, commerce, or the liberal professions, has become a caste; and for very shame the small wealthy minority cannot keep out of it, merely because they are better off in worldly goods than the equally noble but impecunious majority. Once in harness these few men of means have to work as hard as the most hopelessly penniless young count, eighth son of a count (himself only managing to exist on a younger brother's portion

and his retiring pension), that ever wore a blue frock-coat with red facings and brass buttons. After a few years of such hard work, during which he has lost the habit of wanting to be amused, the exceptionally wealthy Prussian nobleman, when he feels justified in leaving the army, cares no longer for what is conventionally called pleasure, and passes the remainder of his life in looking closely after his own interests. Thus it comes to pass that there being no class of men here, as in England, France, and even Italy, who have no other business save amusement, and whose natural function it is, on the one hand, to stimulate the public taste for all sorts of recreation, and, on the other, to keep the purveyors of such recreation up to the mark, the people of Northern Germany 's'amusait moult tristement,' as we are said to have done in 'the good old days.' Oh, all you, my countrymen, who are dissatisfied with English actors and actresses, who mourn the decline of the dramatic art in England, come to Berlin, visit the theatres of the German capital; and if you survive the discomforts and annoyances you will have to endure, even in Royal theatres, richly entertained and managed by Court officials of high rank, you shall go back to the banks of the Thames rejoicing that the places of amusement provided for you in your native land are ventilated, furnished, and conducted on principles entirely different to those which govern the owners and lessees of such establishments here.

The birth among such a people of a humorist or a wit, fit to rank with the great humorists and wits of Europe—the Cervantes, the Rabelais, the Voltaires, the Swifts, the Sternes, &c.—might be regarded as something akin to a miracle; and this singularity it was which awoke anew attention to Heine immediately on his appearance as a prose writer. Doubtless, however, among such a race he might have escaped notice had he not possessed firm friends, such as Varnhagen, Immermann, and others, who were zealous at once in the cause of setting forth the rare qualities of his prose writing in their true light; and yet the public must have been dull beyond the power of conception had they not become aware that Heine was not only a great poet and satirist, but that in him, too, as a prose writer a new power had been born into the world.

We have already given sufficient extracts from the first two volumes of the 'Reisebilder' to enable the reader to judge for himself of their merits. Those which we have translated all touch on the personal relations of Heine, and these are infinitely the best; in the reminiscences of his youth in the 'Book Le Grand,' and in his descriptions of his personal experiences and companions in the other pieces, he is true to himself, and whatever he wishes to express is expressed in a delightful and truly poetic manner. Those passages, however, on which he most prided himself, were those in which he affects to play the part of a tribune of the people, in which he inserts eulogies of liberty and attacks aristocratic morgue and priestly craft. In reading these one must of course make allowance for his own especially oppressed condition, and the general oppression of Germany; but, nevertheless, they are derogatory to the general artistic character of the volumes, and their interest has necessarily now much diminished. Altogether the effect of these sketches is patchy and fragmentary; there is no unity about them except the unity which the reader has to supply from his knowledge of Heine's remarkable individuality which lies at the bottom of all. The 'Book Le Grand' is, as we have already noticed, a painful imitation of the manner of Sterne, pushed at times to the excess of caricature; but the quality which is most wanting in all these sketches is that which gives the great charm to Sterne's pages—keeping; and the unquiet effect produced by Heine's glaring but splendid inequalities has the result, that we peruse his volumes for the sake of occasional good passages without any desire to return to them; while we lay down Sterne after perusal with pleased consciousness that we have in him a friend for life, who will never fail when occasion permits to hold us to his pages with undiminished charm.

However, it would be unjust to Heine to suppose that he did not himself feel the artistic errors of these composi-

tions; his excuse is that he thought he was fulfilling a higher duty in these interpolations than that which he owed to art. One thing especially is to be noticed in him, that he seldom made use of wit or humour in satire for their own sake, that he generally had a purpose in view; and on this point he has left some aphorisms which are worthy of observation. All wit passes with superficial people as equally good, but there is the distinction of bad real and good real wit. Wit is as capable of being employed inhumanly as humanly, cynically as goodnaturedly; and there may be wit which is the mere flash of superficiality, which has little meaning at all. Of cynical or inhuman wit M. de Talleyrand is one of the chief examples, the greater part of his witty sayings having been the expression of a caustic cynical nature; some of them have as deadly a poison as the fangs of a cobra, and the world seems to repeat and admire them as though they were the utterances of a Solon or a Pythagoras. On this point these sentences of Heine, a master in the art, should ever be remembered: 'Wit in its isolation,' he says, 'is worth nothing.' 'Then only is wit tolerable when it rests on an earnest basis.' 'Ordinary wit is no more than *a sneeze of the reason*, a dog who runs after his shadow, a red-jacketed ape which stares at himself between two mirrors, a bastard begotten by Folly out of Reason in a fleeting contact in the public street.'

The second volume of the 'Reisebilder' even made more commotion than the first. 'Sensation—great sensation—does your book make,' Varnhagen wrote to him in England. The servile portion of the press—the kennel-hounds of despotism—of course yelped at it on all sides—the praise of Napoleon and the French Revolution in 'Le Grand' aggravated all his former and other offences. Heine felt proud of all this abuse, as well as of the attention which was awarded to him—too proud indeed—for we find him writing to Moser soon after his arrival in England: 'I have by means of

this book achieved a wonderful following and popularity in Germany. If I preserve my health I can do much. I have now a widely echoing voice. You shall often hear it thundering against the beadles of thought, and the oppressors of the holiest rights. I shall attain an extraordinary professorate in the University of great spirits.'

However much these words may savour of vanity, they will excite nothing but compassion and even some admiration in any right-thinking mind, and in any human heart. Had Heine not been the son of an outcast race, had he not been born in a land enslaved and degraded—had he been instead a denizen of a free country, with an atmosphere of noble thought around him—he would never have descended to politics at all. He would have felt how true poetry delights in a purer air than that of politics, and he would have devoted himself to casting the highest intentions, aspirations, and sentiments of his time into forms of eternal beauty; but as it was, both as a witness and a victim, of such ignoble servitude, he felt ashamed to be a mere poet—his word should flash like the sword of Michael in the front of the battle against wrong and tyranny; he would be a champion of the most sacred rights of humanity—in his own phrase,

A champion of the Holy Ghost.'

It was with such burning thoughts as these that, after having launched the second volume of the 'Reisebilder,' he passed over to England, partly to get quit for a while of Hamburg and its inhabitants, but mainly with the view of getting some knowledge of the working of the institutions of a free country.

CHAPTER X.

HEINE IN ENGLAND.

BEFORE starting for England, Heine wrote a letter to Varnhagen, in which he gives some account of the motives of his departure. This letter differs somewhat in tone from one which he wrote a little later to Moser, and from which it appears that he had even then ideas of leaving Germany and hateful Hamburg for ever. Indeed, he quitted the commercial city at this time in 1827 with the same kind of feelings, only less intense, as those with which he left Hamburg for good four years later. It is clear, however, that he could never have entertained any thought of settling in London—that which, above all things, drew him to the shores of England was the desire, not only of studying our political institutions, but of witnessing also the aspects of our public and private life, as they changed under the lights of that freedom of debate and of the press which he so much admired in us, and which he so much envied.

His letter to Varnhagen runs thus: 'It was not fear which drove me away, but the love of prudence, which advises everyone not to risk anything where there is nothing to gain. Had I the prospect of getting a position in Berlin, I would have travelled there without a care of the contents of my book. I think, if our ministry is well advised, I have more than the prospect of getting such a position, and I shall in the end return back to you to Berlin. I have as yet heard not a word of the fate of my book. I knew it beforehand.

I know my Germans—they will be frightened, reflect, and do nothing. I doubt also whether the book will not be forbidden. It was, however, necessary that it should be written. In this servile bad time one must write something. I have done my duty, and am ashamed of those stout-hearted friends, who once would do so much, and now are silent. The most cowardly recruits are courageous when they stand in rank and file; but he shows true courage who stands alone. I saw also beforehand that the good people of my country will sufficiently tear my book to pieces, and I cannot take it amiss of my friends, if they are silent about the perilous production. I know very well that one must be independent of the State to express oneself freely about my "Le Grand."'

Heine came to England by steamboat, and by way of the Thames, the grandest and truest highroad to the English capital. The series of sketches called 'English Fragments' opens with a scene and conversation on board the steamboat, which, whether real or imaginary, no doubt represents the impressions which the traveller received in his passage up the river to the Tower Wharf, where he probably landed:—

'The yellow man stood near me on the deck as I looked on the green banks of the Thames, and the nightingales awoke in all the corners of my soul. "Land of freedom," I cried, "I greet thee." Be thou greeted, O Freedom, O young son of a rejuvenescent world! Those elder sons, Love and Faith, are grown faded and cold, and can no more light us and warm us. Deserted are the old valleys of myrtles which were once so populous, and silly turtle doves alone now make their nests in the beautiful bushes. The old cathedrals are sinking down, which were towered up so giant high by a daring pious race, a race who would build its faith up high into the heavens. They are become brittle and crumbling, and their gods believe in themselves no more. These gods have lived out their existence, and our age has now not

enough fancy to create new. All the might which resides in the bosom of man has now turned to love of liberty, and liberty is perhaps the religion of a new time; and this is again a religion which will not be preached to the rich but to the poor, and which has also its evangelists, its martyrs, and its Judas Iscariots."

"'Young enthusiast," said the yellow man, "you will not find what you are looking for. You may be right in saying that liberty is a new religion, which is spreading over the whole world; but as once every people in adopting Christianity moulded it after its own necessities and its own character, so will every people only accept so much of the new religion of liberty as suits its local necessities and its national character."

'The English are a homely people, they live a circumscribed quiet family existence; in the circle of his family relations the Englishman seeks for that satisfaction of soul which it is denied to him to meet with out of his house, on account of his inborn social bearishness. The Englishman is therefore contented with that degree of freedom which secures his personal rights, and which protects without restriction his person, his property, his marriage, his religion, and his queer fancies. In his house is no man more free than the Englishman—to make use of a well-known phrase he is king and bishop within his four walls, and his well-used proverb is not without justification, "My house is my castle."'

'If now the English feel the greatest need of personal liberty, the French, on the other hand, can, at the pinch of necessity, do without it, if they have the enjoyment of that part of common liberty which we name equality. The French are not a homely but a sociable people; they are not fond of those silent forms of "sitting together," which they call *une conversation Anglaise*; they run prattling from the *café* to the club, from the club to the *salon*, their sparkling

champagne-blood, and their inborn talent for companionship urge them to a life of society—of which the first and last condition, whose very soul, is equality. With the development of sociability in France must therefore arise the need of equality; and if the cause of the French Revolution is to be sought for in the budget—yet its words and voice were first found for it by those witty *Roturiers*, who in the *salons* of Paris lived with the upper aristocracy apparently on the footing of equality, and yet from time to time, although it might be by a scarcely observable but therefore by a so much the more aggravating feudal smile, were reminded of the immense and shameful existing inequality; and if the *canaille roturière* took the liberty of cutting off the heads of the high nobility, this perhaps was done more for the sake of inheriting their ancestral privileges than their property, so as to bring in a noble equality instead of a citizen inequality. That this struggle for equality was the ruling principle of the Revolution, we can the more readily believe because the French felt themselves speedily happy and contented under the rule of their great Emperor—who, in consideration of their state of nonage, took all their liberties under his strong mastership, and gave them the joy of a full and glorious equality.

'Far more patiently than the Frenchman does the Englishman endure the right of a privileged aristocracy; he consoles himself with the fact that he himself possesses rights which make it impossible to interfere with him in his home comforts and his ideas of life. Their aristocracy, too, do not make a parade of their privileges as on the Continent. In the streets and public assemblies of London, one never sees fine ribbons except on the caps of women, nor gold and silver badges except on the coats of lacqueys. Even that fine gay livery which with us announces a privileged military order, is in England anything but a sign of honour. As an actor after the play is over washes off his paint, so does the English

officer get rid of his red coat as soon as he has got through his hour of duty, and in the plain coat of a gentleman becomes again a gentleman. Only on the stage at St. James' have decorations and costumes, which have been preserved out of the sweepings of the Middle Ages, any value: there wave the ribbons of orders; there stars are glittering; there rustle the silken hose and the trains of satin; there the golden spurs jingle, and the old grand fashions of speech; there the knight puffs himself out, and my lady spreads her tail. But what does a free Englishman care about the comedy at St. James's?

'As for the Germans, they are desirous of neither liberty nor equality. They are a speculative people; idealogists given over to pre-reflection and post-reflection; dreamers who live only in the past and in the future, and have no present. Englishmen and Frenchmen have a present, and for them every day has its struggle and counter-struggle and its history. The German has nothing to struggle for, for when he began to conjecture that there might be things whose possession would be desirable for him, then his philosophers, in excellently wise fashion, taught him to doubt whether any such things were in existence. However, it cannot be denied that the Germans love liberty, but in a different way from other people. The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife—he possesses her, and, if he does not treat her with remarkable delicacy, yet he knows how to defend her in case of necessity like a man; and then, bad luck to the red-coated fellow who intrudes into her holy bed-chamber—whether as a gallant or as a constable. The Frenchman loves liberty like his bride. He glows for her, he bursts out into flames, he casts himself at her feet with the most extravagant protestations; he fights for her through life and death, and commits for her a thousand follies. The German loves liberty like his old grandmother.

* * * * * * *

'While the steamboat, and our conversation with it, advanced up the river, the sun had gone down, and its last beams lighted the Hospital of Greenwich, an imposing edifice like a palace, which consists of two wings, between which there is an empty space, which allows one to see a hill green with trees and crowned with a handsome tower. The crowd of ships went on continually increasing on the stream, and I wondered at the dexterity with which the great vessels made way for each other. One greets thus many a friendly face which one has never seen and never will see again. We passed so close by each other, that we might have shaken hands for welcome and departure at the same time. The heart swells at the aspect of so many swelling sails, and is wonderfully excited when from the bank confused murmurs, distant dance-music, and the heavy clamour of sailors, throng towards you. But in the white veil of evening the outlines of the objects gradually melt away, and there is left only a forest of tall bare masts towering up into the sky.

'The yellow man stood close by me and looked meditatively up on high, as though he sought the pale stars in the misty heaven. Still looking up aloft, he laid his hand on my shoulder and, in a tone in which secret thoughts grew involuntarily to words, said, "Freedom and Equality are neither to be found here below nor there above. There above the stars are not equal: one is bigger and more shining than another; not one of them has a path of freedom: all obey prescribed iron laws; slavery exists in heaven as on earth."

'"That is the Tower!" one of our fellow-travellers cried suddenly, while he pointed to a tall structure, which, like a spectral dark dream, towered on high above mist-enveloped London.'

Heine entered London towards the end of April, and the period of his stay in England was nearly coincident with that of the premiership of Canning, which terminated so

abruptly by his premature and sudden death, a death which threw into mourning the whole civilised world. The premiership of Canning, which followed almost immediately on the sudden death of Lord Liverpool, commenced on April 10. Heine arrived in England about a week later, and he left it on August 8, the very day on which Canning died.

It is almost impossible for us now to realise the immense hopes and interest with which all the oppressed nations of the world regarded the advent of Canning to power, and the intensity of sorrow which was felt for his death from the Andes to the eastern frontiers of Poland and to the Isles of the Ægean Sea.

Of all the tyrannous dominions which have weighed heavily on mankind that of the Holy Alliance was one of the most odious. Of all kinds of oppression and injustice those which are perpetrated under pretence of Christian principle have ever been the most loathsome and the most galling; and when the nations of Europe, after the overthrow of Napoleon, at the expenditure of such cost of blood and treasure, found themselves delivered over bound hand and foot to the theocratic usurpations and the persecuting league of the pigmy monarchs of the Holy Alliance, it was no wonder that Liberals and poets like Byron and Heine regretted somewhat Leipzic and Waterloo. Of this abominable system Lord Londonderry (formerly Castlereagh), with all the power of England at his back and its money in his hand, was considered the very keystone. Hardly ever was man so hated at home and abroad. The verse of Byron, extravagant as its expressions now seem, gives but a faint reflection of the loathing inspired by the system of tyranny of which this dull mediocrity, with his ludicrous oratory, his narrow brain, and his confused ideas, was the chief supporter. Of late years writers have seemed to regard with more lenience his detestable public arrogance and his love of tyranny, because

he had in private a courtly demeanour. His contemporaries could not admit of such extenuating circumstances. With them he was, as Byron says, 'a wretch never named but with curses and jeers,' 'the intellectual eunuch Castlereagh':—

> Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!
> Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,
> And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
> Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,
> The vulgarest toil that Tyranny could want,
> With just enough of talent, and no more,
> To lengthen fetters by another fix'd,
> And offer poison long already mix'd.
>
> A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
> And botching, patching, leaving still behind
> Something of which its masters are afraid—
> States to be curb'd and thoughts to be confined,
> Conspiracy or Congress to be made—
> Cobbling at manacles for all mankind;
> A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains,
> With God and man's abhorrence for its gains.

Whether the poor brain of this miserable man gave way under the sense at last awakened that the contempt and the curses of the most generous hearts in the whole civilised world lay heavy upon him one cannot know; but certain it is that the tidings that he had cut his throat flew over the world, and was received as a happy augury of a new era. Never were there more honest cheers of joy than those with which the London crowd greeted the appearance of his coffin as it was removed from the hearse to be placed in its ill-deserved resting-place of Westminster Abbey; and the cheers went rolling on over the wide Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific, gave new courage to the struggling patriots of Spanish America, and came back with redoubled intensity to re-echo among the oppressed nations of Europe—the enemy of the human race, *hostis generis humani*, was dead;

and a successor took his place whose name excited the most hopeful anticipations of a new and a better future. The name of Canning, in spite of his premature end, the brief period of his ministry, and the timid nature of most of his measures, will always be affectionately remembered in the annals of the world. Brought up at the feet of Pitt, after filling long subordinate offices in Tory ministers, he came at length to see how unworthy of the character of his country, and of the spirit at least of her misused institutions, was the part she was playing as chief gaoler of Europe and chief accomplice of the Holy Alliance. He saw clearly, moreover, that, if such a state of things continued, England must either become herself a despotic country or find herself isolated in influence among the despotic powers of the world. Nevertheless, the prospects of any break-up of the system seemed more hopeless than ever in August 1822, when the news of the suicide of Londonderry surprised and electrified the world.

So hopeless did the prospects of Canning then seem of attaining high office, in the face of the hostility and rancours of intolerant enemies, who hated Canning bitterly not only for his Liberalism in foreign politics, but also for his advocacy of Catholic Emancipation and his efforts to obtain a reform of the iniquitous Corn Laws, that he had accepted the office of Governor-General of India, and was about to leave the country when the news reached him that Londonderry was dead.

This intelligence found him at a place and under circumstances which have especial interest for our generation. Canning had been for many years member for Liverpool, and he had gone down to take leave of his constituents. When he visited Liverpool, he was in the habit of staying at 'Seaforth House,' a house standing by the sea on the north side of the town, the residence of Mr. Gladstone, the father of the late Premier, who was playing as a boy on the

sea-shore, while Canning was gazing from the windows above him on that sea which he expected would soon bear him away for ever from English political life. Here it was that the news reached him of Londonderry's death. The next day at a banquet at Liverpool, Canning's supporters crowded around him, and exclaimed, 'Now at least you will not leave us.'

Canning, at the Foreign Office in place of Londonderry, effected a revolution in our foreign politics. His refusal to countenance in any way the march of the French army into Spain to put down the Spanish Constitution, was a virtual withdrawal of England from the Holy Alliance, as his recognition of the struggling Spanish Republics in South America was a virtual defiance of the whole combined despotism of Europe. The declaration made in his famous speech in 1826, 'that he had called the New World into existence to restore the balance of the Old,' was not mere bombast when the immense change of system which it announced is considered, and certainly no words were ever received so earnestly or ever excited such burning hopes among the Liberals of the Continent.

Another sudden death, that of Lord Liverpool, at the end of February 1827, raised Canning from the position of Foreign Minister to that of Premier, on April 10. The time between the death of Liverpool and the elevation of Canning had been occupied in the fruitless attempt to form a ministry on the thorough-going ancient Tory principles, and the rage and spite of the old partisans of the Holy Alliance and the supporters of the inhuman Game and Corn Laws passed all bounds when they saw Canning being carried to the highest office of the State by the force of the popular will. All that could be done by the country magnates in the way of intrigue and demonstration was done, in order to intimidate the King against naming Canning minister; but these intrigues at last had the opposite effect

from that which they intended. Canning became Prime Minister, and a new session of Parliament was opened on May 1. And now began a session, one of the most disgraceful in the annals of Parliaments, by reason of the insolence and the violence of the attacks of the opponents of Canning upon the 'renegade' and the 'adventurer.' Tough old Eldon, who now, after twenty-two years of office, retired with his leathery conscience into private life, declared that, in the course of his whole long life, he had never known party spirit run so high as in London at this time. 'The whole conversation in this town,' he writes, 'is made up of abusive, utterly abusive talk of people about each other—all fire and flame. I have known nothing like it.'

It was the last dying fit of rage, indeed, of the old Tory Rump, who had thriven and fattened on the war. They saw their end was at hand. It may be doubted whether even they did not regret that they had overthrown Bonaparte when they found Canning Prime Minister—at least *he* kept up the price of rents.

> Why would you trouble Buonaparte's reign?
> He was your great Triptolemus; his vices
> Destroy'd but realms, and still maintain'd your prices.
> Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone?
> The man was worth much more upon his throne.
> True, blood and treasure boundlessly were spilt;
> But what of that? the Gauls may bear the guilt.

So Byron wrote towards the end of Lord Liverpool's time, and tells us that even then the English partisans of the Holy Alliance were beginning to have the terrors of cheap bread before their eyes:—

> The land self-interest groans from shore to shore,
> For fear that plenty should attain the poor.
> Up, up again, ye rents! exalt your notes,
> Or else the Ministry will lose their votes,

And patriotism, so delicately nice,
Her loaves will lower to the market price.
See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm.
Their ploughshare was the sword in hireling hands,
Their fields manured by gore of other lands.
Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle. Why? For rent!
Year after year they voted cent per cent,
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions. Why? For rent!
The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was rent!
Their love of country, millions all misspent,
How reconcile? By reconciling rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—rent, rent, rent!

It is said that in countries where earthquakes are common, the first creature who has a presentiment of this is the donkey; so, too, on the eve of any great political change, the stupidest people generally feel a prophetic antipathy to the man who will bring it about. The great race of corn-dealers saw in the advent of Canning to high office the beginning of a new order of things; and nearly the greater part of the short session from May 1 to July 2 was wasted in shameful assaults on the personal character and motives of the Prime Minister. Canning stood in the House night after night like a noble creature at bay amid a pack of yelping curs. One of his antagonists even had the baseness to send to his place in the House an enclosure under cover, which Canning opened and found to be an old play-bill, in which his mother's name was printed among the *dramatis personæ*—for, as is well known, Canning's mother, on being left a youthful widow, supported herself and her son for some time by going on the stage. Against such contemptible foes, Canning, backed up by a majority of the

House and by the leading Liberals, such as Brougham, Burdett, &c., who now for the first time sat on the ministerial side of the House, had no difficulty in being victorious: yet the victories cost him dear; his sensitive organisation was put to fearful torture. He sickened not long after the close of the session, and his friends always declared he had been harried to death by his persecutors.

Such was the exciting political period during which Heine visited England.

It may be inferred from a passage in his 'English Sketches' that he went first to the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden. If he did, he speedily changed from thence to lodgings at No. 32 Craven Street, Strand, from where we find him writing a letter, addressed to Merckel, dated April 23.

'Dear Friend,—It is snowing without, and I have no fire in my chimney. The result is a cool letter. Over and above I am vexed and ill. I have already seen and heard much, but as yet have got no clear view. London has surpassed all my expectation in respect of its vastness; but I have lost myself. I have as yet made few visits. Your friends I have not yet seen, and the theatres are my chief resource. I am freezing and suffer fearfully. I am too ill to be able to do anything, but my next work shall be the preface to my poems, afterwards I shall rework my "Ratcliff." I shall remain in London at most till the middle of June, then I shall go for three months to an English sea-bathing place. The last is a necessity for me. Living here is frightfully dear; up to this time I have spent more than a guinea a-day. I paid a sovereign and a half for my food and steward's fees on board the steamer; for the few books I have I had nearly a pound duty to pay, &c. Books themselves are at a mad price here. Nothing but fog, coal smoke, porter, and Canning. My friends in Westminster Abbey I have not yet visited. How shall I fare yet in this world? In spite of knowing

better, I shall never be able to avoid doing stupid tricks, that is, to speak out liberally. I am curious to hear from you, if no Government has taken umbrage at my book. The end of it is that people will sit quietly by their fireside at home and read composedly the "Deutschen Anzeiger" or the "Hallische Literatur-Zeitung," and eat German bread and butter. It is here so fearfully damp and unpleasant, and nobody understands me here, nobody understands German. Farewell, young friend.—H. HEINE.'

Heine had brought with him to London a letter of credit for 400*l.*, and an introduction to Rothschild from his uncle; and through Rothschild no doubt he found means of seeing everything that was worth seeing, and getting admittance into some circles of London society. As to the letter of credit for 400*l.*, Maximilian Heine tells us that Solomon Heine had told him not to change it, that this was only for the sake of making an appearance, *der Repräsentation halber.* Heine, however, did change it as speedily as possible; he sent part to Moser to pay off his debts, kept back part in his hands, and sent the remainder to Varnhagen to be held for him against future contingencies. The Hamburg *millionaire,* according to Maximilian, was fearfully wrath at this proceeding, which Heine excused to his mother under the plea that 'what his uncle had given him in a fit of good humour he might take back in a bad one. Dear mother, one must take care of oneself in this life; if uncle had not taken care of himself he would not have been so rich.' However, we have before expressed our opinion of the character of the anecdotes of Maximilian about his brother, and this story is probably embellished with the colouring of his own character and imagination.

As soon as Parliament opened, on May 1, Heine became an assiduous attendant on the debates. The rapidity with which he obtained an insight into the play of parties and of our institutions is surprising, considering the shortness

of his stay; and he appears to have paid considerable attention to the political journals of the period, from which in his 'English Fragments' he has translated various striking passages. His sympathetic liberalism led him to pay especial attention to the chiefs of the popular party in both Houses; and it shows some tact in discrimination that in the Upper House he remarked, as a type of the few Liberal peers of the day, Lord King, the father of Mr. Locke King. It is curious that Heine should have singled out this remarkable figure as a type of cultivated Liberalism, and have been at the pains to translate a speech of his on the Catholic question, in which he makes a curious and humorous parallel between the condition of the Greeks in Turkey and the Roman Catholics in England. In the Lower House Brougham, next to Canning, was the chief orater who invited his attention, and he has devoted several pages to the description of the figure he made in the House. 'I was never so fortunate,' he writes, 'as to be able to observe quietly Brougham when he spoke in the House of Commons. I only heard him speak fragmentarily on an unimportant subject, and even then I could seldom get a good view of him. But always —*that* I observed at once—as soon as he began to speak, there was suddenly a deep and anxious silence. His figure, of ordinary stature, is very lean, as also is his head, which is thinly garnished with black hair lying flat on the temples. This gives his pale long face a yet thinner aspect; his facial muscles have a twitching, weird motion, and he who observes them sees the thoughts of the orator before they are spoken. This is injurious to his witty onslaughts, since, in the case of wit, as in the case of borrowing money, it is advantageous to surprise without announcement. Although his black dress, even to the cut of his coat, is quite that of a gentleman, yet it has the effect of giving him something of a clergyman-like appearance. The "advocate," however, was what struck me most in Brougham's bearing, especially in the way in

which he continually shook his extended forefinger, and leant his head forward and nodded as he spoke.

'What is most marvellous is the restless activity of the man. He makes these parliamentary speeches after he has been busy for eight hours, perhaps in the daily labours of his calling, that is, pleading in courts of justice; and perhaps when he has passed half the night before in writing essays for the "Edinburgh Review," on his reforms of the education of the people and of the criminal law. His first labours, those concerning the instruction of the people, will certainly at some time bring forth the purest fruits. The reform of the criminal law, with which Brougham and Peel are the chief to occupy themselves, is perhaps the most useful, at least, the most pressing; for England's laws are yet more cruel than her oligarchs. The trial of the Queen first founded Brougham's celebrity. He fought like a knight for that great lady, and, as is intelligible, George IV. will never forget the services which he rendered his dear wife.'

Other liberal chiefs, such as Sir Francis Burdett, Spring Rice, Plunkett, Joseph Hume, &c., also engaged his notice in a lesser degree. Nor did Sir Thomas Lethbridge, the stupid leader of the Tory Rump, escape his observation. He paid, too, considerable attention to Cobbett, whom he quotes at length on the national debt, which Heine, then in common with all the world, thought must bring England to speedy bankruptcy; and as to which he remarks with Cobbett, that 'the King's army,' 'the King's navy,' 'the King's court,' were always spoken of, but the debt was never called 'the King's debt.' But it was not likely that Heine should care much about such a prosaic individual as old Cobbett, any more than he would for Joseph Hume, whom he also notices.

'Let no one blame me,' he writes, 'that I quote Cobbett! He may be accused of dishonesty, of dog-in-the-mangerish-

ness, and of vulgarity of character; but it cannot be denied that he possesses much power of language, and that he is often right, as he is on the above occasion (of the national debt). He is a chained house dog, who attacks with fury the calves of every one he does not know, and often those of the best friend of the house; he is always barking, and, just on account of his unnecessary barking, fails to be heard if he once happens to bark at a real thief. Just on this account the upper thieves who have the plundering of England, do not hold it necessary to throw a crust to the snarling Cobbett in order to stop his mouth. This vexes the dog most bitterly, and he gnashes his hungry teeth!

'Old Cobbett! England's dog! I do not love thee, for every vulgar nature is loathsome to me; but I pity thee from the depths of my soul when I see that thou canst not get loose from thy chain and get hold of those thieves, who drag smilingly away their booty before thine eyes, and make mockery of thy fruitless leaps and thy impotent howls.'

The English public character of the day, however, who attracted Heine's antipathy the most strongly was the Duke of Wellington, who was, it must be remembered, as the reputed implement and bosom friend of Castlereagh, an object of hatred, however undeserved, to all the Liberals of Europe at that time.

What especially irritated Heine in Wellington was his successful life, in times in which, as he says, a Bonaparte and a Canning had sunk.

'The man has the misfortune to be always fortunate, when the world's greatest men have been unfortunate, and that exasperates us and makes him hateful. Arthur Wellington triumphs and Napoleon Bonaparte is defeated! Never was a man more ironically favoured with Fortune, and it is as though she would exhibit to the world his barren diminutiveness, as she raised him up on the shield of victory. Fortune

is a woman, and, after a woman's fashion, she, perhaps, bears a secret grudge against the man who overthrew her former darling, though the overthrow was of her own devising. Now in the emancipation of the Catholics she allows him again to triumph, and that in a contest wherein George Canning perished. He might, perhaps, have been loved if the miserable Londonderry had been his predecessor in the Ministry; now, however, he was the successor of the noble Canning, of the much-lamented, adored, great Canning; and he triumphs where Canning perished! Without such a misfortune in fortune Wellington would perhaps have passed for a great man; he would not have been hated, would not have been accurately measured, at least, by the heroic measure wherewith we measure a Napoleon and a Canning, and one would never have discovered how little he is as a man.

'For a little man he is, and even smaller than little. The French could say nothing worse of Polignac than he is a Wellington without notoriety. In fact, what remains of Wellington when you strip off his field-marshal's uniform and his notoriety?

'I have here given the best apology, in the English sense of the word, I could for Wellington. Yet readers will wonder when I honestly confess that I once praised this hero with all my might. It is a good story, and I will narrate it here.

'My barber in London was a radical named Mr. White, a poor small man, in a black coat so threadbare that it had a white glow upon it. He was so thin that his front face seemed like a profile, and the sighs of his breast were visible before they reached his lips. He used to sigh especially over the misfortunes of Old England, and the impossibility of her ever paying her national debt. Alas! I heard him perpetually sighing, "What need had the English people to trouble themselves about who ruled in France and what the French did in their land? But the high nobility and the

High Church feared the free principles of the French Revolution, and to put down these principles must John Bull spend his blood and his money and incur a mass of debts. The end of the war has been obtained; the Revolution has been put down; the wings of the French eagle have been clipped. The high nobility and the High Church can now feel secure that not an eagle can fly over the Channel, and the high nobility and the High Church should at least pay the debts which have been made for their interest, and not for that of the poor people. Alas! the poor people——"

'Always Mr. White, when he came to the "poor people," sighed deeper and complained anew that bread and porter were so dear, and that the poor people must die of hunger to feed sleek lords, packs of hounds, and priests, and that there was only one help for it. At these words he used to sharpen his razor, and while he drew it backwards and forwards over his razor-strop, he murmured savagely and slowly, "Lords, dogs, priests."

'But it was against the Duke of Wellington that his radical anger seethed the most vehemently. He properly spat poison and gall as soon as he began to speak of him; and when he lathered me at such times he did so in a foaming frenzy. Once I was verily in fear, as he was shaving me close to the neck, while he passionately abused Wellington and muttered continually between whiles: "If I had him now under the razor, I would spare him the trouble of cutting his throat, like his colleague and countryman Londonderry, who has just cut his at North Cray, in the county of Kent. Curse him!"

'I felt then how the hand of the man trembled and, out of fear that he might, in his passion, fancy that I was the Duke of Wellington, I sought to tone down his passion and to sooth him gently. So I appealed to his national pride, and represented to him that Wellington had added to the fame of Englishmen; that he was but an innocent instrument in

the hands of third parties; that he ate beef-steaks; and that in fine——Heaven knows what I tried to say in favour of Wellington when the razor was at my throat.

'That which exasperates me most is the thought that Arthur Wellesley will ever be as immortal as Napoleon Bonaparte. But in similar wise is the name of Pontius Pilate even as imperishable as the name of Jesus Christ. Wellington and Napoleon! It is a wonderful phenomenon that the mind of man can think of both at the same moment. There can be no greater contrast than that between the two, even in their outer appearance. Wellington, the dull spectre, with his ashy-grey soul in his starched linen body, with his wooden smile in his frozen face: by the side of that think of the image of Napoleon—every inch a god!'

And here Heine inserts that portrait of Napoleon drawn from his memory when a boy at Düsseldorf, which we have already given.

However unjust is Heine's antipathy to Wellington—an antipathy, by the way, which he shared with Byron—yet the picture of Heine in a London barber's shop gasping forth eulogies of the conqueror of Waterloo with Mr. White's razor at his throat should be omitted from no biography.

To the noble figure of Canning, however, as we see in the above tirade, he never failed to do justice, and it dwelt for ever in his memory as he saw him, with flashing eye and look of scorn, hurl the thunder of debate, or with ironically smiling lips deal the light arrows of wit and sarcasm among the howling crew who were worrying him to his death.

The chapter on 'Opposition Parties' shows us that Heine had at least got a glimpse of the under side of English political life. He had thoroughly made his own the common comparison of these times, of the two chief political factions, the Whigs and the Tories, to 'opposition coaches,' a

comparison the popularity of which is testified to by the well-known verses—

> See down thy vale, romantic Ashburne, glides
> The Derby dilly with its six outsides.

This simile of the opposition coach is not so clear now to the reader as it was in the old coaching days, when smart rival coach proprietors were habitually endeavouring to run each other 'off the line' by lowering the fares to a merely nominal price, until one or the other was forced to give way; after which the winning coach raised the fares again, and the public, who had made the fortune of the coach which held on, found itself just as much at the mercy of the coach proprietors as before.

'The vulgar opinion is,' writes Heine, 'that the party of the Tories ranges itself more on the side of the Throne, and fights for the privileges of the Crown; on the other side the party of the Whigs takes more the side of the people and the defence of their rights. But these definitions are vague, and are mostly only good for books. The appellation may be regarded more as mere clique names. They designate men who hold together in certain contested questions, as their ancestors and friends held formerly together on such occasions, and who in political storms were accustomed to bear a common prosperity and adversity and the common hostility of their adversaries. Of principles there is no question at all,—there is no union as to definite ideas; but as to the abolition or preservation of abuses, as to certain bills, as to certain hereditary questions—no matter from what point of view, though usually habit is everything—Englishmen (at least those who are not idiots) do not allow themselves to be deceived by these party names: when they speak of Whigs, they have no definite conception as we have when we speak of Liberals, when we imagine to ourselves certain individuals who have intimate convictions about certain

rights to liberty; but they imagine to themselves an outward confederation of people of whom each one, if his own convictions were summed up, would form a party to himself, and who only, as is mentioned above, on account of accidental common interests, on account of common friendly or hostile relations, fight against the Tories. So that we must make no conception to ourselves of a war against the aristocrats in our sense, since the Tories in their sentiments are not more aristocratic than the Whigs, and often not more aristocratic than the middle classes themselves, who hold aristocracy to be as immutable as the sun, moon, and stars; who look on the privileges of nobility and clergy not alone as useful to the State, but as a necessity of nature, and perchance would fight for these privileges with more zeal than the aristocrats themselves, even because they have a more firm belief in these things than the aristocrats, who for the most part have lost all belief in themselves. In this regard the night of mediævalism still hangs heavy on the spirit of the Englishman; the holy idea of the civic equality of all men has not yet shone upon him, and therefore we should not style altogether servile the middle class politician in England who professes Tory principles, nor count him with those well-known servile dogs who might have been free if they had chosen, and yet crept back into their old familiar kennels, and from thence yelled at the sons of liberty.' Heine, as was natural, was fully capable of appreciating the part which humour plays and has played in the debates of our representative assemblies.

'The English Parliament,' he writes, 'offers a cheerful spectacle of the freest wit and the wittiest freedom; in the most earnest debates, when the lives of thousands and the welfare of whole nations are at stake, no orator thinks of pulling a long German assembly-face, or declaiming with French pathos; their spirits then as well as their bodies bear themselves in a quite unconstrained manner: jests, *persiflage*,

sarcasm, humour, wisdom, malice and good-nature, logic and verse, are poured forth in the most blooming play of colour, so that the annals of Parliament offer in after years the most witty entertainment. What a contrast to this is made by the dreary, stuffed, blotting-paper speeches of our South German Chambers, whose tiresomeness the most patient newspaper reader cannot overcome—yea, whose very odour is capable of driving off any living reader, so that we must think that that tiresomeness secretly aims at frightening off the great public from reading their transactions, and that they may keep them quite private in spite of their apparent publicity.'

The political wisdom of the English of those days, however, he remarks, left them immediately they began to discuss religious topics :—

'If you speak with the stupidest Englishman on politics he is sure to say something reasonable, but as soon as the conversation turns on religion, then the cleverest Englishman will bring out nothing but absurdities. Hence arises that empiricism of conceptions, that mixture of wisdom and nonsense, as soon as in Parliament the question of the emancipation of the Catholics comes up—a question in which politics and religion are confounded. Seldom, indeed, in the Parliamentary discussions is it possible for an Englishman to utter a principle—they discuss only the utility or the disadvantage of things, and bring facts to the proof for and against.'

Canning having died on the very day on which Heine left England, when Heine published his 'English Fragments,' Wellington and the Tories were again in power—which gave occasion to Heine for the following whimsical tirade :—

'Now again will they (the Tories), as before, administrate all the fruits of the industry of the people into their own pockets, and as governing corn-Jews drive the price of their grain to the highest point. John Bull will grow lean with

hunger; he will, at last, for a mouthful of bread, have to sell himself as a serf again to the great lords; they will yoke him to the plough and flog him, and he will not dare even to murmur; for on the one side the Duke of Wellington threatens him with his sword, and on the other the Archbishop of Canterbury with his Bible hits him on the head—and there will be peace in the land.'

Heine's picture of the external and street aspects of London is drawn with extreme power:—

'Send a philosopher to London, but for pity's sake no poet! Send a philosopher, then, and place him at the corner of Cheapside, and he will learn more thus than from out of all the books of the last Leipzic fair; and as the waves of humanity dash around him, a sea of new thoughts will arise in him: the eternal spirit, which broods thereon, will breathe upon him, and the hidden secrets of the social order will suddenly be revealed to him, and he will hear, and visibly behold, the pulse-beat of the world. For if London is the right hand of the world, the active, mighty right hand, then is that street which leads from the Exchange to Downing Street to be deemed the pulse of the world.

'But send no poet to London! This bare reality of all things, this colossal uniformity, this mechanical movement, this sour-visagedness of joy itself, this over-worked London oppresses the fancy and rends asunder the heart. And would you send, there, a German poet, a dreamer, who stops and stands before everything which strikes his eye, if it be only a tattered beggar wife or a glittering jeweller's shop? Oh, then he has here a bad time of it, and gets knocked on all sides, or even trodden under foot with a curse. I soon observed that this people had much to do. They live on a large scale, and although clothing and food are dearer with them than with ourselves, yet will they be better fed and clothed than we are. They have also, as suits their gentility, quantities of debts, and, moreover, they have an ostentatious

way from time to time of pitching their guineas out of window, and of paying other nations to fight for their pleasure, and giving, above and beyond, handsome *douceurs* to their several kings, and therefore has John Bull to work day and night to get gold for such outlay; day and night must he work his brain to invent new machines, and he sits and reckons in the sweat of his brow, and bustles and runs, having bare time to look round, from the docks to the Exchange, from the Exchange to the Strand; and it is very pardonable if, when he finds at the corner of Cheapside a poor German poet staring at a shop window, and standing in his way, he bumps somewhat roughly against his side with a curse.

'The picture, however, which I was looking at at the corner of Cheapside was the passage of the French over the Beresina.

'As I, roused out of such contemplation, looked again on the raging street, where a medley herd of men, wives, children, horses, post-coaches, with a mourning procession in the midst, rolled along roaring, crying, groaning, and rattling; then it appeared to me as though all London were a Beresina bridge, where every man in frenzied anguish, in order to save a few breaths of life, endeavoured to struggle through; where the dashing rider trod down the poor foot passenger; where he who fell to the earth was for ever lost; where the best comrades hurry along, the one trampling on the corpse of the other; and where thousands, death-faint and bleeding, endeavour vainly to clamber on to the planks of the bridge, and sink down into the cold ice-pit of death.

'How much more cheerful and easy is life in our dear Germany! How dreamily soft and slow, how Sabbath-like gently all things behave themselves there! Gently does the watch mount guard, the uniforms and lances shine in the quiet sunshine, the swallows flit about the housetops; the stout wives of the law councillors smile out of the windows

in the echoing streets—there is room enough; the dogs can sniff at each other pleasantly; men can stop and stand comfortably and talk about the theatre, and bend down to the ground whenever a distinguished rascal or vice-rascal with gay ribbons on his threadbare coat, or a powdered and gold-laced little court field-marshal, hops by and bows in return with condescension.

'I had made up my mind not to be astonished at the vastness of London—of which I had heard so much. But it was the same with me as it was with the poor schoolboy who had made up his mind not to feel the flogging which he was to have received.

'The explanation of his affair was that he had expected to receive the ordinary blows with an ordinary cane on his back, as usual, and, instead of that, he received extraordinary blows on an extraordinary place, with a number of extraordinary little twigs. I expected big palaces and saw nothing but little houses. But it was their uniformity and their incalculable number which imposed upon me so forcibly.

'These brick-made houses get the same colour with damp and coal-smoke—to wit, a brown olive green: they are all of the same style of building, usually two or three windows broad, three high, and ornamented above with little red chimney pots which have the appearance of bloody, fresh-drawn teeth, and are so arranged that the broad streets, straight as a line, appear to be formed entirely by two endless long barrack-like houses. This has its reason in the fact that every English family, though it consists only of two persons, yet must have their own house like their own castle, and rich speculators, to supply their necessities, build up whole streets at once, which they then sell in detail.

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'On the opposite side of London, which is called the West End, where the upper and less busy part of the world lives, that uniformity is yet more striking; yet there are here

long, broad streets, where the houses are as big as palaces, and yet which are anything but distinguished, except that here, as in all the houses of London which are at all out of the common, the windows of the first storey are adorned with a balcony of ironwork, and ever on the *rez de chaussée* there is a row of black iron railings, as a protection to a cellar habitation dug out of the earth. In this part of the town there are also great squares—rows of houses like those described above, which form a quadrangle—in whose midst a garden is to be found, surrounded also with black iron railings and with a statue within it. In these places and streets the eye of the stranger is never offended with the tumble-down huts of misery. Everywhere wealth and quality stare at you, and poverty, pushed away into remote alleys and dark, damp passages, dwells there with its rags and its tears.

'The stranger who wanders through the great streets of this city, and does not light upon the especial quarters of the people, sees on that account nothing, or very little, of the abundant misery which prevails in London. Only here and there at the entrance of a dark little street a ragged woman sits silently with a baby at her withered bosom, and begs with her eyes. Perhaps, if these eyes are yet beautiful, one looks into them, and is astonished at the world of sorrow which is seen therein. The ordinary beggars are old people, mostly negroes, who stand at the street corners and sweep a path for the foot passengers—a service which is very useful in muddy London—and get for it a copper coin. Poverty creeps abroad first in the evening, in company with vice and crime, out of its lurking places. It avoids the light of day so much the more anxiously, the more dreadfully that its misery contrasts with the arrogance of wealth which everywhere shows itself—hunger alone drives it forth sometimes at mid-day out of its dark alleys; and then they stand with dumb, eloquent eyes, and stare beseechingly at the rich merchant, who hurries by jingling his gold, or at the idle

lord, who, like a satiated god, rides by on his lofty steed and casts from time to time an indifferent superior look on the crowd of humanity, as though they were insignificant ants, or only a mass of lower creatures whose pleasure and pain have nothing in common with his feelings. Far above the mob of humanity—who cling fast to the soil—the nobility of England float like creatures of a higher race, who regard little England only as their house of accommodation, Italy as their summer garden, Paris as their ball-room—yea, the whole world as their property. Without care and without hindrance, do they float backwards and forwards, and their gold is a talisman which charms fulfilment to wait on their maddest wishes.

'Poor poverty! how painful must thy hunger be then when others revel in contemptuous superfluity. And if with indifferent hand a crust of bread is thrown into thy lap, how bitter must the tears be wherewith thou softenest it! Thou poisonest thyself with thy own tears. Thou art in the right, indeed, if thou associatest thyself to vice and crime. Outcast criminals have often more humanity at heart than these cold, inaccessible, virtuous members of the State, in whose cold hearts the power to do ill is extinguished, but also the power to do good. And even vice is not always vice!'

The few letters which remain of those which Heine wrote to his friends from London give, as is usual with him, few details about the way he spent his time. He complained to Merckel in both the letters he wrote him of the expense—two guineas a-day it appears it cost him; and he said that he had earned his experience in England so dearly that no publisher would pay the costs. To Moser he writes: 'Here everything is too dear and too diffuse. Much that is attractive, too—Parliament, Westminster Abbey, English tragedy, pretty women. If I come alive out of England, the women will not be to blame—they do their part. English literature is now pitiable, more pitiable than our own—that says much,'

Of his visit to Westminster Abbey he has left on record that, on paying the verger the fee for seeing it, he told him that he would have gladly given him twice as much if the collection had been complete.

After the House of Commons, he paid most attention to the theatres—the Opera and Drury Lane seem to have attracted him most. At this latter theatre he saw Kean, and the acting of the great tragedian in Shylock filled him with an admiration which he recalled many years later in his criticisms on the French stage: he thought Kean the greatest actor he had ever seen, and said the only French actor who resembled Kean at all, or approached him in any way, was Frederick Lemaître. As for literature there was little indeed at that time to attract him—the great race of poets had come to an end in Byron, two years before his arrival in the country—and the books most in vogue he found to be novels such as Bulwer's 'Pelham,' Mrs. Gore's 'Flirtation,' &c.; among which must be noted 'Vivian Grey,' the brilliant first-fruit of the talent of Mr. Disraeli.

The impression left on Heine by this solitary visit to London was not, as is well known, favourable: he never cared to repeat it, and no one has said so many and such bitter things of our country and its people. The reason of this is clear enough from the passages we have already given. London he considered a sort of Babylonian Hamburg—the capital of the great *Krämer-nazion* of the world. Its colossal and monstrous ugliness, its coal-smoke, its grey gloomy skies, the absence of all public gaiety among a people who neither danced or sung, nor had a genius for music, but rushed mechanically from morn to night through the streets absorbed in commercial eagerness, the eternal whirl of wheels and engines, made the place seem to him a sort of prose *inferno*. And the English race always appeared to him as the anti-poetical race *par excellence*. It is true he admired their poets, and thought them the greatest of all the world had produced;

but then he declared that genius was of no country, hardly, he says, does it belong to the whole earth, 'which is but the martyr-scaffold of its sufferings;' and the poet, who is a rare being anywhere, is in England a veritable anomaly. He has always formed part there of an outcast race for whom there was not only neither care nor sympathy, but in many cases positive aversion, and he wondered not that isolation, misery and exile, had formed the lot of so many.

It will be seen above that he was able in some measure to esteem the practicality of the English nature, yet even such admiration as he felt at first wore off in time. The fact is that for the great achievements of England, those which will ever give her claim in history to a place among the foremost nations in the world--namely, the establishment of self-government and colonisation—Heine cared nothing. That the English had been able to establish self-government he ascribed mainly to their lack of idealism, enthusiasm and generosity, and to their prudent selfishness—and then he did not like self-government, he calls constitutional governments somewhere an *Affencomedie*, a comedy of apes—in which genius is sure, in the long run, to perish amid the general crush of loud-voiced and thick-skinned bores; and in this view of things, as English political writers of our times have pointed out, there is an element of truth, as it is a commonplace saying now-a-days that Parliament tends more and more to become a big vestry meeting, to excel in which commercial habits, boredom, and a thick-skinned assurance are the qualities most calculated to obtain success. Sir Robert Peel with a prophetic sense of the coming time advised young statesmen to train themselves by a close attendance on railway committees. However, it may be doubted, if Heine had lived to our day in the enjoyment of his faculties, whether he would not have given greater credit to England for having been the only nation to preserve and develope those institutions of free government which have served as models to all the rest of the world;

and also, as some excuse for his one-sidedness, it must be remembered that, reared as he was in the darkness of the German despotism of those times, politics were to him a sealed book of which he did not know even the rudiments, until, at least, he had lived for a while under the constitutional government of Louis Philippe.

The colonising qualities, too, of the Englishman, which have made the English-speaking race the most widespread ever known, did not affect him with any admiration. If he did not like the inartistic, unpoetic civilisation of England, he liked its raw imitations set up in new countries still worse. He regarded the United States as a coarse, gigantic reproduction of the mother country, where the refinements of life were less developed, and where vulgarity and selfishness were still more triumphant. To have to live under secondhand English institutions, and be confined to secondhand English culture, he would have found unendurable—when the original was distasteful, a vulgar copy was revolting. At the best he looked at England as engaged chiefly in the production of cheap goods, and in spreading over the world a Birmingham and Manchester civilisation, which might increase the number of mediocre and uninteresting people in the world to countless multitudes. But a poet was not bound to regard such a propagation of the species with much enthusiasm; and it is indeed a question whether posterity would be a greater loser by the sudden destruction of all the copies of Shakespeare in the world, or by that of the same number of dull people. Assuredly commonplace people are not more interesting in masses, however immense, than they are in units. China counts about 350 millions of inhabitants: Athens in her prime had perhaps about 200,000, of whom each one probably was worth more than the 350 millions of Chinese. We put forward these views, not that we coincide with them, but in order to explain those English antipathies of Heine, which he clung to for a considerable part of his existence, for in

the last period of his life he professed some sort of contrition, and made in his peculiar way, half-humorously and half-seriously, amends to *la perfide Albion* for the number of bitter sarcasms with which he has strewn his writings so plentifully.

Then, too, it must be remembered that there existed still in England in his day a number of cruel anomalies and contradictions, which even to him, native as he was of despotic, censure-ridden Germany, were shocking in the extreme. The severity of the criminal law was still horrible, and most foreigners were tempted regarding it to accuse us, with our pious pretensions, of being a nation of frightful hypocrites. Nowhere in Europe had the code remained of such a horribly barbarous severity. Heine attended some of the trials at the Old Bailey, and witnessed men condemned to death for forgery and housebreaking. He witnessed too, he says by accident, a wholesale execution, and the brutal savagery of an English mob at the foot of the scaffold. For men in those days were brought out upon the scaffold in batches, and hung in rows. Boys of seventeen, hired for the adventure of stealing a sheep or to pass forged notes, were strung up side by side with strong-bodied burglars and hoary old coiners. The day before an execution the gaols were crowded with families. Six or eight wives, doomed to be widows on the morrow, fifteen or twenty children, doomed to be orphans on the morrow, came to say farewells to the condemned—and such horrors were of constant occurrence. Corporal punishments likewise were still common, and of dreadful cruelty; and in spite of this Draconian system crime multiplied in abundance and atrociousness. Those were the days of Burke and Hare, when crime and punishment seemed to hold a permanent duel in ferocity.

Sydney Smith, in setting forth the claims of the early writers of the 'Edinburgh Review' to the recognition of posterity for the ameliorations they helped to procure for society,

has summed up the evils of this dark pre-reform period in a striking sentence which will not be forgotten: 'The Catholics (then) were not emancipated, the Corporation and the Tests Acts were not repealed; the Game Laws were horribly oppressive. Steel-traps and spring-guns were set all over the country; prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel —Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily on mankind; libel was punished by the most cruel and the most vindictive imprisonment; the principles of Political Economy were but little understood; the laws of debt and of conspiracy were on the worst possible footing; the enormous wickedness of the slave trade was tolerated; a thousand evils were in existence which the talents of good and able men have since lessened and removed. From the beginning of the century to the death of Lord Liverpool was an awful period for all those who had the misfortune to entertain liberal opinions. It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England if a man with less than two or three thousands a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects, and, in addition, he was then sure to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the first Revolution—Jacobin, Leveller, Atheist, Deist, Socinian, Incendiary, Regicide, were the gentlest appellations used; and the man who breathed a word against the senseless bigotry of the Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny of persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life.'

Visiting England as Heine did at the end of the period thus described by the Canon of St. Paul's, it may be imagined that the London of our time may be considered almost a gay capital as compared with what it was in those days, and that if Heine's colouring is somewhat dark, the impressions he received were likely to be somewhat dark also.

Since we shall have to record numerous caustic and bitter sayings uttered by Heine about his own countrymen, we might be accused of national partiality if we omitted to

record those he has written about England. We therefore insert here some of the severest passages which he has written against this country, and which will not, like others, find their more natural place in the chronological sequence of these volumes.

The first is from the 'Florentine Nights,' and is evidently written in a tone of humorous exaggeration: 'It is now eight years ago since I went to London, there to study its language and its people. The deuce take the people and their language too! They take a dozen of one-syllable words in their mouths, chew them, turn them over and over, and then spit them out again, and that they call speaking. Fortunately they are by nature tolerably silent, and although they look at us with mouth agape, they spare us long conversations. But woe to him who falls into the hands of a son of Albion who has made the *grand tour*, and learnt French on the Continent. He will not fail to avail himself of the opportunity to make use of his linguistic acquirements, and to shower down on you a fire of questions on all possible matter; and hardly has he answered one question when he comes out with another—about your age, the place of your birth, the length of your stay, and with such incessant interrogations thinks he is entertaining you most admirably. One of my friends in Paris was perhaps right when he affirmed that Englishmen learnt the elements of their French conversation at the passport office. Most edifying is their talk at table, when they cut their gigantic roast beef, and ask you with an earnest face what sort of a slice you would like, whether thick or thin, whether an inside or an outside piece, whether fat or lean. Heaven preserve any Christian man from their sauces, which consist either of one-third flour and two-thirds butter, or, according to the taste of the cook, one-third butter and two-thirds flour. Heaven preserve everybody from their plain vegetables! which they boil in water, just as God made them, and then set them on table.

More horrible even than the cooking in England are their toasts and their set dinner-speeches, when the table cloth is removed and the ladies get up and leave the table; and in their stead so many bottles of port wine are brought in—since they consider the absence of the fair sex is thus best replaced—I say the fair sex, for Englishwomen deserve the appellation.

'It is when one meets with Englishmen abroad that by contrast their defects come forth so sharply. They are the very gods of spleen and *ennui*, who in their varnished carriages drive post-haste through all lands, and everywhere leave behind them a grey dust-cloud of melancholy. Then we see all their curiosity without interest, their fine-dressed coarseness, their insolent awkwardness, their angular egotism, and their dreary delight in all melancholy objects. For three weeks running there was to be seen on the *Piazza del Gran Duca* (at Florence) an Englishman, who stood for hours long and mouth agape looking at a charlatan who sat there on horseback extracting people's teeth. This spectacle replaced for the noble son of Albion the executions which he was losing in his own dear fatherland; for, after boxing and cock-fighting, there is for a Briton no more delicious spectacle than the agony of a poor devil who has stolen a sheep or forged a signature, and who is exposed in front of the Old Bailey for an hour long with a rope round his neck before he is swung into eternity. It is no exaggeration when I say that sheep-stealing and forgery are punished in that detestable, hideous country as severely as parricide-and the most abominable crimes. Me myself chance once put in the way of seeing a man hung in London for stealing a sheep, and since then I have lost all taste for legs of mutton—their white outsides reminding me of the white night-cap of the poor offender. Near him was hung an Irishman who had imitated the handwriting of a rich banker; still do I see the *naïf* mortal anguish of poor Paddy, who could

not understand at the assizes why they should punish him so severely for imitating somebody's handwriting—he who would have allowed all human kind to imitate his own!. And this people is for ever prating of Christianity, never omits on any Sunday to go to church, and deluges the whole world with Bibles..

'I will, however, confess to you, Maria, that if nothing agreed with me in England, neither this people nor its plum cakes, there was great reason for this in myself. I had brought a fair proportion of ill-humour over with me from home, and I sought to cheer myself up among a people who themselves are only able to kill off their *ennui* in the whirl of political and commercial activity. The perfection of the machines which are here generally made use of, and which have supplemented so many forms of manual labour, possessed for me, too, something uncanny. This artificial driving of wheels, rods, cylinders and all sorts of cogs, pegs, and hooks, which seemed endowed with almost passionate activity, filled me with horror. The definite, the precise, the measured, the exactness in the life of the Englishman terrified me not less, for machines in England have the look of men, and the men have the look of machines. Yes, Wood, Iron, and Brass appear there to have usurped the souls of men, and to have become almost frenzied with inflation of spirit; while the disensouled man accomplishes his ordinary business after the fashion of a machine, cuts his beefsteaks, brushes his nails, hears Parliamentary debates, gets into the stage-coach, or hangs himself up by the neck by the minutes of the clock.

'How my discomfort increased daily in this country you can hardly imagine. Nothing, however, equalled the black mood which once came over me as toward evening I stood on Waterloo Bridge and looked down on the water of the Thames. It seemed as though my soul was mirroring itself therein, and that it was looking back at me out of the dark

water with all its scars. At the same time the most sorrowful tales came into my memory. . . . I thought on the rose which was fed with vinegar, and lost thereby all its sweet odours and faded prematurely away. I thought on the butterfly which had lost its way, and which a naturalist, who had scaled Mont Blanc, saw there fluttering alone between the walls of ice. I thought of the domesticated female ape, which lived on such good terms with men, and played with them and dined with them; till one day she looked at the dish where the roast was and recognised her little ape child, and seized it hastily and hastened away to the woods, and never appeared again among her human friends. Alas! I was so sick in spirit that the hot drops sprung forcibly out of my eyes. They fell down into the Thames and swam forth into the mighty sea, which has already swallowed up such floods of human tears without giving them a thought.'

The next passage is taken from the preface to his sketches called 'Shakespeare's Maids and Women.' 'I know a good Christian of Hamburg who could never suppress his discontent at the fact that our Lord and Saviour was a Jew by birth. A deep fit of ill-humour seized hold of him every time when forced to confess that the Man who was a model of perfection and deserved the greatest veneration, yet belonged to the race of those pockethandkerchiefless, long-nosed Jews whom he saw hawking as pedlars about the streets, and whom he so heartily hated; and who were yet more fatal to him when they took to high commerce and dealt in spices and logwood, and so interfered with his own interests.

'Shakespeare and I stood in somewhat similar relations as Jesus Christus did to this son of Hammonia (Hamburg). My spirit sinks within me when I reflect that he after all was an Englishman, and belonged to the most repulsive set of people that God in His anger ever created.

'What a repulsive people! what an unexhilarating

country! How starched, how commonplace, how selfish, how narrow, how English! A country which the ocean had long ago gulped down if it had not been afraid of being horribly sick at stomach. A people which is a grizzly yawning monster, which breathes nothing but poisonous vapour and deadly spleen, and which in the end will certainly hang itself with a colossal ship's cable. And in such a country, among such a people, did William Shakespeare see the light of the world in April 1564!

'But the England of those days where in the northern Bethlehem, of which Stratford-on-Avon is the name, the man was born to whom we owe the world's gospel, which we call the Shakespearian Drama—the England of those days was surely very different from that of to-day. Then it was called "merry England," and it bloomed in light and colour, in merry maskings, in expressive follies, in gushing activity and joy, in exuberance of passion. Life was then a merry tourney-field, where indeed the noble-born knights played the chief parts in sport and in earnest, but where the clear trumpet-tones also made the burgesses' hearts to leap within them. . . . And, instead of muddy beer, people drank light-thoughted wine, the true democratic drink, which makes, on the sober stage of reality, the men who are distinguishable by rank and birth equals in exhilaration.

'All these rich-coloured joys have since then passed away. Died away too have the merry days of the trumpet. Flickered away has the fair intoxication of life; and the book which is called the dramatic works of William Shakespeare has fallen back into the hands of the people as a consolation in bad times and as a proof that that merry England really existed.

'It is a piece of good fortune that Shakespeare came just at the right time, that he was a contemporary of Elizabeth and James I., when Protestantism had already expressed itself in the most unbridled freedom of thought, but in no

wise in the fashion of life and in the form of sentiment; while the monarchy, illumined by the last rays of the perishing light of chivalry, yet flourished and glowed in all the glory of poetry. Yes, the popular belief of the middle ages, Catholicism, was then first destroyed in theory, but it existed still in all its entire enchantment in the spirit of humanity, and upheld itself in their manners, fashions, and intuitions. Only later were the Puritans enabled to root up, flower by flower, the religion of the past, and over the whole land, like a grey pall of mist, that desolate, sad spirit which since then, voided of soul and vitality, has watered itself down to a lukewarm, uninspiring, semi-somnolent pietism. The royalty of England had not, any more than its religion, undergone, in Shakespeare's time, that dull transformation which there to-day upholds itself under the name of constitutional form of government, for the advantage, it may be, of European freedom, but by no means for the salvation of art. With the blood of Charles I., the last true king, all poetry flowed out of the veins of English life; and threefold happy was the poet in not having lived as a contemporary through this sorrowful epoch, of which perhaps he had already a foreboding in his spirit.

'Shakespeare, in our days, is very often named an aristocrat. I would by no means contradict this accusation, and neither excuse his political leanings, when I reflect that to his future-seeing poet-eye significant signs already predicted that levelling Puritan age which was to put an end to all gaiety of life, all poetry, and all joyous art at the same time as royalty.

'Yes, during the rule of the Puritans art was persecuted in England; especially did their evangelical zeal rage against the theatre, and the very name of Shakespeare died out for a long time in the memory of the people.'

The next passage is not so abusive as the last, and is more appreciative. It is also taken from the 'Maids and

Women of Shakespeare,' and is written *àpropos* of Coriolanus, and contains a striking parallel between the English and the Romans:—

'I will not precisely assert that this portraiture in all particulars accords with the annals of Roman history, but the poet has conceived and represented most fully what was essential in those conflicts. We can here so much the more rightly form an opinion since our present time offers many appearances which resemble the grievous divisions which existed formerly between the privileged patricians and the degraded plebeians. One would often think that Shakespeare was a poet of tragedy, who lived in London, and would, under a Roman mask, pourtray Tories and Radicals. That which would strengthen one in such an opinion is the great resemblance which is observable between the old Roman and the English of to-day and the statesmen of both people. In fact, a certain unpoetic hardness, rapacity, sanguinary tastes, indefatigableness, and solidity of character are as peculiar to the English of the present-day as they were to the old Romans, only these were more land-rats than water-rats in unamiability, in which both have reached the very highest pitch: there they are both on a par. The most striking spiritual affinity is remarkable with the nobility of both people. The English noble, like the old Roman, is patriotic; the love of country, in spite of all political differences about privilege, keeps him closely bound to the plebeians; and this sympathetic bond has the effect that the English aristocrats and democrats, like those of Rome formerly, form a whole and united people. In other lands, where the noble is less bound to the earth, but more to the person of the prince, or gives himself up altogether to the particular interests of his class, this is not the case. We find, too, with the English as with the Roman noble, the struggle for *auctoritas* as the highest, the most glorious, and indirectly also the most lucrative object. I

say indirectly the most lucrative since, as once was the case in Rome so in England now, the administration of the highest office of the state is paid for by misused influence and customary extortions, and therefore indirectly. To obtain such offices is the chief aim of the education of youth in the high families among Englishmen, as it was once with the Romans; and as with the latter so also with the former, the art of war and the power of speaking offer the best means of obtaining future *auctoritas*. As too with the Romans so also with the English in the tradition of government and of administration, the inheritance of noble families, and by this means the English Tories render themselves perhaps as indispensable, yea, will so long maintain themselves in power, as the senatorial families of old Rome.

'Nothing, however, is so similar to the present condition of England as that seeking for the voices of the people, which we see pourtrayed in Coriolanus. With what rage and biting of the lips, with what scornful irony, does the Roman Tory seek for the voices of the good citizens whom he despises so deeply in his soul, but whose adherence is indispensable to him to become consul. Only that the majority of the English lords, who have got their wounds in fox-hunts instead of in battles, and have been better educated by their mothers in the art of dissimulation, do not in the Parliamentary elections of our time exhibit so openly their rage and contempt.'

This picture is no longer exact either with respect to the English nation or to the governing classes, since Tory rule has disappeared; but it had some truth in it, and it is surely remarkable that a man who, like Heine, had so little opportunity of studying our political and social life, should have drawn so powerful and striking a sketch of the play of our constitution and the action of class upon class under the old *régime*.

In the month of June Heine left London for Ramsgate,

where he spent a fortnight, and where he appears to have passed his time in making love to the wild-spirited Irish lady who makes so striking a figure in his Italian Sketches. He returned to London for a few weeks, and departed from there, as we have said, on August 8, on the very day of the death of Canning.

It seems strange to find that he visited Norderney on his way back to Hamburg. His hasty voyage to England immediately after the publication of his second volume of the 'Reisebilder' had seemed almost like a flight; and if Heine had attacked the German nobility with pin-pricks in the first volume, in this second he let fly boldly at them some of the sharpest shafts of satire, and the aristocratic visitors of Norderney had little expectation of his appearing again amongst them that year. Surprised, indeed, were they at his sudden apparition. 'You have shown courage in this' (*Nun dazu gehörte Muth*), some of his old friends cried to him when he appeared. However, nothing unpleasant occurred in consequence, and, finding the place too full and bustling for his taste, he went off to the little island of Wangerode, and, after a week or two of repose, returned back to Hamburg; and in the month of October, according to a previous arrangement with Campe, the 'Buch der Lieder,' a collection of his poems from the 'Reisebilder,' and from the 'Junge Leiden,' was issued at Hamburg. It was, in fact, the best collected edition of his poems, and the success of their re-publication in this form was at length a surprise both to himself and to his publisher.

While the 'Buch der Lieder' was being published at Hamburg, Heine quitted the city. He had through the mediation of Varnhagen received an offer from Baron Cotta, the well-known publisher of Munich, and the great publisher indeed of the German poets of the classic period, not only to contribute to the 'Morgenblatt,' but to take part in the editing of the 'Allgemeinen politischen Annalen' in company

with Dr. Lindner. This offer put an end to Heine's indecision as to his future steps: he determined to proceed to Munich.

Before leaving Hamburg, however, he had made the acquaintance of a beautiful actress, Theresa Pache, who at that time was the object of great admiration in Germany, not only for her beauty, but also for her powerful and truthful representation of the finest female parts in tragedy, of which 'Cordelia' was one, and the 'Star of Sevilla' or 'Estrella' another, from which latter circumstance she was called the 'Star of Sevilla.' The intimacy between Heine and the actress gave rise to reports of a serious attachment, for which, however, there does not appear to have been any foundation.

Another lady, however, came to Hamburg about this time who had exercised a mighty influence on his youth; and this was his cousin Amalia, whom he had not seen for eleven years. The interview was attended with no tragic or other circumstances, the lady having married, as we have said, a landed proprietor near Königsberg, had had children, and was now twenty-seven, the same age as Heine himself. That the occurrence did not leave Heine quite unmoved we know from a letter to Varnhagen, in which, among things, he says, 'The world is stupid, dull, unexhilarating, and smells of dried-up violets;' and he wrote a poem on this lady's little daughter which has some of his peculiar caustic touches.

In his journey to Munich he stopped four days with his parents in Lüneburg, a stay remarkable in his life as being the last occasion on which he saw his father. From Lüneburg he passed to Göttingen, and visited his old friend and tutor, the Hofrath Sartorius; and from thence he travelled on over wet roads, through the mists of autumn, through trees already shivering in the red foliage of winter to Cassel. He was not in the best of spirits—he describes himself as 'love-weary' (*Liebemüde*); so it may be imagined that the

interview with the married cousin at Hamburg had left impressions which were still working within him. At Cassel he made the acquaintance of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, who had posts in the library there, and whose younger brother Ludwig had gained a reputation as an engraver of portraits. He persuaded Heine to sit to him, and produced a likeness of the poet, which is the only one existing in profile.

From Cassel he passed to Frankfort-on-Main, where he remained three days—three remarkable days in his career, for it was here that he spoke for the first time to Ludwig Börne, and with Börne he passed all the time of his stay at Frankfort.

CHAPTER XI.

MUNICH AND ITALY.

HEINE arrived at Munich in the last week of November 1827, and at Munich Baron Cotta had been expecting him for some time. Cotta was then in his sixty-fourth year. He had been prosperous in all his undertakings, and was a vigorous and well-preserved old man. A life of enterprise directed with intelligence had made him quite a national character; not only was he the first publisher and bookseller in Germany, but he was founder of the 'Horen'—to which Goethe, Schiller, and Herder contributed—and of the world-known 'Allgemeine Zeitung.' He had received a university education, and had even practised at one time in Tübingen as an advocate. He sat as a deputy in the Wirtemberg Landtag for several years, and was the first to introduce steamers on the lake of Constance and for the navigation of the Rhine. He possessed already publishing houses at Tübingen, Stuttgart, and Augsburg, when Ludwig of Bavaria mounted the throne—two years before Heine's arrival in his capital.

This king, whose eccentric *liaison* with the Spanish dancer, Lola Montez, when he was in his dotage, ought not to make one forget the generous aspirations with which he commenced his reign, had announced his intention of making Munich the home and centre of German literature, art, and science. Cotta on this established a branch house also at Munich, and started some new journals there. The king, who,

as is well known, was most zealous in his efforts to make his capital the 'Athens,' as it was called sometimes in derision and sometimes in earnest, of Germany, was well pleased with this enterprise of Cotta's, which promised to draw to Munich men of genius and culture, and Cotta had free access to him whenever he came to the city.

Cotta was anxious to engage Heine's services, not only to assist in editing the 'Political Annals,' but also in taking part in the editing of two other publications, the 'Ausland' and the 'Morgenblatt.' Heine, notwithstanding that he felt highly flattered by this offer on Cotta's part, had considerable hesitation in accepting his terms however liberal. He had heard bad accounts of the climate; he feared the effects of the keen air of the fir-clad steppes of the country round Munich on his nerves and constitution, consequently he only accepted the engagement for half a year.

Heine's relations with Cotta were of a most agreeable character. Cotta was generous and open-handed, with gentlemanly manners and liberal opinions. Cotta's wife, who was a sincere admirer of the 'Buch der Lieder,' helped by her attentions to the young poet to increase the pleasantness of their intercourse. It would have been well for Heine if Cotta had been his publisher in the first place; but he was, as it were, married to Campe for better or worse, since Campe had bought the copyright of all the volumes which he had yet published. At any rate, Campe, both in his bearing and in money matters, does not contrast favourably with Cotta. Heine writes, 'Campe never can make up his mind to give out a few shabby *louis d'or* at the right time; this he should learn of Cotta, who, believe me this, is a noble fellow. He allows the writer to live, and will not make a typographical show at his expense. When I see what Cotta has done for the poems of Uhland and Platen, or rather for the poets themselves, I cannot but feel shame for myself.'

Heine preserved these agreeable recollections of Cotta

long after his death in 1832; for from his sick couch in the Rue d'Amsterdam, to which he then had been confined for years, he wrote as follows to the son of his 'old, much-beloved Cotta':—

'Cut off as I am by my bodily state from the enjoyments of the outer world, I seek now for compensation in the dreamy delights of memory, and my life is only a retrospective meditation about the past: there stands often before my soul the image of your late father, of the valiant worthy man, who combined with many-sided German culture a practical sense uncommon in Germany; who was so brave and so stedfast in honour, so courtly—yes, so courteously courtly—so free from prejudice, and so farseeing; and who was of such touching modesty respecting his great services to both the spiritual and material interests of his Fatherland, as one is only accustomed to find with brave old soldiers. That was a man who had his hand all over the world! Thus, I think, speaks Tailor Jetter of Charles V. in Goethe's "Egmont."'

Munich had not, when Heine reached it, undergone that wonderful transformation which the artistic ardour of Ludwig has since imposed upon it. The Pinacothek and Glyptothek were not yet in existence, and the city still presented on the whole a time-honoured aspect, in which the successive changes of architectural taste were noticeable from the mediæval times downwards, and in this respect, according to Heine, contrasted favourably with Berlin; while he speaks enthusiastically even of the modern palaces and art-temples of Klenze, whom he calls the 'great master.' The title, however, of Munich to a 'New Athens' he comments on in his own peculiar fashion:—

'That, however, the town should be called a 'New Athens' is, between ourselves, somewhat ridiculous, and it would cost me much trouble to support its claim to this pretension. This I felt most deeply in my conversation with the Berlin Philistine above mentioned, who, although he had spoken to

me for some time, was unpolite enough to miss all Attic salt in this new Athens.

'"That," cried he, tolerably loud, "is only to be found in Berlin. There only are Wit and Irony. Here there is good white beer, but truly no Irony."

'"We have no Irony," cried Nannerl, the tall waitress, who came skipping by at this time, "but every other kind of beer can you have." That Nannerl should have held Irony for a sort of beer, perhaps for the best Stettin, quite shocked me; and, that in future she might not commit such a blunder, I began to instruct her in the following manner:—"Nannerl, Irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berliners, the most knowing people on the face of the earth, who are vexed that they have come too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and who therefore sought to establish an invention which should be equally important, and even be useful for those who have not invented gunpowder." * * * * I could have said more, but the pretty Nannerl, whom I was holding all this while by the hem of her apron, tore herself finally away, as people called out, "a beer! a beer!" on all sides in stormy fashion. The Berlin Philistine, however, looked like Irony itself as he remarked with what enthusiasm the tall foaming glasses were seized; and while he pointed to a group of beer drinkers, who were enjoying the hop nectar with all their hearts, and disputing about its excellence, he said with a grin, "*They* would be Athenians."'

Another scrap of conversation between Heine and the Berlin Philistine is yet more amusing: '"Allow me, I beg, to interrupt you," said the man of Berlin. "What white shaggy dog is that without a tail?" "My dear sir, that is the dog of the new Alcibiades." "But," said the man of Berlin, "where is the new Alcibiades himself?" "To confess honestly," I answered, "the place is not yet filled up; we have, however, got the dog."'

'Only the lowest grades are,' he says roguishly in

another place, 'occupied; and it will not have escaped you that we have no lack of owls, sycophants, and Phrynes.'

Heine's stay in Munich lasted but seven months, from the last week of November 1827 to the middle of July 1828. Independently of the fact that his health suffered from the severity of the climate, so much so that immediately after his arrival he fell seriously ill, his residence at Munich appears to have been of a very agreeable character. With the aid of Cotta's and Varnhagen's introduction, and the consideration which his poetic fame gave him, he formed agreeable relations in society; and, moreover, he frequented the circles of the young artists whom the liberality of the King of Bavaria had attracted to Munich, and who were, for the most part, of the school of Cornelius, his fellow townsman of Düsseldorf. By intercourse with these, and by assiduous visits to the fine art galleries of Munich, he developed a taste for art, and so became certainly no mean art critic. There is rather a pretty story which he told himself to Adolf Stahr, which shows that his humour at times could take a very delicate turn in the society of ladies. He happened to find himself at the picture gallery with a lady who had expressed great admiration for his little song of *Der Fichtenbaum steht einsam* and his companion was pleased also with a little picture in the exhibition of a peasant girl asleep over a book, while a young fellow was trying to wake her by tickling her ear with a wheat-stalk. Heine got the picture copied by a young artist friend, and on the pages of the volume over which the girl was asleep, he wrote himself, in the smallest of his own delicate handwriting, the two verses of the song of the *Fichtenbaum*. The allowance made by Cotta to Heine enabled him to live at Munich in considerable comfort. 'I live in this city,' he wrote to Varnhagen, '*en grand seigneur*, and the five and a half men who can read here let me know that they esteem me. Wonderfully pleasant relations with women, only they are neither profitable to my health nor my desire for work.

I am most at my ease among young painters, who have a better appearance than their pictures.' So also he wrote to Moser after his departure from Munich, that he had led there a splendid life, and that he would return there again with joy, and always remain there.

It must not be overlooked that Heine at Munich found himself among the Southern Germans—a far more gentle race than the inhabitants of the banks of the Spree—who possess as we have pointed out, the least pure German blood of all the German people. Heine, however, was not to remain in Munich. His engagement with Cotta was only made for six months, and at the end of that time Cotta stopped the 'Political Annals' altogether. This publication had ended in commercial loss; and though Cotta contemplated resuming the publication, and was in treaty with Heine about re-engaging him in the editorship, the negotiations never came to anything. In the editorship of the 'Political Annals,' moreover, it was his fellow editor, Dr. Lindner, a man nearly twice his own age, who bore the chief burden of responsibility. Divergences of opinion necessarily occurred at times, though Heine's contributions were principally confined to sketches of his journey to England, which he subsequently amplified, and to supplying notes on the contributions of other writers. In the 'Morgenblatt' he contributed during this period a somewhat elaborate criticism on the tragedy of 'Struensee,' by Michael Beer, a brother of Meyerbeer, the great composer and already author of the 'Paria,' a tragedy which was acted for the first time in the National Theatre at Munich during Heine's residence there.

We do not know whether it may be ascribed to the influence of the aristocratic ladies of Munich, with whom Heine says in his letters he was in love, but he certainly seems at this epoch to have been more wavering in his fancies and in his outlook of life than at any other time. It

was at this period that he felt perhaps more severely than any other the necessity of a settled position, and that he was prepared to make the greatest sacrifices in order to obtain a decent settlement in his own country. Near hopes of a professorship or of a state employment of some kind now floated before his eyes. He had two friends both of whom were using their interest in his behalf—the Minister von Schenk at Munich and Varnhagen at Berlin. His nomination to the post of professor at Munich seems indeed to have been prepared by Schenk, who had the more sympathy, for Heine was much as he was, himself something of a poet. The King, however, delayed his signature for some unascertained reason, and when Heine's engagement with Cotta was terminated, and the summer season was about full, he left Munich for Italy and the baths of Lucca, with a determination, however, of returning; and with such view he still maintained a correspondence with Schenk and his Munich friends respecting the desired professorship.

Immediately after his arrival in Munich, Heine, in a letter to Campe, expressed his intention of going off to Italy if he found the climate of the Bavarian steppe so frightful as it was represented to him to be; and on many a clear frosty day in the nipping air he had looked with yearning on the snowy ranges of the Alps and longed for wings to fly beyond them. Already in April he sent to Varnhagen for the 800 thalers which he had entrusted to him, that he might strap on his knapsack and be off to the land of the citron and myrtle at any moment. It may be imagined with what delight Heine found himself at length free to make the wished-for flight, and his brother Maximilian, who had come to Munich to pursue his medical studies, accompanied him as far as the Tyrol.

At Innsbrück Heine put up at the inn of the 'Goldener Adler,' once tenanted by the great Tyrolese patriot Andrew Hofer himself. Heine found the whole country still

teeming with the remembrances of the War of Liberation of 1809, and when he questioned his host on the subject found that worthy ready at once to run over into loquacious converse. Mine host said, however, that the whole story was written, but in a book which was forbidden; and he proceeded to produce from a dirty piece of paper a pretty green book, which he found to be the 'Trauerspiel in Tyrol' of his friend Immermann. 'Strange humour of the people,' remarks Heine. 'They desire their history from the hand of the poet, and not from the hand of the historian. They desire not a true report of naked facts, but those facts dissolved in the original poetry from whence they came.' Herr Niederkirchner, the host, smiled compassionately when Heine told him the author of the tragedy of 'Hofer' was a Prussian—he was so sure that he was a Tyrolese, and had taken part in the Tyrolese war,—'else how could he know all?' and Heine says he himself was astonished at the local truth of the poem.

The story of Heine's Italian travel was told in the third volume of the 'Reisebilder,' in chapters the greater part of which were published previously in Cotta's 'Morgenblätter.' His account of his journey forms a curious contrast to the description given by Goethe of his own passage over the same ground. That which distinguishes Heine's letters is the predominance of the subjective and lyrical element in his observations; but everywhere there is a strength and liveliness of poetic feeling as remarkable as an entire absence of prolixity.

The characterisation of the Tyrolese has a striking fidelity, and will explain much to those who have been puzzled at the strong mixture of servility and independent bearing of this people:—

'The Tyrolese are handsome, cheerful, honourable, and brave, but of unfathomable narrowness of spirit. They are a healthy race of men, perhaps because they are too stupid

to be capable of sickness. Also a noble race I would call them, for they are very choice in their diet, and show themselves very cleanly in their dwellings—only they lack utterly all feeling of the worth of personality. The Tyrolese have a kind of smiling, humoristic servilism which has almost an ironic aspect, but which is yet meant to be quite honourable. The women in the Tyrol come before you with such friendly greetings. The men shake your hand so stoutly, and demean themselves at the same time so finely and heartily, that you would almost think that they were treating you like a near relation, at least like their equals. But very far from that, they never cease to remember that they are only common people, and that you are a gentleman of quality, who will certainly be pleased if common people can stand up to you without shyness. And therein have they a natural instinct; the most starched aristocrats are delighted when they can find occasion to unbend, since they feel even by this means how elevated is their position. At home the Tyrolese practise this servility gratis, abroad they seek to get money thereby. They will thus take to market their personality, their nationality. These gay sellers of Tyrolese coverlets, these cheerful Tyrolese *Bua* whom we see wandering about in their Tyrolese costume, allow themselves willingly to be joked with a little, but you must buy something of them. The sisters Rainer, who were in England, understood yet better how to manage it, and they had besides a good adviser who knew well the spirit of the English nobility. Hence their good reception in the centre of European aristocracy in the west end of the town. When I saw these Tyrolese singers last summer step on the platform, dressed in their peculiar national costume, and heard them sing the songs which are *jodeled* out so naïvely and piously in the Tyrolese Alps,—and echo so lovingly in our German hearts- then everything was distorted in my soul to bitter displeasure; the languid smiles of noble lips stung

me like snakes; I felt as though I saw the chastity of German speech maltreated in the coarsest fashion, and the sweet mysteries of German geniality profaned before a strange populace. I could not join in the applause at this shameless chaffering away of our most retiring virtues; and a Swiss, who left the hall with the same feelings as myself, remarked quite justly, "We Swiss give much for money, our best cheese and our best blood, but we cannot hear the Alp-horn blown in a strange country, much less blow it ourselves for money."

'Of politics they (the Tyrolese) know nothing but that they have a Kaiser who wears a white coat and red breeches. So much their old uncle told them, who heard it himself in Innsbrück from the black Sepperl, who has been in Vienna. When now the patriots clambered up to them, to their pretty huts in the mountains, and expounded to them fluently that they had now got a prince who wore a blue coat and white breeches (Napoleon), then they seized their rifles and kissed wife and child, and descended from the mountains, and got themselves shot for the white coat and dear old red breeches. . . . Many remarkable events of that time are not recorded in books, and live only in the memory of the people, who speak willingly thereof no more, since, when they do, the remembrance of many a deceived hope comes up to the surface. The poor Tyrolese, to wit, had perforce to go through all kinds of experiences, and, if they are asked whether they have received the meed of their fidelity which was promised them in time of fidelity, they shrug their shoulders good-humouredly and say naïvely, "There was some misunderstanding perhaps. The Emperor has much to think about, and his head is troubled about many things." Console yourselves, poor knaves. You are not the only ones to whom promises have been made. It often happens in big slave-ships that during mighty storms, when the ship is in danger, recourse is had to the negroes,

who are stowed away in chains in the dark hold of the ship. Their iron fetters are then knocked off, and holy and much-cherished oaths are pronounced that freedom shall be given to them if the ship is redeemed by their help. The silly blacks rush with shouts up to the light of day—huzza! they spring to the pumps, stamping with all the force of life; help when help is possible; they climb, they leap, they bring down mast and sail, wind up the cordage—in short, they work so heartily that the danger is passed by. Then are they, as a matter of course, again taken back to the hold of the ship, again fettered down quite conveniently, and in their dark misery they make demagogic observations over the promises of such soul-chafferers, whose whole anxiety after the peril has been overcome is to deceive yet a few souls more.' With such reflections as these Heine passed through Sterzing and Brixen on his way to the south, unable, however, to enjoy the fine scenery of northern Tyrol by increasing rain. 'Only now and then could I put my head out of window, and then I beheld the mountains high as heaven, who looked at me earnestly and nodded to me with their mountain heads and long cloud-beards. Here and there I remarked a distant little blue hill, which appeared to raise itself on the points of its toes and look right curiously over the shoulders of the other hills in order to see me. And thereat the forest torrents squalled out ever and anon, dashing down madly from the heights and collecting themselves in the dark streams of the valleys.'

In South Tyrol the weather cleared up, and as he approached Italy the sun grew fairer and more majestic in the blue sky, and covered mountains and castles with the veil of its golden splendour. Blissful dreams thronged so closely and quickly around him that the poet half forgot he was travelling towards Italy, so that he almost started when he first saw the great Italian eyes and the gay, confused Italian life, all hot and buzzing, stream corporeally about

him, in the ancient town of Trent. There is no such a sudden and happy transition in the world as that which the traveller experiences when he finds himself transplanted all at once out of the raw air and rough ways of the north into the glowing and genial life of Italy, beneath its splendid and tranquillising skies; and Heine has pourtrayed perhaps the sensations of this rapidity of change more truthfully than any other writer.

The poet was, it must be remembered, travelling in the month of July, and hot work as travelling is in Italy at that season, like a true son of Apollo he makes no complaint of the sun nor of the heat. However he arrived at Trent on a fair Sunday afternoon just as the heat began to relax, just at the time when Italians after their *siesta* get up and walk up and down the streets. Almost as soon as he had descended from his *vetturino* carriage, and taken his room at the *Locanda Grande dell' Europa*, he went to look for the Cathedral; taking notes on his way of the peculiarities of the old Italian city, with its quaint and machicolated castle, situate in the bosom of green hills, which like eternally young gods look down on the perishable handiwork of men.

'I am truly as in a dream in which one is trying to remember something which one has once dreamed before. I regarded by turns the houses and the men, and I almost thought that I had seen these houses before in their better days, when the handsome frescoes on these walls were yet splendid with colour, when the golden ornaments on the window pieces had not yet been blackened—and when the marble Madonna, who carries her child in her arm, yet wore her wondrously fair head which time the iconoclast has broken off so vilely. Even the faces of the old women seemed to be known to me; it seemed as though they were cut out of those old Italian pictures which I as a boy had seen in the gallery at Düsseldorf. The old men too just the same had the appearance of long-forgotten, well-known figures—and

they regarded me with earnest eyes as though out of the depths of a thousand years.'

'As I pushed back the green silk curtain, which covered the doorway of the *Duomo*, and entered into the house of God, both body and heart were agreeably refreshed by the lively air which waved on me, and by the soothing influence which flowed down from the brightly painted windows on the assembly as they prayed. They were for the most part women extended in long rows over the low *prie-dieu*. They merely prayed with a light movement of the lips and fanned themselves continually at the same time with huge green fans; so that nothing was to be heard but an unceasing weird whisper, and nothing to be seen but the waving of fans and of the white veils round their heads. The rattling tread of my boot-heels disturbed many a fair devotee, and great Catholic eyes looked at me, half curious, half amicably, and seemed to wish to advise me too to sit down and hold a soul siesta.

Of a truth such a cathedral with its wafts of coolness and its subdued light is an agreeable resting-place, and when without there are sharp sunshine and stifling heat. Of these we have no conception in our Protestant North Germany, where the churches are not so comfortably built, and the light shoots down so insolently through the unpainted reason-panes. People may say what they like, but Catholicism is a good summer religion.

'The young girls of Trent pleased me excellently well. They were just of the species I love—and I do love those pale, elegiac faces from which the great black eyes beam so rich with love; I love too the dark tinge of those proud necks, which Phebus has already loved and kissed brown. I love too those over-ripe napes whereon are purple little spots as though dainty birds had been pecking at them; but before all I love that genial port and walk, that mute music of the body, those limbs which move in the sweetest rhythms, voluptuous, pliant, divinely sensual, death-languid at one

time, and at another ethereally sublime, and ever and always most poetic. I love such things as I love poetry itself, and the melodiously moving forms, this wondrous human concert which rushed past me, found an echo in my heart and waked kindred tones therein.'

Where, too, shall we find a nobler picture of the poverty and faded splendour of Italy than in the following image? 'For, alas! never has anything so affected me with pathos as the aspect of a woman of Trent, who in form and feature and colour was like a marble goddess, and who wore on her antique noble body a dress of striped brown cotton; so that it seemed as though the stone Niobe had suddenly grown whimsical and had disguised herself in our modern poor attire, and stalked beggar-proud and grand in neglected state through the streets of Trent.'

He was away by sunrise the next summer morning with the *vetturino*, and, after some hours' stay at Ala, arrived at Verona in the evening, where he lodged at the inn *Delle due torre*. He remained a day in Verona, and has left a charming sketch of the city and its Roman amphitheatre, and the tombs of the Scaligers as he saw them. But his sympathies and reflections, here as at Trent, are mostly awakened by the sight of the people; in this especially as he gazed upon the crowd which filled the picturesque old vegetable market, the *Piazza delle Erbe*, which has afforded a subject to so many an artist :—

'When one observes more closely these people, both men and women, there is discernible in their faces and in their whole being the traces of a civilisation which is so far to be distinguished from ours that it has not proceeded from mediæval barbarism, and has never been quite extinguished, but only modified, by the character of its successive dynasties. Civilisation with these people has no such an intensively fresh polish as with us, where the oaken tree-trunks have only yesterday been planed down, and all yet smells of

varnish. It appears to us as though this human crowd in the *Piazza delle Erbe* in the course of time had only gradually changed their raiment and form of speech, and the spirit of civilisation had undergone little change there.'

From Verona Heine proceeded by Brescia, Milan, and the field of Marengo to Genoa. From Genoa he went by sea to Leghorn, and proceeded thence to the baths of Lucca, where he met with gay society, and spent four pleasant weeks.

In the course of his Italian travels he had met, on more than one occasion, with persons whose acquaintance he had made in England, and some, too, he found here at the baths of Lucca. Pleasant is the story which he gives of a humoristic tea, which he had offered to a lady whom he calls Lady Woolen :—

'The philosophic moral which is contained in my story, consists in the fact that we may appear ludicrous at times without being the least in fault. For is it my fault if I have a good palate, and that I like good tea?

'I am a grateful man, and when I was in the baths of Lucca, I continually sang a song of praise to mine host, who gave me there better tea than I had ever drunk before.

'This song of praise I had often repeated to Lady Woolen, who dwelt in the same house; and this lady was so much the more astonished thereat, because she, as she complained, in spite of all her prayers, could obtain no good tea in our house, and on that account was compelled to get hers sent by *estafette* from Leghorn.

'"But that is celestial," she added, with a divine smile.

'"My lady," I replied, "I wager that mine is much better."

'The ladies who happened to be present were invited by me to tea; and they promised the next day at six o'clock to come up to me on that cheerful hill, where one can sit socially together and look quietly down into the valley.

'The hour came, the table was covered, the bread and

butter was cut, the ladies prattled delightedly—but there was no tea.

'It was six—it was half-past; the shadows of evening crept like black snakes around the foot of the hills, the forests sent forth more longing perfumes, the birds twittered ever more rapidly—but no tea arrived. The sunbeams lighted now only the tops of the hills, and I made the ladies remark that the sun departed in a lingering way, evidently regretting to lose the society of his sister luminaries.

'That was neatly said—but no tea arrived. At last, at last, with sighing aspect, my host came and asked if we would not take *sorbetti* instead of tea.

'"Tea! tea!" we all cried with one voice.

'"And the same, too," I added, "which I drink every day."

'"Of the same, *Eccelenza*? It is not possible."

'"Why not possible?" I cried in vexation.

'My *padrone* became more and more confused; he stammered and was silent; only after a long struggle could he come to a confession, and the dreadful riddle was explained.

'My *signore padrone* understood the art of filling up the teapot, when it had been used, with quite excellent water, and the tea which I had found so good, and of which I had boasted so much, was nothing else than an habitual second watering of the same tea which my fellow-lodger, Lady Woolen, got from Leghorn.

'The hills around the forests of Lucca have quite an extraordinary echo, and they know how to repeat many times such clear lady laughter as followed.'

The Lady Woolen here mentioned may have been the 'wild-spirited' witty Irish lady whom he has described in his sketch of the 'Baths of Lucca,' and who seems to be drawn from the life, and to have been the same person whom he formerly met in Ramsgate. What truth there may be in the love adventure which he recounts in the same story with the *ballerina* Francesca we have no means of knowing. This

character, however, seems also a life-sketch, and is extremely diverting.

One deficiency, nevertheless, must have extremely interfered with the enjoyment of his Italian adventures and of his general participation in Italian life, and that was his want of knowledge of the language.

'My ignorance of the Italian language,' he writes to Schenk from the baths of Lucca, in September 1828, 'troubles me much. I do not understand the people, and cannot talk with them. I see Italy but do not hear it. However, I am not here entirely without entertainment. Here the stones speak, and I understand their dumb language. They, too, seem to feel what I think. Thus a broken column out of the time of the Romans or a shattered tower of the Lombards, thus a weather-beaten Gothic cluster of shafts, understands me right well. I am myself a ruin who wanders among ruins. Like and like understand each other soon. Many a time the old palaces would whisper something secret to me, but I could not hear them then on account of the rustlings of the day. Then at night I come again, and the moon is a good interpreter, who understands the lapidary style, and translates it into the dialect of my heart. Yes, in the night I can thoroughly understand Italy, when the young people, with their young opera-language, are sleeping, and the ancients arise out of their cool beds and speak with me in the purest of Latin. There is something ghostly in coming to a land where one does not understand the living tongue or the living people, and, instead of these, knows intimately the language which flourished there a thousand years ago, and which has now long been dead, and is only spoken by midnight ghosts—a dead language.

'Meanwhile there is a language wherewith we can make ourselves intelligible to the half of the human race from Lapland to Japan—and that is the fairest half, which is called *par excellence* the fair sex. This language flourishes

especially in Italy. What need of words when such eyes flash with their eloquence deep into the heart of a poor *Tedesco* —eyes which speak better than Demosthenes and Cicero; eyes which—I lie not—are as big as stars in their real magnitude?'

From the baths of Lucca and Lucca Heine passed to Florence, and there revelled for a while in the delights of the galleries of art, and in making acquaintance with all sorts of marble and other goddesses. In the course of such art-peregrinations he met frequently in the galleries the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards Frederick William IV.; but he did not get an opportunity, as he wrote to Cotta, of recommending himself to the Prince, in case that under his reign he should require the use of a German fortress.

While at Florence Heine sent off the chapters of the account of his journey to Cotta for publication in the 'Morgenblatt;' and, since he liked the place well, he determined to wait here for the news which he fully anticipated to have from Schenk of his nomination to a professorship at Munich. Many and many a walk he took to the *poste restante* in the Piazza Ducale in quest of the expected communication: none came, however. Schenk omitted to take any more interest in Heine, and nobody has any occasion to take any more interest in Schenk. Heine declared afterwards that the prudent minister had sacrificed him to the Jesuits; and things so turned out that the poet never went back to Munich to reside there, and merely passed through the city on his hasty way homewards.

It seems to have been a singular case of presentiment which determined his departure from Florence. All at once, after six or seven weeks' residence, a wild longing seized him to see his father, accompanied with a dread that he should never do so again. He started suddenly northwards for Verona, and found there a letter from his brother saying that his father was dangerously ill, and that he would learn more at Würzburg. When he arrived at Würzburg he found his parent

was dead. His father in the summer of this very year had removed with his family to Hamburg. He died of paralysis on December 2, 1828, and was buried on the fifth of the same month in the Jewish burial-ground at Altona.

Heine felt the loss of his father deeply. More than twenty years afterwards he said to Adolph Stahr, 'For years long I could not understand the loss of my father and subdue my grief.' Indeed, the mystery of existence is never presented in more terrible aspect than in the loss of a parent, by which the heart-strings are severed which bind men to the past, and which leaves them alone with the blank and formless future. In the spring of the following year Heine wrote to Frederica Roberts, while he was completing his account of his Italian Travels, 'Alas, sick and unhappy as I am, I now, as though by way of self-mastery, describe the most splendid time of my life—a time when I, intoxicated with fullness of joy and love, shouted aloud on the tops of the Apennines, and dreamed of great wild actions whereby my fame should be spread over the whole earth to the furthest island, where the seaman should talk of me by his hearth. Now how tame I am become since the death of my father; now I would fain be but a small cat on such a distant island, which sits by the hearth-side and listens when great deeds are related.'

After a short visit to his mother in her house of mourning at Hamburg, Heine went to Berlin, where he was received by his old friends in the old friendly way. In the middle of April he went over to Potsdam, and lived a retired life there, visited by few friends and making visits but occasionally. Among such rare visits was one to the unhappy Charlotte Steiglitz and her husband. All the time during which he remained at Potsdam he was working at his Italian Sketches and sending them off to Stuttgart; until in the month of August he went over to the little rock of Heligoland, and

took sea-bathing there for two months; after which he returned to Hamburg.

While Heine was at Heligoland the Italian Sketches which were to form the third volume of the 'Reisebilder' had made small progress, and Campe, who had now published nothing for him for two years, pressed him earnestly to complete the work: under such pressure he wrote the last chapters of the 'Baths of Lucca,' throwing off the sheets in desperate haste, while the printers were waiting for 'copy;' so that Heine boasted that his book was out of the press before it was written. There is no cause, however, for boasting about the character of such rapid work, for the chapters which concluded this volume of the 'Reisebilder' are the worst and the coarsest which ever proceeded from Heine's pen. Doubtless, had he had more leisure, he would have erased many offending passages, which when published had a permanently injurious effect on his reputation.

The new book issued from the press in January 1830, and if it did not get so much admiration as the former volumes, at least it made a prodigious scandal. We have already given passages of the 'Journey from Munich to Genoa,' which afford sufficient idea of the best qualities of its pages. Want of knowledge of the language, as we have before remarked, prevented him from penetrating deeply into Italian life, and the aspects which he has rendered are such as were to be comprehended at once by the intuitive eye of the poet. However much he may appreciate certain bright and æsthetic sides of Italian nature, a lack of that enthusiasm for Italy and the Italian past, which is remarkable in all great poets, nursed on the sublime love of ancient tradition, and with due reverence for what they had learnt from it, is remarkable; and here as elsewhere the utter want of sympathy with the grandest source of European culture is self-evident.

Before taking leave, however, of his observations on Italy —which it is astonishing he never gave himself the opportu-

nity of renewing—we quote yet another passage kindred to those before quoted, which is well worthy of meditation. It is taken from the 'Florentine Nights,' and forms part of a conversation in the first chapter.

'"You go often to the opera, Max; and I believe you go more to see than to hear."

'"You do not err, Maria; I go really to the opera in order to observe the faces of the beautiful women of Italy. Of a truth, outside the theatre they are already sufficiently beautiful, and an historical enquirer might very easily demonstrate what influence the plastic arts had exercised on the corporal constitution of the Italian people.

'Nature has here reassumed from the artists the capital which she once lent them, and see! this has fructified in the most enchanting manner. Nature, which once gave her models to the artist, copies now on her side the masterworks which arose thereby. A sense of the beautiful has penetrated the whole people, and the spirit now works in the flesh in the same way as the flesh once wrought on the spirit. And not without fruit is that reverence of beautiful Madonnas, their lovely altar-pictures, which impress themselves on the spirit of the bridegroom, while the bride carries in her yearning bosom the figure of a handsome martyr. Through such spiritual affinity has a race of men here grown up which is fairer than the sweet land wherein it flourishes, and fairer than the sunny heaven which beams around it like a golden plain. But how lovely are they, these women of Italy, then when music has illuminated their features—I say illuminated, for the effect of the music, as I have observed it at the opera on the features of these fair ladies, resembles exactly those effects of light and shade which set us in astonishment when we behold at night statues by torchlight. These marble images then reveal themselves to us with startling truth the spirit which dwells within them, and their awful mute secrets. In the same way the whole life of these beautiful

Italian women is revealed to us when we see them at the opera: the changeful melodies then awake, and then such a current of sentiments, remembrances, desires and vexations, which are expressed in the movements of their features, in their blushes, in their pallors, and even in their eyes: He who knows how to read can then observe on their fair features many things both sweet and interesting, stories which are as remarkable as the novels of Boccaccio, sentiments which are as tender as the sonnets of Petrarch, caprices which are as adventurous as the *ottave rime* of Ariosto, often too fearful faithlessness and sublime wickedness, as poetic as the Hell of the great Dante. For it is worth the trouble to look up to the boxes.'

Heine, too, though a German, was far too sincere an artist to fall in with these modern insincere affectations which would set the elaborate head-music of Germany above the melodious heart-music of Italy. No one has written so well of Bellini, Rossini, and of Paganini as Heine, although he has shown that he had sufficient appreciation of the composers and artists of his own country. He could not fail also to see that the musical art is a thing among his countrymen of artificial growth compared with what it is or has been in Italy.

'Music is the soul of this people, their life and national interest. In other countries there are certainly musicians, who rise to a level with greatest Italian reputations, but then is there no musical people. Music here in Italy is not represented by individuals, but it reveals itself in the whole population. Music has become people, with us in the north is it quite otherwise: there music has only become man, and is called Mozart or Meyerbeer; and more than that, when one examines the best of that which northern musicians offer to us, one finds there Italian sunshine and orange blossom, and they belong more to fair Italy, the home of music, than even to Germany.'

A peculiarity of all these Italian Sketches of Heine is also to be noticed in every one of his prose compositions—they are all fragmentary. Every one of them promises to be a first part which will be continued by and bye. Thus the 'Baths of Lucca' and the 'Town of Lucca,' equally with the 'Florentine Nights,' are but *torsos* which the poet never summoned courage to finish out of hand. Nor indeed is their fragmentary state to be regretted, for the 'Baths of Lucca,' together with its continuation, the 'Town of Lucca,' offers no promise of a story of any interest: the characters, with the exception of the witty and wild Lady Mathilda, the Irish lady before mentioned, and Francesca, are of a very low type; moreover there are passages in the sketches so disgusting that only Heine and Germany combined could have produced and tolerated them in this century at least. The least objectionable of them is certainly the 'Florentine Nights,' where the story of Laurence the 'Todteskind,' has a strange weird interest not without charm. Everywhere, however, we come upon passages so beautiful that no one but Heine could have written them; and the conversation between himself and the Irish Mathilda in the cathedral of Lucca and in the streets of the town have a wit and audacity peculiarly his own.

That which, however, distinguishes the third volume of the 'Reisebilder' from its preceding fellows, was the boldness with which he dashed into political topics, and the new breadth and grasp of handling with which he dealt with them. In his observations on the field of Marengo we find the first exposition of those cosmopolitan ideas to which he remained true through life—ideas which he summed up in the phrase, 'there are now no longer in Europe nations, but only parties'—an expression which, as Macaulay has pointed out, has been true at more than one period of European history. Commencing in these reflections with the

hope that with Napoleon the period of wars of conquest is concluded for ever, he continues:—

'It has truly the appearance as though now spiritual interests were more to be fought for than material ones—and as though the history of the world would no longer be a robber-history but a spirit-history. The chief lever which ambitious and avaricious princes once knew so well how to set in motion for their private ends—namely, nationality with its vanity and its hatred—is now grown brittle and used up. Daily natural prejudices disappear more and more—all sharp segregations are vanishing in the universality of European civilisation—there are now no longer nations in Europe but only parties, *es giebt jetzt in Europa keine Nationen mehr, sondern nur Parteien*; and it is a wonderful thing to see how these recognise each other in spite of the most diverse colours, and understand each other in spite of the many diversities of tongues. * * * * *

'What is the great question of our time? Emancipation—not alone the emancipation of Irish, Greeks, Frankfort-Jews, West Indian blacks, and such oppressed people—but the emancipation of the whole world, especially of Europe, which has become of age, and now tears itself loose from the iron leading strings of the privileged classes, the aristocracy. Though some philosophic renegades of liberty forge the subtlest of fetters, in order to prove to us that millions of men are created as beasts of burden for some thousand privileged squires, they will never convince us of this until, as Voltaire says, they prove to us that those are born into the world with saddles on their backs, and these with spurs on their heels. Every time has its task, and through its performance humanity goes onwards. The inequality of former times, founded in Europe by the feudal system, was perhaps necessary, or a necessary condition of the progress of civilisation; now, however, the one keeps back the other and revolts civilised hearts. The inequality which comes the

most into collision with the principle of society has naturally been the most bitterly felt by the French, the social people *par excellence*; they have therefore contrived to conquer equality for themselves by cutting gently off the heads of those who were too tall, and the Revolution was a signal for the war of liberation of humanity. Let us pay our tribute of praise to the French; they took care of the two greatest needs of human society—of good living and of equality—and they have made the greatest progress in the art of cookery and in equality; and when we all hold together as equal guests the great feast of reconciliation and one of good cheer—for what is there better than a society of peers at a table well laid?—then will we drink our first toast to the French. It will truly yet be some time before this feast can be solemnised, before the Emancipation will be an accomplished fact, but it will come at last, this time, and we will all sit reconciled in equality at the same table: we shall then be united and fight against other world-evils, perhaps at last against death, whose severe system of equality does not at any rate offend us so much as the ruling doctrine of inequality held by *Aristocratismus*. Smile not, reader of the future. Every time thinks its own battle is before all the most weighty. This is the peculiar belief of time, in this it lives and dies, and we, too, will live and die in this religion of freedom which deserves perhaps more the name of religion than that hollow dead spectre of the soul which we are accustomed to call so—our holy fight seems to us the weightiest which has ever been fought on this earth—although historic presentiment tells us that at some time or other our descendants will look down on this fight perhaps with the same feeling of indifference wherewith we look down on the fight of the first men which *they* had to fight against rapacious, monstrous dragons and robber giants.'

It seems strange, after being told how wonderful it was that the new apostles of freedom never failed to recognise

and understand each other in spite of any diversity of colour or language, to find Heine erecting Nicholas of Russia into a champion of freedom, and putting him in the vacant place of Canning: however, Nicholas at that time was putting himself forward as the protector of the Greeks, and Heine, who at this period shows traces of a philellenism, at absence of more marked signs of which we marvel much in his history, believed apparently,—and it was quite in consonance with the ideas he entertained through life to believe it—that the progress of democracy was likely to be more real and rapid under the rule of an autocratic sovereign than under the shade of an aristocracy. Let the day of European freedom come, however, under what auspices it may, he relates it thus:—

'Yes, it will be a fine day; the sun of freedom will warm the earth more happily than all the stars of aristocracy. A new race of men will start up into life in free birth, with free birth free thoughts will be born in man, and free sentiments come into the world, of which we born slaves have no conception.

'Oh, they will never be able to imagine how horrible the night was in whose darkness we must live, and how awfully we had to fight with ghostly spectres, dreary owls, and sham-holy sinners! Alas for us poor fighters! who must squander our lives in such a conflict, and who will be weary and pale when the day of victory beams forth! The glow of sunrise will no more redden our cheeks, and no more be able to warm our hearts, and we die away like the waning moon. All too short is man's travel-path, at whose end is the inexorable grave.'

It will be seen hereafter how strangely the sentiments here expressed harmonised with the destinies of Saint Simonianism, and especially with that of the *rehabilitation de la chair*, to which Heine took with such enthusiasm on his arrival in Paris, yet of which he seems hitherto to have

had no acquaintance. At any rate, we see already how his political and social tendencies were even now drawing him towards France, whose sympathetic genius already penetrated him at a distance. However much such manifestations may have placed him in ill favour with the Government, it was not these which operated with the public to give the third volume of the 'Reisebilder' a less favourable reception than his former volume. This was rather to be ascribed to the coarseness of the passages to which we have before alluded, and also to the very gross onslaught on the poet Platen with which the 'Baths of Lucca' concluded.

It is not our intention here to enter into details of the story of this fray; indeed, they are not to be told with English pen and ink, and Platen is a poet for whom our interest is of the faintest. Platen, or Graf Platen—for he was a count—seems to have brought in great measure the onslaught on himself. He was a vain, poor man, who thought himself the chief poet of his time, and wore a laurel crown at times, in token of his sense of being so; he was the manufacturer of a great quantity of pale, bloodless, artificial verses, composed smoothly enough, now in various classic metres, and now in Oriental style. Immermann had written some satirical hexameters and pentameters which Heine had inserted in the first volume of his 'Reisebilder,' and which, without name, satirised generally these imitators of Oriental poetry, with which Germany was then swarming.

Such satire Platen applied to himself, and wrote a would-be Aristophanic comedy, in which savage hits were made at Heine and at Immermann by name. Heine was called the 'baptised Jew,' the 'Patriarch of the Feast of Tabernacles,' whose 'kisses smelt of garlic.' Immermann replied to the attack in a worthy fashion; but Heine seems to have thought the occasion a good one to show he would not be attacked with impunity, and under the pressure we have before alluded to, in hottest haste, added two chapters on Platen to the 'Baths of Lucca,'

chapters which first cover Platen with mud and ridicule, and then tear him to pieces afterwards. However great was the punishment inflicted on Platen, Heine quickly felt that he had done great injury to himself; this Platen episode in his life, years after, afforded matter for discussion for Heine and his friends, for the scandal was too great to be forgotten. Heine in the course of such a discussion with Alfred Meissner in 1849 expressed himself about Platen and about his own assault upon him in words with which we are glad to get rid of the whole business. 'Platen would truly have been a great poet if he had only had in him poetry and the faculty of thought. He possessed, indeed, everything necessary for poetising—pride, irritability, poverty, debts, knowledge—everything with the exception of poetry! No one ever excelled him in intelligence of metre, he lacked nothing but thoughts and sentiments, which he might clothe with the art of versification. He had thoroughly learned the art of poetic cookery—he wanted nothing but meat and fire to be able to cook. But that does not justify the assault which I made upon him. I wish I had never sent into the world the chapters in the "Baths of Lucca."'

CHAPTER XII

INGRATA PATRIA.

HEINE'S book was straightway placed under an interdict in Prussia, and he did not care to enter within its border and run the risk of consignment to a dungeon at Spandau. Everywhere in Europe affairs wore the same dark and hopeless aspect as in Germany, and Heine remained in Hamburg, where he now passed the greater part of two years.

Residence in the commercial city did not offer any greater attractions than of old, and, as Ludolf Wienbarg, who made the acquaintance of Heine at this time, and was one of the writers of the school afterwards known as 'Young Germany,' tells us, Heine both in person and in his way of life suggested always the idea of a traveller who had arrived the night before and might start away the next day. Wienbarg thus describes the appearance of his apartments on a visit to him: 'An open portmanteau, linen scattered about, two or three volumes out of a circulating library, some nice walking-sticks still in a state of careful packing, and before all, the man himself; for although he had already now for some months breathed the air of Hamburg, yet he presented quite the appearance of a traveller who had got down the night before from the stage coach, and had passed a sorry night in an inn.' In fact, the poet was loth to resign himself to the idea of any prolonged stay in a place he disliked so much.

Some of the most vivid and interesting sketches of Heine

are given by August Lewald in his 'Watercolour Drawings from Life'—*Aquarelle aus dem Leben.*

August Lewald, though some eight years older than Heine, being born in 1792 at Königsberg, was a younger author. He had, like Heine, begun to follow a mercantile career and abandoned it; he took then to writing plays, turned actor and then theatre manager, and finally, in this latter capacity, became, in 1827, director of the theatre of Hamburg. Just before meeting with Heine he published a novel 'Der Familienschmuck,' 'The Pride of the family,' which had been deservedly successful.

'In the year 1827,' Lewald writes, 'No one spoke in Southern Germany as yet of Heinrich Heine, although his "Reisebilder" had already appeared, and in that year it was that I went to Hamburg. I remembered that I had read fragments of the first volume of the "Gesellschafter." The uncommon freshness, the splendid wit, of these sketches had drawn my attention to a name which was then quite new to me.

'In the Hôtel de Saxe in Hamburg I heard this name again. There was a mixed society who came there to appease their hunger. Actors, critics, melodramatists, travelling *virtuosi*, all cried out together and wanted to express their opinions. Tobacco, coffee, bullion, Mademoiselle Pache, the great Schröder, and the Hamburg town constitution, were heaped together not in order, but pell-mell, so that this Salmagondi was unendurable for quiet listeners, to whom I belonged. In the course of such conversation a good connected fragment might from time to time be picked out which Reinhold, Lenz, or Meyer might have thrown out into the tumult of the discourse. Thus the name Heine dived up to my ear with the title of his latest book, and I remembered again his charming sketches in the Berlin "Gesellschafter."

'It was not altogether praise which was dealt to the young poet. An old gentleman who gave himself out in

the company for a connoisseur, was of opinion that Heine would never write a book. They were, it is true, new and good thoughts which he brought to market, but all without beginning and end—people could never style these a book.

'I will not contradict those excellent assertions here, since it would be out of place, but rather confess that what I heard of the book and its author mightily excited my curiosity to make the acquaintance of both.

'Some time after this conversation a good friend pointed out to me a young man who was entering the town at the Damm Thor. He had his hat drawn low down in front so that the rim shaded his nose, his coat was open, and both his hands were in his trousers' pockets. His walk was negligent, somewhat shambling, and he stared at the houses right and left. This was Heine. His appearance betrayed a certain elegant indifference, which disdained to set up a reputation for respectability among the Hamburgers. His complexion was delicately tinted with red, and at first sight it excited no striking sensation; it was a frank, youthful visage, with an enquiring outlook into the world.

'I encountered Heine now frequently, and almost always in the same fashion; he was alone, lounging and looking about; and an infinite sense of *ennui* seemed to be expressed in his being. Chance brought us together. I heard that he daily, like myself, was a frequenter of the Schweizer Pavilion, but I never met him there. The acquaintance which I meanwhile had made with his books, "which were no books," had inspired me with a strong inclination towards him.

'My wish increased to become known to him. How near I was to its fulfilment, and in how agreeable a fashion this should happen, I had as yet no idea.

'One morning I had buried myself so deeply in some newspaper in the Schweizer Pavilion that I paid no attention to what was going on around me, and was not a little startled

when a friend called me by name, and said to me "that he wished to present to me Doctor Heine."

'In surprise I sprang up to express my pleasure. He, the little ingenuous person I had seen, stood before me. His face, which when in repose had such an air of indifference, had arrayed itself in a smile, which animated a thousand little goblins in mouth and eye, disporting themselves alternately in scorn and playfulness. This smile—which became afterwards quite familiar to me—appeared to me at first acquaintance not to embellish his features.

'He came towards me with a very pretty speech: "I made your acquaintance this summer at Norderney," he said. "Your novel, the 'Familienschmuck,' has attracted me very much, and I was delighted when I heard that I should find you in Hamburg. You cannot imagine how desolate Norderney is, how one is deprived of all social intercourse, and how happy one is—— "

'It is to this circumstance then,' I interrupted him with, 'that I am indebted for your having read and found pleasure in the pride of the family.'

'He smiled several times.'

* * * * * * * *

'I believe in Heine's pains in the head. His constitution is delicate. He becomes often glowing red without exciting cause; he is almost always in an animated state. His fashion of living cannot be recommended for imitation to people who have their health to take care of. Heine slept many times at my house, and not only the clock in his sleeping-room had to be removed, but also the one in the next room had to be totally brought to a stand-still. The tictac and striking of the hours would otherwise have so strangely affected him that, as he assured me the next morning, he would have had the worst of headaches. His love for quiet and silence in his vicinity has, however, often affected me with much apprehension on his account. In Paris he was always a long time

in making his selection of a dwelling which should satisfy him in this respect. The loneliest, the most remote streets are those he prefers, and sometimes he chooses a solitary, silent court, and sometimes the third or fourth from the street, far from the rush and hurry of life. No stable, no laundry, no noisy artisan must have place near him. Then only he feels himself at his ease.'

Lewald, with his black moustache and sparkling black eyes, with his agreeable and polished manners, is said to have had the aspect of a Polish nobleman. He and Heine always remained on kindly terms, and associated together later in Paris. Heine gave proof to Lewald of the great interest which he showed in the affairs of all his friends by bestirring himself to get his work reviewed, and giving him hints about style by which Lewald acknowledged himself to be permanently benefitted.

It is not every author who will take such pains in the success of a contemporary; but Heine was always as willing to use his good offices and his pains for his friends so far as he could. When Immermann sent proofs of his humorous poem 'Tulifäntchen' to him, he spent some days in making corrections which the author admitted into his sheets; and he exerted all the influence he had at command for the man whom he considered his brother in arms, both with the reviewers and with Campe—taking occasion, however, to warn him as to the latter. 'Campe is a proper bookseller—all is said when I have said that. It would be a sin to be generous to him. Take care of yourself.'

Heine's chief correspondent during this period was Varnhagen, and his letters evince ever increasing melancholy and discontent with his position at Hamburg, and despair at the general state of politics. The night, it has been often said, is darkest towards the dawn.

On January 3rd, 1830, he writes, 'If one could only run away from time as we can from place! Alas, I must endure

the whole year through before I come to 1831.' Then again, 'I have passed a loveless, fatal year. May my frame of mind and my position soon change. Had I not weighty duties which bind me, I should fly away from here. I fear only that at last my feathers will fall out, and that I shall not be able to fly even when I decide to do so.' This feverish unrest and hopelessness, combined with a severe winter, at last brought on an attack of severe illness. Towards the end of February he writes, 'Dear friend, in this shameful ultra-winter, in which every honest liberal man is sick, I too have suffered much. I am now again recovering, after I have allowed myself to be tormented four weeks long with leeches, Spanish flies, apothecaries, and sorrowing friends. I lost much blood, and since, from literary history, I know what that signifies in the way of versifying, I became anxious, and have interdicted to myself all poetic sentiment, and still more all poetising. It is all finished with my poetry. I shall, it is to be hoped, live so much the longer prosaically.'

In order to restore his health Heine, at the end of March, retired to the village of Wandsbeck in the Holstein territory, where he remained three months, and, strangely enough, as though a weird presentiment of the coming events of July 1830 seemed to possess him, he buried himself in the histories by Thiers and Mignet of the French Revolution. 'I have been here,' he writes, 'living quite alone in Wandsbeck for the last ten days, and during that time I have spoken unto no one but Thiers and the dear God (*dem lieben Gott*). I am reading indeed the history of the Revolution of the one author and the Bible of the other. The need of solitude was never more sensibly felt by me than at the beginning of this spring, when the awaking of nature shows itself in the visages of the town Philistines, and brings forth unendurably pleased grimaces.'

How vividly the study of the revolutionary story of 1789 worked upon his excitable imagination is apparent from the

report Wienbarg gave of a visit to him during this time. Wienbarg found him pale and with an air of suffering. 'I feel as if broken to pieces,' he said to his visitor. 'This is what one gets from Mignet and the French Revolution. I read this night, late in bed; as I read no more, I saw the forms arise out of Mignet's history—the noble heads of the Gironde, and the guillotine which divides them from the trunk with a heavy blow, and the burly mob. Then I looked down and my look fell upon my bedstead, on this frightfully red bedstead, and it seemed as though I myself was lying on the red guillotine, and with a jump I was out of bed. Since then I have not closed an eye.'

'About France, I am thinking much,' he wrote to Varnhagen in April, 'and this the more as I read this day in Thiers that the present king and the family of the Polignacs were the first to emigrate from the country.'

Amid all these preoccupations, however, he remained still firm to his resolution of becoming one of the leaders of the advanced political party in Germany.

At the end of June he crossed over again to Heligoland for the benefit of sea-bathing, and it was here that he was surprised by the news of the 'Three days of July.' Of the state of mind in which this intelligence found him, and of the emotions they evoked, we have interesting records in letters written at this time from day to day, and intended for publication in those Memoirs which repose in the archives of Vienna.

'Heligoland, July 1, 1830.

'I am myself weary of this Guerilla warfare, and long for peace, at least for a state of things in which I may give myself up entirely unfettered to my natural inclinations, to my dreamy ways and pictures. What irony of destiny that I, who would so willingly repose on the pillow of a quiet contemplative spirit-life, that I should be destined to scourge my poor fellow-Germans out of their comfortable inaction,

and goad them into motion. I, who would most willingly have contented myself with watching the clouds, with devising metrical word-dreams, with listening to the secrets of elementary spirits, in order to lose myself in the magic world of old fable—I must give forth political annals, make up a programme of revolutionary aims, spur up the passions of the time, pull the poor German Michel continually by the nose, to wake him out of his sound giant-slumber. In truth, I could only make the snoring giant gently sneeze, without a chance of awaking him; and if I pulled away in haste the cushion from under his head, he put it back again to the same place with a hand drunk with sleep. Once in my desperation I would set his night-cap on fire, but it was so wet with the sweat of his thinking that it only smoked gently, and Michel smiled in his sleep.

'I am weary, and pine for peace. I would procure myself a German night-cap, and pull it over my ears, if I only knew where I could lay my head. In Germany it is impossible. Every moment a police agent will be coming to give me a shake to know if I really sleep, and this idea spoils all my peace of mind. But in truth where shall I go? Again to the South—to the land where the citrons and the golden oranges bloom? Alas! before every citron-tree there stands an Austrian sentinel, and thunders forth a frightful "Who goes there?" to the passer-by. Or shall I go to the North—perhaps to the North-east? Alas! the polar bears there are at present more dangerous than ever since they are civilised and have kid gloves. Or shall I again to England and its hell of fogs, where I would not even hang in effigy, much more live in person? One ought to be paid to consent to live there, and, instead of that, existence in England costs twice as much as in any other place. Never more will I return to that vile land, where the machines are like the men and the men like the machines. The din and the silence there both give one the horrors. When I was introduced to the Governor

here, and this wooden Englishman stood motionless before me for a few minutes without speaking a word, involuntarily the idea came into my head to look at him from behind, to see if somebody had forgotten to wind him up. I feel it as a fatality even that the island of Heligoland is subject to British rule. In fact, out of every Englishman there is engendered a certain gas, the carbonic acid of *ennui*; and this I have observed with my own eyes, not in England where the air is all heavy with it, but in southern countries, where the travelling Englishman goes about in isolation, and the grey *aureole* of *ennui*, which surrounds his head, is sharply visible in the sunny blue air. Englishmen in reality believe that this inspissated *ennui* is the product of their country, and to escape from the same they travel through all lands, grow weary everywhere, and return home with their "Diary of an *Ennuyé*." It is with them as with the soldier, whose comrades rubbed his nose with *assafœtida* as he lay on the guard-room bed, and who, when he awoke, remarked there was a bad smell in the guard-room, and went out, and declared that there was a bad smell out of doors too, and that the whole world stank. One of my friends, who lately came from France, declared that the Englishmen travelled on the Continent from mere despair at the bad cookery which they get at home.

'But however excellent may be the French *art de la cuisine* in France itself, appearances are now bad, and the great movement of retrogression is still going on. The Jesuits there are in full bloom, and singing their songs of triumph. The governing people there are still the same fools from whom fifty years ago the heads were stricken off. . . . What good did that do? They are come out of the grave, and their rule is still more foolish than ever.

'Or shall I go off to America, to that frightful dungeon of freedom, where the invisible chains gall still more painfully than the visible ones at home, and where the most

repulsive of all tyrants, the mob, exercises its coarse dominion? You know how I expressed myself about that God-accursed country, which I once loved before I knew it, and which I must still publicly praise and exalt as a matter of business. You, dear beloved German peasants, go to America! There there are neither princes nor nobility, all men are there alike—churls alike—with the exception in truth of some millions who have a black or a brown skin, and are treated like dogs. Slavery, which has been abolished in most of the North American provinces, does not revolt me so much as the brutality wherewith the free blacks and the mulattos are there treated. He who in the most remote degree descends from a negro, and betrays his origin no longer in colour but in the form of his features, must suffer the greatest humiliations, humiliations which to us in Europe seem fabulous. At the same time these Americans make boast of their Christianity, and are the most zealous church-goers. This hypocrisy have they learnt from the English, who have bequeathed them to boot their very worst qualities. Worldly lucre is their only religion, and money is their god, their only Almighty God. Of a truth, many a noble heart may there in silence lament the general selfishness and lack of righteousness. If, however, he would struggle against it, a martyrdom attends him, which surpasses all European conceptions. I believe it was in New York that a Protestant clergyman was so moved by the ill-treatment of the coloured race, that, bidding defiance to a cruel prejudice, he married his own daughter to a negro. So soon as this Christian deed became known, the people stormed the house of the clergyman, who only escaped death by flight; but the house was demolished, and the daughter of the clergyman, the poor victim, was seized by the mob and made a sacrifice to its rage. She was stripped stark naked, painted with pitch, rolled in a feather bed cut open, and in such a dress of feathers dragged and hooted throughout the whole town.

'O Liberty! thou art a malignant dream!'

The foregoing letter sets forth the weariness and hopelessness of spirit into which Heine had sunk before the news of the great Revolution of July reached him and set all Europe aflame. In the letters following, fragments of which we have already given, we find him lounging listlessly around the shores of the little barren Baltic Island, lulling his painful thoughts to the plash of the waves, reading the Old and New Testament, meditating on the wonderful history of the Jewish people and the mission of Christ, and perusing also at intervals Warnefrid's 'History of the Lombards,' Homer, and ancient treatises on witchcraft.

He was lodging in the wooden cabin of a steady good-tempered old fisherman, with whom he discoursed frequently of the adventures of the sea, amusing himself to boot with the whims of his fellow-lodgers, one of whom, a Dutchman, a dealer in Dutch cheeses, who occupied the room beneath him, would discourse with his hostess, the wife of the Heligoland fisherman, by the hour on 'Kabeljaw,' 'Laberdan,' and other salt fish, and the methods of preparing them. Unfortunately, says Heine, the thinness of the planking enabled him to overhear their conversation, and this perhaps just as he was deep in an argument in defence of the Trinity with his next-door lodger above, a sceptical justice of the peace from Königsberg, who used to joke with him about his assiduous study of the Bible. Heine's neighbour above, we learn, was induced to accept the Trinity in profane German fashion. About God the Father he made no difficulty, because He was the creator of the world, and all things must have a beginning. He made, however, some little difficulty about accepting the Son, but still he did so at last with an ironical smile; and when it came to the Holy Ghost, after much argument he cried out to finish, 'The Holy Ghost stands in much the same position to us as the third horse when we would ride *extra post*; we must pay all the same although we never get a sight of the third horse.'

While such a conversation was going on the Dutchman below was investigating into the distinction between 'Kabeljaw,' 'Laberdan,' and 'salt fish,' and finding out that these were at bottom one and the same thing, and only acquired their difference by being cured in a different way.

At last on this monotonous life burst the mighty intelligence of the 'Three days of July,' and Heine in the following letter gives us an account of the wild joy aroused in him, as he received the news while reading an episode in Warnefrid's 'History of the Lombards.'

'Heligoland, August 6, 1830.

'While his host fought with the Lombards, the King of the Heruli sat quietly in his tent and played chess. He had threatened death to any one who should tell him of defeat. The watchman who sat on a tree looking at the battle cried away, "We win! we win!" till at last he sighed aloud, "Unhappy king! unhappy people of the Heruli." Then the king saw that the battle was lost, but too late; for the Lombards thronged immediately into his tent and killed him.

'I was reading this story in Paul Warnefrid as a thick packet of newspapers arrived with seething hot intelligence from the continent. They were sunbeams wrapped up in printer's paper, and they inflamed my soul into the wildest conflagration. It was as though I would set on fire the whole ocean up to the North Pole with the glow of enthusiasm and the wild joy which blazed up in me. I ran like a lunatic about the whole house, and kissed first our stout hostess, and then her amiable sea-wolf. Then too I even kissed the Prussian justice of the peace, about whose lips in truth the frosty sceptical smile did not wholly disappear. Even the Dutchman did I press to my heart. But his meaningless fat visage remained cool and collected, and I believe, if the July sun in person had fallen into his arms, Mynheer would never have broken into a flame, but only

into a gentle perspiration. This sobriety in the midst of general enthusiasm is revolting. As the Spartans warned their children against drunkenness by showing them the example of an intoxicated helot, so ought we to keep a Dutchman in our educational establishments, for their unsympathetic, greedy, fish-natures would give children a horror of sobriety. For of a truth this Dutch sobriety is a far more fatal vice than the drunkenness of the helot. I could have cudgelled Mynheer.

'But no—no excesses! The Parisians have given us so brilliant an example of moderation. Of a truth you deserve to be free, ye French, for ye bear freedom in your hearts. In this you distinguish yourselves from your poor fathers, who raised themselves out of slavery thousands of years old, and with all their heroic actions were guilty of those wild horrors whereat the genius of humanity veiled its face. The hands of the people have this time been stained with blood, but only during the turmoil of battle in a righteous defence, and not after the fight. The people itself bound up the wounds of its enemies, and when the deed was accomplished went again about its daily occupation, without asking even for a *trinkgeld* for its great work—

> Den Sclaven, wenn er die Kette bricht,
> Den freien Mann, den fürchte nicht.

'You behold how intoxicated I am, how beside myself. I am quoting Schiller's best-known rhymes. And the old fellow whose irremediable folly cost so much citizen blood, him too have the Parisians treated with touching moderation. He sat too in truth at chess, like the king of the Heruli, when the victors dashed into his tent (it was, however, a game of whist at which Charles was engaged).

'With him, with Charles, the kingdom of Charlemagne comes to an end, even as the kingdom of Romulus ended with Romulus Augustulus; and as formerly a new Rome arose, so now does a new France.'

On August 10 he again writes and describes how the enthusiasm everywhere evoked by the French Revolution had passed over to the barren islet of Heligoland, and carried away even the Berlin bathing guests there assembled, as also in his succeeding letter he tells us that even the sober citizens of Hamburg became seized by the new inspiration—

'Heligoland, August 10.

'Lafayette, the tricolour-flag, the "Marseillaise." . . . Gone is my yearning for repose. I know now once more what I will, what I shall, what I must do. I am the son of the Revolution, and seize again the consecrated weapons over which my mother pronounced her words of magic blessing—flowers! flowers! I will crown my head for the fight of death. The lyre too, give me here the lyre, that I may sing a song of battle—words like flaming stars, which shoot down out of the firmament and burn up palaces and illuminate the cabins of the poor; words, like polished spear-points, which leap up to the seventh heaven, and pierce there the pious hypocrites who have crept up into the holy of holies. I am all joy and song, all sword and flame!

'Perhaps too quite mad. Of those wild sunbeams enveloped in printers' paper one has flown into my brain, and all my thoughts are burning bright as light. In vain I plunge my head into the sea. No water extinguishes this Greek fire. But with others the case is not much better. Even the Parisian sunstroke has smitten the other bathing guests here, even the Berliners, who are present here in greater number this year than usually, and cruise from one island to another, so that one may say the whole North Sea is overspread with Berliners. Even too the poor Heligolanders shout with joy, although they only instinctively comprehend the occurrences. The fisherman who ferried me yesterday over to the little island of sand, where people bathe, smiled at me with the words, "The poor people have

won!" Yes, the people perhaps comprehend instinctively the occurrences better than we, with all our aids and learning. Thus Frau von Varnhagen once related to me that before the issue of the battle of Leipsig was known, a serving maid rushed with a cry of agony into the room and announced, "The nobles have won."

'This time the poor people won the victory. "But it will profit them nothing unless they conquer hereditary right as well." These words my East Prussian lawyer spoke in a tone which struck me. I knew not why these words, which I do not comprehend, made so terrifying an impression on my memory. What would the dry fellow mean thereby?

'This morning a packet of journals reached me again. I gulp them down like manna. Child as I am, touching individual events occupy me more than the whole story in all its significance. Oh, could I but see the dog Medor! This dog interests me more than all the others, who with quick bounds brought the crown to Philip of Orleans. The dog Medor carried to his master his musket and his cartridge box, and when his master fell and was buried with all his heroic comrades in the court of the Louvre, this poor dog remained like a stone image of fidelity, sitting on the grave day and night, tasting only slightly the victuals which were brought to him, and burying the greater portion in the ground, perhaps as nourishment for his buried master.

'I can no longer sleep, and through my excited spirits are flitting the most fantastic shapes of night, waking dreams, which go stumbling one over the other, so that the forms mix themselves together in a capricious fashion, and now, like a play of Chinese shadows, shorten themselves dwarfishly and prolong themselves gigantically, and almost turn my brain. In this condition it appears often to me as though my own limbs were stretched out to colossal size, and that I, with monstrous long legs, was running

backwards and forwards between Germany and France. Yes. I remember in the past night I ran in such wise through all the German kingdoms, great and small, and knocked at the doors of my friends and roused them out of sleep. They goggled at me sometimes with astonished glassy eyes, so that I myself was terrified and did not know really what I wanted and why I awoke them. I gave a dig in the ribs to many a stout Philistine, who snored repulsively, and asked then with a yawn, "What o'clock is it?" In Paris, dear friend, the cock has crowed, and that is all I know. Behind Augsburg in the way to Munich a crowd of Gothic cathedrals met me, who appeared to be taking to flight, and staggered in a state of panic.'

His next letter is dated from Cuxhaven, on his return to Hamburg :—

'Cuxhaven, August 19.

'There is here a crowd of Hamburg citizens and their wives, who have come for the sea-bathing. There are here, too, captains of ships from all countries, who are waiting for a good wind and walking up and down in the high dykes, or lounge in the spirit-shops, drink very strong grog, and are jubilant over the "Three days of July." In all tongues the French get their well-deserved shout of *Vivat!* and even the unloquacious Briton praises them as eloquently as the loquacious Portuguese, who lamented that he could not take his cargo of oranges to Paris to refresh the people after the heat of the fighting. Even in Hamburg, as people tell me, even in that Hamburg where the hatred of the French is rooted the deepest, there reigns now, I am told, nothing but enthusiasm for France. All is forgotten—Davoust, the plunder of the bank, the citizens who were shot, the old German coats, the bad songs of the liberation, Father Blücher, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz." All is forgotten. In Hamburg the tricolour is floating; everywhere the

"Marseillaise" is being sung. Even the ladies appear in the theatre with tri-coloured ribbons on their breast. Even rich bankers, who will lose much money in their state securities by reason of the French Revolution, magnanimously share in the popular joy, and every time their broker tells them the exchange has fallen look all the more pleased and cry, "All right; no matter, no matter."

'Yea, everywhere, in all countries, people will comprehend very readily the significance of those three days of July, and therein recognise and celebrate a triumph of their own interests. The grand deeds of the French speak so plainly to all people and to all intelligences, the highest and the noblest, and spirits will be as deeply moved on the steppes of the Baschkirs as in the mountains of Andalusia. I see already how the Neapolitan holds his maccaroni and the Irishman his potatoes in his mouth, when the news reaches them. Punchinello is capable of seizing the sword, and Paddy perhaps of making a bull, at which the Englishman will have no desire to laugh.

'And Germany? I know not. Shall we at least make some proper use of our oak forests for the liberation of the world? Shall we, to whom Nature has given so much depth of thought, so much power, so much courage, at last use the gifts of God, and comprehend the word of the mighty Master, the gospel of the rights of humanity, proclaim them and bring them to fulfilment?'

Such were the wild notes of jubilant exultation into which the oppressed nature of this sensitive son of genius broke at news of the Revolution of July. It was quite natural that such should be the case, since the very same news electrified the whole civilised world; but he had soon occasion to get a little cooler.

On his return to Hamburg he had to witness a bestial German parody of the Revolution of July, which put his

liberalism to the severest test. The gentle populace of Hamburg, fired with a generous spirit of rivalry, could think of no better way of imitating the Parisian three days of July than by setting on foot a new persecution of the Jews. The civil and social condition of the Jews in this free German city had remained more intolerable than it was in any part of Germany, and it would appear that the view which the Hamburg people, both high and low, took of the Parisian Revolution was that the ideas there victorious would infallibly deprive them of one of their oldest privileges, that of harrying the Jews; so they determined to take time by the forelock, and have a last festival of public Jew-hunting. After discussion as to the form and fashion in which this public festivity should be practised, it was decided that on a certain evening in September a sudden onset should be made on every place of public entertainment, and that every Jew, or even everybody suspected of Judaism, should be summarily ejected and driven home. Immunity, however, was to be allowed to Jews who had been baptised, on exhibition of their baptismal certificates if they would go home and fetch them. It was of course difficult to carry out such a programme in strict moderation, and it was found impossible to hold in the populace after they had once had a taste of Jew-sport. Thus many houses of Jew residents were sacked and destroyed, and for days no Israelitish inhabitant of Hamburg could without danger of life show himself in the streets, or at night exhibit a light in his windows. Even Solomon Heine, whose charity to the poor of the town had been immense, with difficulty preserved his windows from being shattered like those of most of his co-religionists. After this heroic demonstration, and after a few troops were called in to show the good people of Hamburg that it was time to put an end to it, things quieted down again. This little episode in the municipal history of Hamburg is known by the euphemism of the *Judenkrawall*, the 'Jew riot,' as if it had been the

Jews themselves who were the cause of it. After this playful incident of Hamburg civilisation, it may be imagined that Heine's love for the city was not more vehement than before. It was, however, singular that he should have been a spectator of what was, we believe, the last example of Jew persecution in Germany.

Similar experience which, as he wrote in a letter to Varnhagen, 'to a less strong heart might have spoilt the most beautiful,' did not damp much the enthusiasm with which the Revolution of July had already filled him. Still hot with the fervour of his self-election to the *rôle* of a champion of civil and religious liberty, he brought out a new volume, styled 'Supplements to the "Reisebilder,"' and containing his 'English Fragments' and 'The Town of Lucca.' The chief objects of attack in these fragmentary anomalous productions are the German aristocracy and an Established Church. 'My book,' writes Heine to Varnhagen, 'is expressly one-sided. I know very well that the Revolution embraces all social interests, and that the nobility and the Church are not its only foes. But I have of fixed purpose represented these as its only allied foes, in order to consolidate the attack. I myself hate the *aristocratie bourgeoise* yet more. If my book effects anything in the way of emancipating the feelings on religious matters in Germany, where people have such a wooden religiosity, I shall be much pleased, and willingly bear the harm that may arrive to me from the outcry of the pietists.'

It would be vain at any time in Heine's life to attempt to find anything like a connected or harmonious system of political ideas; his mind in politics, as in most things, was essentially of a critical nature; yet to the opinions expressed in this volume, as well as to those expressed in the preface, which he wrote in the spring of 1831, to a brochure called 'Kahldorf on Nobility,' he remained tolerably constant through life. In his attacks both on the nobility and on the priesthood, it

must be remembered that he had the German nobility, the roughest, as he calls them, of all aristocracies, in view, and by the priesthood he meant the priesthood of the Established Church. Heine always remained a monarchist at heart in politics, and it was natural that he should respect the same principle in religion. He writes, therefore, we think conscientiously 'I venerate the inner holiness of every religion, and subject myself to the interest of the State. If I do not yield any especial homage to anthropomorphism, I believe in the glory of God, and even though kings are so foolish as to put themselves in conflict with the spirit of the people, or so ignoble as to persecute its defenders by degradations and persecutions, yet I remain in my innermost conviction a partisan of royalty—of the monarchical principle.' 'But,' he adds, 'even because I am a friend of the State and of religion, I hate that new birth which is called a State religion, that miserable creation which has been formed by the wooing and cooing of the secular and spiritual powers.'

The following criticism on a State religion is not unworthy of attention at the present time:—

'For religion itself, for its holy existence, it is highly destructive that it should be invested with privileges, and that its Universities should be endowed by the State, and thus laid under obligation to defend the State in order to preserve their benefices; in which way one hand washes the other, the spiritual the secular, and the reverse, and a salmagundi arises which is a folly in the eyes of God and an abomination to men. If now the State has enemies, these become the foes of the religion which the State protects, and of which it is therefore its ally, and even the harmless believer becomes distrustful when he gets scent of a political aim in religion. Most revolting, however, is the haughtiness of the priests when they reckon upon the support of the State in return for the services which they believe they render, when they are able to dispose of its bayonets as a reward for the spiritual fetters which they have

lent it to bind the people. Religion can never sink lower than when it is exalted in such wise to the rank of a State religion; it is then that its innocence, as it were, is lost, and it becomes as publicly proud as a declared mistress. . . . The system of monopoly is as hurtful to religion as it is to trades: they remain strong by free concurrence, and they will flourish there again in their original majesty when the political equality of divine worships is introduced. The noblest men in Europe have long declared that this is the only way to save religion from entire overthrow; yet their ministers would rather sacrifice the altar itself than lose the least of what is offered thereon, just as the nobility would rather give up to most certain destruction the throne and he who sits thereon, than resign of their own accord the most iniquitous of their privileges.'

In the preface to the pamphlet on nobility there are some very acute observations on the freedom of the press, which it would have been well if the German Governments of the day had listened to. Things have improved somewhat in Germany in this respect, but the arrogance of the *Junker* class is pretty nearly as great as ever; and when it is remembered that Heine was on the eve of being driven into exile by their exclusiveness and arrogance, one can hardly wonder at the bitterness with which he attacks the caste.

'Since the beginning of the French Revolution the nobility have ever stood on a war footing towards the people, and fought openly or secretly against the principle of freedom and equality, and its representatives the French. The English nobility, which by privilege and by possessions was the most powerful, bore the banner of the European aristocracy, and John Bull paid for this post of honour with his best guineas, and won battles by fighting himself bankrupt. During the peace which followed after that sorry victory, Austria displayed the aristocratic banner, and took charge of the interests

of the nobility; and to every wretched little treaty which was drawn up against Liberalism, was appended the well-known Imperial seal, and the people, like their unfortunate chief, was kept in strict ward, and all Europe became a Saint Helena, and Metternich was its Hudson Lowe. But only on the mortal body of the Revolution could vengeance be taken; only that Revolution in human shape, which with boots and spurs, and sprinkled with the blood of the field of battle, had mounted the bed of the Imperial *Blondine*, and stained the white broadcloth of Habsburg—only that Revolution could be allowed to die of a cancer in the stomach. The spirit of Revolution is, however, immortal, and does not lie under the willows of Longwood; and in the great deliverance at the end of last July the Revolution was again reborn, not as a single man, but as a whole nation; and in thus becoming a nation it mocks at the gaoler, who in fright has let fall out of his hands his bunch of keys. What a surprise for the nobility!'

Then again he writes in the 'Town of Lucca':—

'What is left for the aristocrats when they are deprived of the means of drawing their subsistence through the Crown, when the kings are the property of the people, and an honourable and sure government is established in the will of the people—the only source of power? What will the priests do when the kings perceive that a little oil of anointment makes no human head safe from the guillotine, even as the people more and more perceive that they are insatiable as to altar offerings? Yea, of a truth, nothing is left for the aristocracy and the clergy but to form alliance, and to cabal and intrigue against the order of the world. Fruitless labour! Time, the beaming giantess, stalks quietly on, untroubled by the yelping of toothsome priests, and little *Junkers* at her feet.'

All these political reflections led to one conclusion.

'Paris,' he cries, 'is the new Jerusalem, and the Rhine is

the Jordan which separates the sacred land of freedom from the Land of the Philistines!'

The ingratitude of man to man is a sufficiently hackneyed theme, but such ingratitude is nothing compared with the ingratitude of nation to nation. In the boom of the cannon of the French Revolution of July, the death knell of the hideous tyranny of the Holy Alliance was also to be heard. Heine's letters, written from Heligoland, are not too rhapsodical. The news of those days of July, not miscalled glorious, did pass like flashes of light through the dungeon air of Europe, and the heart of every man who was not a slave or a sot, or a miscreant in the most sacred aspirations of humanity, leapt within him, even at the distant echoes of the victorious 'Marseillaise.' The true Liberals of England were fired by the new Revolution, as their fathers had been by that of 1789, and it gave them fresh courage to proceed, and wring from an unwilling oligarchy the great Reform Bill of 1831—a great and bloodless victory—but bloodless perhaps by reason of the generous blood which was shed in the streets of Paris. If on the Continent Liberal ideas gained no such splendid success, yet boundless hopes were awakened, a hideous nightmare seemed removed from the breast of Europe; and the freest spirits from all parts, to whom the tyrannous rule of their own homes had become intolerable, gave themselves *rendezvous* in the new home of liberty, and to all a generous people offered the noblest and most sympathising hospitality.

It may be well imagined that Heine would fain have rushed, as did many of his friends, at once to the city which had so long been the object of his dreams. But, alas! it was not without bitter anguish of the soul that he decided even at last on expatriation.

In the first place, he soon was aware that what excitement the Revolution of 1830 aroused in Germany was but of a fleeting and equivocal character. The populace in Ham-

burg, we have seen, had such an idea of its import that they celebrated it by harrying his own co-religionists and renewed the savagery of the middle ages. Indeed the dull majority of the German race, imbruted by centuries of servitude, could entertain at that time no conception of liberty at all; and it took them eighteen years of political education, which they chiefly owed to France, and to the teaching of the refugees of their own race, who found asylum in France, and drew strength from French intercourse, in order to be capable of any serious political movement at all, and then they imitated in their various countries and in their own clumsy fashion the Revolution of 1848, from which imitation all such political liberties are derived as they at present enjoy.

But besides such considerations Heine would so gladly have avoided having anything to do with the *rôle* of tribune of the people altogether. It was only under the stress of horrible necessity that he would touch such a *métier* with the tips of his fingers. How gladly would he have remained, as he himself has said in the letters we have given from Heligoland, in the realms of the beautiful, a dreamer of lovely things, the creator of images, thoughts, and paradises of fancy, which should bloom in the memory of humanity for all time. In his lyrical sensitive poet-nature, he felt a horror of daily immersion in the effluvia of work-a-day politics, and felt how wide was the distance which separated him from the demagogue and the agitator.

After-experience proved the truth of his presentiment that constant collision with refugees and politicians by profession would be intolerable to him—they were creatures of another race; while he foresaw also that if he held his independence, he was certain to be denounced even by them as an aristocrat or a traitor. Yet, what was he to do? Though no one was more sensible than himself of the loathsome state of political bondage which weighed upon his countrymen, though none had an eye sharper to see, nor a wit more flashing to denounce, he

might and he could have restrained himself in view of a higher duty—that of being true to the calling of his poetic genius. Since the beginning of time God had given to that unwieldly German race but two minds endowed at all, comparably to this man, with those rare qualities which go to make up a poet—the creator of the finest, purest, and highest delights of his species—a being whose least word was destined to be immortal. Enough were there of gross men, and incompetent, cumbering the earth, and squandering in almost regal state the substance of the worker, the orphan, and the widow; and for this man, who was to fashion in a measure the thoughts of your children and your children's children for countless generations, could you offer no home where he might work in independence and in peace? No, it was not possible. The third greatest poet of Germany was already an outcast among his countrymen: he dared not enter Prussia; that which menaced him if he remained was the fate of a felon. In these weary months which preceded his Hegira, or flight to France, we find in his letters to Varnhagen proofs of how the unhappy poet was writhing under his destiny, and how gladly he would have made any honourable compromise in political matters which would have left him free to follow the bent of his genius. During the months that he was thus turning over his fate in his mind, amid the vexations which he was enduring from his relatives, from dependence on his whimsical uncle, and from the killing *ennui* of life among the shopkeeping people of Hamburg, Varnhagen was his confidant. He tells him how his situation is growing more and more gloomy, how his state of dependence more and more intolerable. Is there no means of help—nothing to be done? Varnhagen must think. In Baden or Vienna even is there any means of escape to be found from a dependent life? It may be imagined with what pain the noble-hearted Varnhagen would peruse such letters; he than whom no man felt more deeply the ignoble and cruel conditions of German life for all

men of independent talent, and especially for Heine. No, there seemed to be no escape; there was no resource for him but his pen; and in Germany he must write with the censorship hanging, like a sword of Damocles, over his head, with a due certainty of persecution to boot, and of intimate acquaintance with most of the fortresses of Germany. Long ago it had seemed to Varnhagen that the only chance of Heine's being able to lead a tolerable and a free existence was to emigrate to France; and when his young friend proposed the matter now, he did not gainsay him. In Heine's last letter, written to Varnhagen before leaving Hamburg, after announcing his intention of going to Paris, he adds, 'Here my life is one of the gloomiest oppression. With the best intentions, I see well that I can make no use of the wisdom of our governments, so I have nothing left for it but to secure myself from their folly. In Munich things are going badly, as I hear. Had my friend Schenk not sacrificed me to the Jesuits, I might have been of great service to him without doing any harm to my principles. Faithlessness and broken promises have so irritated me on this side that I could myself hang the German Polignacs. Against Prussia, too, am I also just as bitterly minded, but only on account of the universal state of lies, of which Berlin is the capital. I have a loathing of the liberal Tartuffes there. Much indignation is gathering upon me. Enough of this.'

In his 'Confessions,' written more than twenty years later, he has himself described his exodus from Germany in his own characteristic style. The indignation of earlier years has here become cooled down by the long flow of years, and his inextinguishable humour can now even afford to treat it with pleasant mockery.

'I had both done and suffered much, and when the sun of the revolution of July rose in Paris I had become quite tired and required some recreation. My native air became daily more unwholesome, and I was forced to think seriously of a

change of climate. I had visions. The gathering together of the clouds terrified me, and made all kinds of terrible faces at me. The sun sometimes seemed to be like a Prussian cockade. In the night time I dreamed of an ugly black vulture, who gnawed at my liver; and I was very melancholy. Besides I had made the acquaintance of an old lawyer of Berlin, who had passed many years at the fortress of Spandau, and he narrated to me how unpleasant it was to wear irons in winter time. I thought it a thing very unchristian that the irons were not warmed a little. If our chains were but warmed a little they would not make so disagreeable an impression, and even chilly natures would be able to wear them with comfort. People should also have the prudence to perfume the chains with essence of roses and of laurels, as is the case here. I asked my lawyer whether he had any oysters to eat at Spandau. He said, no; Spandau was too far from the sea. Also meat, he said, was rare there; and there was no other kind of fowl but flies, which fell into your soup. At the same time I made the acquaintance of a French *commis voyageur*, who travelled for a wine business, and could not praise sufficiently how happily and merrily people lived in Paris now, how the heavens there were full of violins, and how people from morning to evening sang the "Marseillaise," and "En avant, marchons," and "Lafayette aux cheveux blancs;" and *Liberté, égalité, fraternité* stood written up at all the corners of the streets; and at the same time he praised the champagne of his house, of whose cards he gave me a great number of copies; and he promised me letters of recommendation to a great number of the best Parisian *restaurants*, in case I would seek the metropolis for my diversion. Since then I needed a little cheering up, and since Spandau was too far from the sea to eat oysters, and since the Spandau fowl-broth did not very much attract me, and since, over and above this, the Prussian fetters are very cold in winter, and might not be advantageous for my health,

therefore I resolved to set out for Paris, and in the mother-country of champagne and of the "Marseillaise," to drink the former, and to hear the latter sung together with "En avant, marchons," and "Lafayette aux cheveux blancs."'

'On May 1st, 1831, I crossed over the Rhine. I did not see the old river-god of the Rhine, and I contented myself with throwing my visiting-card into the water. He sat, I am told, at the bottom of the stream, and was studying again Meidinger's French Grammar, for he had under Prussian rule fallen back much in his French, and would work it up again to provide against contingencies. I imagined that I heard him conjugating below *J'aime, tu aimes, il aime, nous aimons.* Whom does he love, however? In no case Prussians. The cathedral of Strasburg I saw only from a distance. He waggled with his head like the old faithful Eckart when he beholds a young fellow on his way to the Venusberg.'

The route which Heine thus took was by Heidelberg and Carlsruhe to Strasburg. He reached Paris on May 3, after two days' journey across the French soil in the *coupé* of a *malle-poste.*

CHAPTER XIII.

HEINE AS LITERARY HISTORIAN.

BEFORE leaving Germany with the subject of this memoir, we will render an account of his writings on German literature, and on German philosophy and mythology. It seems highly strange that German and other critics should have taken such small notice of Heine's labours in this direction; perhaps these *gardiens du sérail* were jealous of the superiority with which they found Heine had entered upon what they considered their own special domain. Certain it is, however, that no such brilliant essays on literary history have ever been produced in Germany or in German literature as those of Heine, and fortunate would it indeed be for the students of literary history if this subject were habitually touched with anything like the conciseness and brilliancy which distinguish Heine's essay on the German romantic school. Heine himself was neither wrong nor presumptuous when he said, in comparing this little book to the ponderous work of Gervinus, that he had told in one small volume, wittily, as much as Gervinus had told in three huge volumes unwittily. And it need not be said how after such a *mot* Gervinus, in his lumbering voluminous history of the nineteenth century, does not treat Heine with great partiality.

We shall have occasion subsequently to set forth how these essays came to be first published in French periodicals. Yet they were not even so written without notion of their serving an ulterior purpose in Heine's own country. We take note

of them here in order that we may not in dealing with his life in France have to make too huge a break in the current of his story as an inhabitant of the French capital.

As we shall make such copious use of Heine's own essay on the romantic school, it will not be necessary for us to enter into any prolonged considerations of the genesis and course of German literature previous to his own time. All that is necessary to the understanding of the state of German literature at the time of Heine's appearance is contained in his own essay. One or two preliminary reflections may however be made.

We imagine that there exist no longer any such infatuated devotees to German literature as there was twenty or thirty years ago. It was then almost a new study, and those well acquainted with it were few, and these few by very vigorous and persevering preaching managed to give an idea to the English public that there was something infinitely deeper and vaster in German literature than there was in any other of the literatures of the chief nations of Europe. The effect, however, of all this preaching has pretty generally died away. Nearer acquaintance has with great numbers dissipated all mystery; and decidedly, so far as the *belles lettres* of Germany are concerned, there is less to study, and less worth studying in them than in the four grand and older literatures of Europe—English, French, Italian, and Spanish.

German literature is, after all, but a *parvenue* among European literatures—being barely a hundred years old—and it has all the marks of a *parvenue* literature. Jeffrey, when he wrote his famous essay on 'Wilhelm Meister,' which, notwithstanding that it disgusted the Teutomaniacs, is after all a very fair review of the book, did not fail to point out those blemishes of the novel which owed their origin to the work having been composed in an unformed and half-refined society. And Jeffrey took occasion to recall to the remembrance of his readers that it was but fifty years before the

appearance of 'Wilhelm Meister' that the Germans had thought about having a national literature at all. Before that period their few authors had chiefly contented themselves with performing the humble offices of dreary pedantic drudges, of being in fact a sort of scholastic hodmen to the rest of Europe. At length, after remaining in a state of benighted literary stupor for centuries, they roused themselves, and determined to have a poetry and literature of their own.

No civilised nation was ever so long in coming to a literary consciousness of itself. The North Germans, it is true, were the last of the European races to accept civilisation, but so many centuries had passed since Charlemagne had thrashed them into Christianity by means of thirty-three victorious campaigns, and by stringing up the worshippers of Odin by thousands at a time, that this backwardness in civilisation and in literary development cannot but be ascribed to some inaptitude for such things in the people themselves. It is true that in barbaric times they had their grand cycle of the 'Nibelungen-Lied' and its fellow poems. But France has also its pre-mediæval 'Chanson de Roland,' and its immense cycle of Carlovingian epics, instinct for the most part with a less savage and a more noble spirit, and bearing testimony to the existence of a more humane state of society. After the barbarico-heroic period had died away in Germany, the middle ages produced a new set of poets, but all imitators, with the exception of the cobbler Hans Sachs and his tribe, down to the time of Lessing. The 'Minnesinger,' about whom so much has been written and said—the 'Minnesinger' with 'Wolfram von Eschenbach' at their head, were chiefly imitators of the Provençal troubadours. 'Parceval' and 'Titurel' are but German adaptations of the French Arthurian legends. Then came their cobbler-poets—their *Zunftmeister*—whose originality no one will grudge them. On the decline of this school they went to sleep for a few ages, and when they woke up and found Corneille and Racine gaining

plaudits in France in a fashion to echo across the Rhine, they took to imitating Racine and Corneille in the same clumsy way in which their boorish princes imitated the periwigs and the architecture of Louis XIV., and the manners of Versailles. Then came Lessing—one of the noblest characters in all literatures—and Lessing showed his countrymen the foolishness of going on imitating French poetry, which, whatever its merits, had in portraying French national life borrowed its form from the Greek. Lessing then delivered the Germans from imitation of Græco-French classicism, and led them to the study of the original Greek models. But in doing this he laid open the way to another kind of classic imitation, which bid fair to become as barren and tedious as the original Græco-French classicism. How far even Goethe went in this way may be seen in the poem of 'Achilleis,' in which the German of the nineteenth century has wholly separated himself from natural life, and endeavoured to write as an immediate follower of Homer would have written, and with the dullest possible result.

It was against this kind of classicism, then on its last legs, and which was fast wearing itself out, that German romanticism was a revolt. But on the rise and progress of the Romantic school it will be sufficient to hear Heine himself, remembering always that the essay is deeply tinged with the doctrine of the Saint Simonian school of which Heine became such an ardent disciple.

'The Romantic school,' Heine writes, 'was nothing else than the resuscitation of the poetry of the middle ages as it had manifested itself in their songs, paintings, and architecture in art and in life. This poetry was, however, an emanation of Christianity; it was a passion-flower which had sprung from the blood of Christ. I do not know whether this melancholy flower, which we called in Germany the passion-flower, has the same name in France, and whether in popular legend the same mystic origin is ascribed to it.

It is that strange, discoloured flower in whose calix the implements of martyrdom which were used at the crucifixion of Christ, such as the hammer, pincers, nails, &c., are to be seen represented—a flower which is not ill-favoured, but only spectral—and whose aspect in truth excites in us a fearful pleasure, like the spasmodic, sweet sensations which proceed from sorrow itself. In such respect this flower would be the most apt symbol for Christendom itself, whose awful charm consists in the very voluptuousness of sorrow.

Although in France, under the name of Christianity, Roman Catholicism alone is understood, yet must I especially premise that I speak of the last alone. I speak of that religion in whose chief dogmas the condemnation of all flesh is comprised, and which attributes to the soul not only a superiority over flesh, but even would annihilate the latter in order to glorify the soul. I speak of that religion, through whose unnatural assumption sin and hypocrisy came into the world, since by reason of the condemnation of the flesh the most innocent joys of the senses became sinful, and by reason of the impossibility of being all soul, hypocrisy must necessarily be developed. I speak of that religion which can, by reason of its doctrine of the vanity of all earthly goods, and of its enjoined dog-humility and angel-patience, become the most approved support of despotism.

Men have recognised the nature of this religion; they allow themselves to be put off no more with assignments to heaven; they know that even matter has something good in it, and is not entirely diabolic; and they now vindicate for themselves the enjoyments of earth, this fair garden of God, our inalienable inheritance. Even because we understand so completely all the consequences of that absolute spiritualism, we must believe that the Christian-Catholic interpretation of the world has reached its termination. For every age is a sphinx which dashes itself into the abyss so soon as its riddle is discovered.

'By no means, however, do we deny the good which the Christian-catholic view of things founded in Europe. This was necessary as a healthy reaction against the fearful colossal materialism which had developed itself in the Roman empire, and threatened to annihilate all the spiritual nobility of man. Just as the lubricous *mémoires* of the last century form the *pièces justificatives* of the Revolution—just as the terrorism of the *Comité du Salut Public* appears as a needful system of medical treatment when we have read the self-confessions of the French aristocratic world from the time of the Regency; so also is the wholesomeness of ascetic spiritualism recognised when one has read Petronius or Apuleius, books which serve as the *pièces justificatives* of Christianity. The flesh was grown so insolent in that Roman world, that the will had need of Christian discipline in order to chastise it. After the banquet of a Trimalcion there was need of a hunger-cure like Christianity. Yet this hunger-cure robbed the Roman institutions of their last strength, but by reason of its division into two kingdoms did Rome fall into ruin; on the Bosphorus as on the Tiber Rome perished by the same Judaic spiritualism, and in one place as in the other Roman history grew to be a slow and long decay, an agony which lasted centuries. Did perchance murdered Judæa with secret cunning, while it made a gift to the Romans of its spiritualism, contrive to revenge herself on her victorious foe, like the dying centaur, who managed so craftily to deliver to the son of Jupiter the fatal garment which was stained with its own blood? Of a truth Rome, the Hercules among nations, was so thoroughly eaten up by Judaic poison that helmet and mail fell off from its withered frame, and its imperatorial war voice sickened down to the prayerful whining of priests and the quaver of eunuchs. But that which enervates the old man strengthens the youth. That same spiritualism had a healthy effect on the exuberant health of the races of the north—their too full-blooded barbaric bodies

became spiritualised by Christianity. European civilisation began. The Catholic church won for itself in this wise the greatest titles to our honour and admiration. She contrived by her mighty institutions, instinct with genius, to tame the bestiality of the people of the north, and to master the brutality of matter.

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'The poetry of all those productions of the middle ages has an especial character, whereby they are distinguished from the poetry of the Greeks and the Romans. By reason of this difference we call the first the romantic, the last the classic poetry. These designations, however, form but uncertain lines of demarcation, and have led up to this time to the most unedifying impressions, which were further increased when the ancient poetry was named plastic instead of classic. Here especially lay the ground for misconceptions. For example, artists ought always to give their matter a plastic form; whether it is Christian or Pagan, they ought to represent it in clear outlines; in short, a plastic modelling of form ought in modern romantic art to be the chief aim just as in ancient art. And, in fact, are not the figures in the *Divina Comedia* of Dante, or those in the paintings of Raphael, just as plastic as those in Virgil or on the walls of Herculaneum? The difference exists herein, that the plastic forms in ancient art are quite identical with the subject of representation, with the idea which the painter would represent; for example, that the wanderings of Ulysses signify nothing else than the wanderings of a man who was the son of Laertes and the husband of Penelope, and was named Ulysses; further that the Bacchus which we see in the Louvre is nothing more than the graceful son of Semele with the pronounced melancholy of his eyes and the holy pleasure of his arched, soft lips. Otherwise is it in Romantic art. There the wanderings of a knight have an esoteric signification; they signify, perhaps, the wanderings of a whole life.

'The dragon, who has been vanquished, represents sin;

the almond tree, whose perfume comforts the hero even at a distance, that is the Trinity—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, who are one, just as shell, husk, and kernel make one almond. If Homer paints the armour of a hero, it is nothing more than a good coat of armour which is worth so many oxen; but when a monk of the middle ages describes in his poem the raiment of the mother of God, we may be sure that he comprehends under this garment ever so many different virtues, that an especial meaning is concealed under these holy coverings of the spotless virginity of Maria—who also, since her son is the almond-kernel, may with reason be celebrated as the almond-flower. That is the character of mediæval poetry which we style the Romantic.

'Classic art had only to portray the finite, and its forms could be identical with the idea of the artist. Romantic art had to represent, or rather to suggest, infinite and spiritual relations, and it had recourse to a system of traditional symbols, or rather of parable style, just as Christ Himself sought to make himself understood by means of all sorts of beautiful parables. Thence came the mystic, the imaginational, the wonderful, and the transcendent in the works of art of the middle ages. The imagination makes its most terrible efforts to portray the purely spiritual by means of sensual images, and it invents the most colossal extravagances; it piles Pelion on Ossa and Parcival on Titurel in order to reach heaven.

'Among nations whose poetry likewise endeavoured to represent the infinite and monstrous mis-births of fancy come to light, for example, among the Scandinavians and Indians, we find poems also which we hold to be and which we style romantic.

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'In the plastic arts of the middle ages, whose office it was to represent the victory of the soul over matter, and yet

were necessitated to make use of the latter as the medium of representation, an unnatural task had to be performed. Hence in sculpture and in painting those frightful themes—pictures of martyrdom, crucifixions, dying saints, the harrowing of the flesh. The tasks themselves implied a martyrdom of sculpture; and when I see those distorted images, whose pious heads and very long lean arms, thin legs, and sorrowfully clumsy vestments, are meant to represent abstinence and un-sensuality, then am I seized with unspeakable pity for the artists of that time. The painters were somewhat more favoured, since the material of their representations, colour, in its impalpability, in its variegated play of light and shade, is not so horribly rebellious to spiritualism as the materials of the sculptor; and yet the painters must perforce charge their canvas with the most revolting forms of suffering. Of a truth when one visits many galleries, and sees nothing else represented but scenes of blood, scourgings, and executions, one would imagine that the old masters had painted these pictures for the gallery of an executioner.

'But the genius of man continues even to glorify the unnatural, and many painters managed to perform their unnatural task in a beautiful and exalted fashion, and, the Italians especially, knew how to render homage to beauty somewhat at the cost of spiritualism, and to exalt themselves to that degree of ideality which has reached its culmination in so many portraits of the Madonna. The Catholic clergy especially, in the case of the Madonna, has always made some concessions to sensuality. This form of uncontaminated beauty, which is glorified by maternal love and sorrow, had the privilege of being celebrated by both poet and painter, and adorned with all sensual charms. For the figure was a magnet, which attracted the masses into the bosom of Christianity. The Virgin Mary was the *dame châtelaine* of the Catholic Church, by whose sweet and

heavenly smile the knights of the north were fascinated and held captive.

'Architecture in the middle ages had the same character as the other arts, since then especially did all manifestations of life harmonise with one another in the most wonderful fashion. Here in architecture too the same allegorical tendency evinces itself as in poetry. When we now step into an ancient cathedral, we scarcely divine any longer the esoteric sense of its stone symbolism; only the general impression urges itself immediately on our senses. We feel here the exaltation of the spirit and the subjection of the flesh. The interior of the cathedral itself is a hollow cross, and we are moving there within the very instruments of martyrdom. The party-coloured windows cast upon us their red and green lights—like drops of blood and water; death-songs are floating around us; under our feet are grave-stones and corruption; and with the colossal pillars the spirit strives aloft, tearing itself painfully from the body, which, like a weary garment, sinks to earth. When one views these Gothic cathedrals from the outside—these monstrous efforts of the builder, which are wrought so robustly, so purely, so tenderly, so transparently, that one may imagine them to be carved out of one piece, and to be a kind of Brussels lace in marble —then does one feel first properly the power of that time which knew how to impress its mastery on the stone, so that this appears to us as transfused with the soul in spectral fashion, and thus the hardest of substances becomes an expression of Christian spiritualism.

'But the arts are only the mission of life, and as in life Catholicism flickered out, so did it die away and fade away in art. At the time of the Reformation Catholic poetry disappeared gradually in Europe, and in its place we see the long-dead Grecian poetry again take life. It was in truth an artificial spring, a work of the gardener, and not of the sun; and the trees and flowers were planted in narrow pots, and a glass sky defended them from cold and wind.

'In the history of the world no event is the immediate consequence of another; all events modify themselves reciprocally. In no wise by means of the Grecian scholars, who after the conquest of Byzantium emigrated over to us, did the love of Hellenism and the yearning to imitate it become common among us; but there became dominant a contemporary Protestantism in art as in life; Leo X., the magnificent Medici, was just as zealous a Protestant as Luther. And as in Wittenberg there was a protestation in Latin prose, so in Rome was there a protestation going on in stone, colour, and *ottava rima*. For do not the marble and mighty forms of Michael Angelo, the smiling nymph-faces of Giulio Romano, and the cheerful intoxication of life which inspired the verse of the Maestro Ludovico form a Protestant antidote to old dreary withered Catholicism? The painters of Italy carried on a polemical war against the priestly caste far more real than that of the Saxon theologians. The glowing flesh-tints in the pictures of Titian, that is all Protestantism. The hips of his Venus are far deeper theses than those which the German monk nailed to the church doors of Wittenberg. It seemed then as though men had suddenly felt themselves liberated from the oppression of a thousand years; above all did the artists breathe again freely, as the nightmare of mediæval Christianity seemed to be rolled away from their breasts—enthusiastically did they plunge into the sea of Grecian cheerfulness, out of whose foam the goddesses of beauty again rose before their eyes. The painters painted again the ambrosial joy of Olympus; the sculptors chiselled again with old joy the old heroes out of the block of marble; the poets sang again the house of Atreus and Laius; the period of new classical poetry arose.

'Since modern life took its most perfect form in France under Louis XIV., so did the new classical poetry attain here a plastic completeness, yea, in a certain measure an

independent originality. By means of the political influence of the great king, this new classical poetry spread itself abroad over the rest of Europe. In Italy, where it was already at home, it got a French colouring. With the Duc d'Anjou the heroes of French tragedy went to Spain. They went to England with Madame Henrietta, and we Germans, as a matter of course, reared for the bepowdered Olympus of Versailles our clownish temples. Of these the most celebrated high priest was Gottsched, the man of the broad-bottomed peruke, whom our beloved Goethe has described so excellently in his memoirs.

'Lessing was the literary Arminius which liberated our theatres from that foreign domination. He showed us the emptiness, the absurdity, the tastelessness of those imitations of the French theatre which itself had been but an imitation of the Greek. But not alone by his criticism, but also by his own artistic productions, was he the founder of a new original German literature. This man devoted himself to all the tendencies of the soul, to all phases of life, with enthusiasm and disinterestedness. Art, theology, archæology, poetry, theatrical criticism, history, all did he pursue with the same zeal and with the same purpose. In all his works there lives the same great social ideas, the same inward striving humanity, the same religion of reason, whose John the Baptist he was, and whose Messiah we yet await. This religion was his constant theme, but alas, often quite alone and in the desert. And then art also was wanting to him to change stone into bread. He passed, moreover, the greatest part of his life in poverty and distress. That is a curse which weighs on almost all the great spirits among the Germans, and perhaps will be first destroyed by political disenthralment. More than men then dreamt of also was Lessing occupied with politics; a tendency which we do not find in the companions of his time. We remark now for the first time what he meant by his portraiture of duodecimo

despotism in "Emilia Galeotti." He was reputed at that time to be a champion of spiritual freedom and an adversary of clerical intolerance. Since his theological writings were better understood, his fragments of the "Education of the Human Race," which Eugene Rodriguez has translated into French, will perhaps give to the French a conception of the comprehensive largeness of the spirit of Lessing. His two critical productions which had the greatest influence on art are the "Hamburgh Scenic Science," and his "Laocoon, or the Limits of Painting and Poetry." His most remarkable stage-plays are "Emilia Galeotti," "Minna von Barnhelm," and "Nathan der Weise."

'Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was born at Camenz, in Lausitz, on January 22, 1729, and died at Brunswick on February 15, 1781. He was a complete man who, if he attacked distinctively the old with his polemics, also at the same time created something new and something better. He resembled, says a German author, those pious Jews who were often disturbed by the assaults of their foes at the second building of the Temple, and who with the one hand had to defend themselves against these, while with the other they went on building the House of the Lord. It is not fitting here that I should say more of Lessing. But I cannot avoid remarking that in the whole history of literature he is the writer whom I love the most.

'I will here also make mention of another writer who wrought in the same spirit and for the same ends as Lessing, and may be called Lessing's successor. His appreciation, however, would not be in place here, since he occupies a whole situation to himself in the history of literature, and his relation to his time and to his contemporaries cannot yet be definitely allocated. This is John Gottfried Herder, born in 1744, at Morungen, in East Prussia, who died at Weimar, in Saxony, in the year 1803.

'The history of literature is the great *Morgue*, where

every one seeks out the dead ones whom he loves or unto whom he is related. When, however, I behold among so many insignificant corpses Lessing and Herden with their noble human faces, then does my heart beat in my bosom. How could I pass by them and not give a fleeting kiss to their pale lips.

'If, however, Lessing with his mighty hand destroyed the imitation of the French copy of Hellenism, yet did he himself also, by the attention he drew to the true art-productions of Grecian antiquity, assist, in a certain sense, the progress of a new kind of foolish imitation. By his campaign also against religious superstition he advanced that insipid mania of illumination which became propagated at Berlin, and possessed its chief organ in Nicolai, and its arsenal in the "*Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek.*" The most lamentable mediocrity began then more repulsively than before to make itself active, and the foolish and the empty puffed itself up like the frog in the fable.

'For it is wrong to imagine that Goethe, who came up at that time, became widely known immediately. His "Götz von Berlichingen" and his "Werther" were received with enthusiasm; but the works of the commonest blockheads were not less so received, and Goethe got only a small niche in the temple of literature. The novels of August La Fontaine were then read just as readily as "Werther;" and since he wrote without stop or stay he was more in repute than Wolfgang Goethe. Wieland was the great poet with whom the ode-poet Rammler only could contend. More idolatrously was Wieland reverenced in those days than ever Goethe was. Iffland with his middle-class tearful comedies, and Kotzebue with his common-place witticisms and jokes, ruled the theatre.

'This was the literature in opposition to which, in the concluding years of the last century, a school arose in Germany which was styled the romantic, and as whose devotees

the Herren August Wilhelm and Friedrich Schlegel presented themselves to us. Jena, at which place the two brothers were then living with many kindred spirits, was the head-quarters from which the new æsthetic doctrine was disseminated. I say doctrine since this school began with a criticism of works of art, and with a receipt for making the works of art of the future, and imperfections were either pointed out or their merits and beauties brought into light.

'What, however, shall I say of their receipts for the manufacturing of new model works? Here the Herren Schlegel showed themselves thoroughly incompetent. If, however, the Herren Schlegel could provide no stable theory for the model works which the poets of their school were to write to order, yet they supplied this deficiency by recommending and making accessible to their scholars the best works of art of the past. These were especially the works of Christian Catholic art of the middle ages. The translation of Shakespeare, who stands on the borders of this art, and laughs forward to our modern time in clear protestant fashion, was undertaken for a polemical purpose (to wit, the depreciation of Schiller). Also this translation of Herren A. W. Schlegel was undertaken at a time when enthusiasm had not yet retreated so far back into the middle ages. When this took place later, Calderon was translated and praised far above Shakespeare, since the former bears the clearest stamp of the middle ages, and then especially as to those two predominating forms of life—Chivalry and Monasticism. The religious plays of the Castilian priest-poet, whose poetic flowers are sprinkled with holy water, and perfumed with Church incense, were now imitated in all their holy grandiosity, with all their sacerdotal extravagance, and in all their blessed insanity; and in Germany there bloomed now those variegated, foolish, profoundly symbolical poems of Tieck, in which the heroes had a mystic passion, such as the "Adoration of the Cross," as they fought for the honour

of the Mother of God, as in the "Constant Prince," and Zacharias Werner drove the thing as far as it could be driven without rendering himself liable to be shut up in an asylum for idiots.

'Our poetry, said the Herren Schlegel, is old, our music is an old woman with a distaff, our *amor* is no blind youth, but a misshapen dwarf with grey hair, our feelings are withered, our phantasy is dried up. We must renew ourselves, we must again seek the choked-up springs of naïve simple poetry of the middle ages, from which there will well forth the fountain of rejuvenescence. Dry, withered-up people did not allow that to be told them twice. The poor dried-up creatures, especially, who squatted on the sands of Prussia, would again become blooming and youthful; and they rushed towards these magic springs, and they gulped, and sipped, and swallowed with unbridled desire. But it was their case as with that of the ancient lady's-maid of whom the following story is told:—She had found out that her mistress possessed a magic elixir which restored youth. In the absence of her lady she took out of her toilette the little flask which contained that elixir. But, instead of drinking a few drops, she took such a large long draught that she grew, through the extravagant application of the magic power of the youth-restoring draught, not only young again but was turned to a little child. In truth, it fared so with our excellent Herr Tieck, one of the best poets of the school; he had gulped down so much of the popular legends and poems of the middle ages that he became again a child, and bloomed down to that prattling simplicity which gave Madame de Staël such perplexity and astonishment. She avows herself that it seemed strange to her that a person in a drama should open the play with a monologue which commences with the words, "I am the brave Bonifacius, and I come and I come to tell," &c.

'Herr Ludwig Tieck has in his novel, "Sternhold's Wander-

ings," and in the novel called "The Heart's Outpourings of a Loving Cloister-Brother," published in company with Wackenroder, also set the naïve raw beginnings of art as a pattern for plastic artists. The piety and childishness of these works, which are noticeable even in their technical clumsiness, were recommended for imitation. Of Raphael they would hear no more scarcely even than of Perugino, his master, who truly, however, was still more praised than Raphael, and in whom they discovered yet some remains of those excellencies, whose entire perfection was adored in the immortal masterpieces of Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole. If one would make to oneself an idea of the taste of the enthusiasts of that time, one must go to the Louvre, where the best pictures of those masters are hanging—who were then reverenced unreservedly—and if one would make to oneself a conception of the great mass of the poets who then imitated the poems of the middle ages in all kinds of verse, one must go to Charenton.

'But I believe these pictures in the first hall of the Louvre are yet too graceful for one to have a conception of the prevailing taste of the time. One must imagine to boot these old Italian paintings translated into old German ones; for they regarded the works of the old German painters as far more simple and childish, and therefore more worthy of imitation than the old Italian. For the Germans had the faculty, they said, with their *Gemüth* (a word for which there is no equivalent in French or English) to comprehend Christianity more deeply than other nations, and Frederich Schlegel and his friend Herr Joseph Görres went rummaging in the old towns on the Rhine after the remains of old German pictures and statues, which were received in blind faith like holy reliques.

'I have compared the German Parnassus of that time with Charenton. I think, however, that here I have said too little. A French insanity is by far not so mad as a German

one, since in this Polonius would say there is method. With a pedantry, without rival, with a frightful conscientiousness, with a thoroughness of which a superficial French fool can have no possible conception, was that German insanity carried into practice.

'The political condition of Germany was then especially favourable to the Christian old-German tendency—*Noth lehrt beten.* Necessity is the mother of prayer, says the proverb, and therefore the people were more accessible than they had lately been to prayer, to religion, to Christianity. No people cherishes its state of subjection to its princes more than the German; and still more intolerably were the Germans troubled at heart at the sorrowful sight of their princes grovelling at the feet of Napoleon, than at the woeful condition in which their country had fallen through war and foreign rule. The whole people resembled those true-hearted old servants in great families, who feel yet deeper all the humiliations which their noble superiors (*gnädige Herrschaft*) have to endure than the latter do themselves, and which shed their most grievous tears in secret, when some of the noble family plate has to be sold, and who secretly disburse their own pitiful savings in order that their noble masters and mistresses may not have to burn middle-class tallow candles instead of noble wax lights, as we observe with sufficient pathos in the old comedies. This general affliction found a consolation in religion, and there arose a pietistic submission to the will of God from whom alone any help was to be expected. And in fact against Napoleon there could be no other helper but God himself. No more reliance could be placed on the hosts of this world, so their eyes were turned full of confidence to heaven.

'We could even have endured Napoleon with perfect patience. But our princes, while they hoped to get rid of him by God's aid, yet began to entertain a suspicion that

the united strength of their peoples might be very useful at the same time, and with this view they sought to awaken a public spirit among the Germans; and thus these all-supreme persons now began to speak of German nationality, of a common German fatherland, of the unification of the Christian German races, of the unity of Germany. We were commanded to have patriotism and we became patriots, for we do everything which our princes command us to do.

'But we must not consider this patriotism to be the same sentiment of the same name here in France. The patriotism of the Frenchman consists therein that his heart is warmed, that it expands with this warmth, enlarges itself, that it embraces with its love not merely the circle close around it, but all France and the whole land of civilisation. The patriotism of the German consists, on the contrary, therein that his heart grows narrower, that it contracts together, like leather in the cold, that he hates all that is foreign, that is, he is no longer a citizen of the world, no longer a European, but is only a narrow-minded German. We see now, then, that idealistic boorishness which Herr Jahn reduced into a system. Then began the mangy, clownish, unwashen opposition against a form of sentiment which is the noblest and most holy that Germany has produced, namely, against that humanity, against that Cosmopolitanism to which our great spirits such as Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Jean Paul, to which all the cultivated men in Germany, have ever paid homage.

'What took place immediately then in Germany is well known. When God, the snow, and the Cossacks had destroyed the best forces of Napoleon, we Germans received the all-superior command to free ourselves from a strange yoke, and we blazed up in manly scorn at the slavish yoke we had endured already too long, and we gave ourselves enthusiasm by means of the good melodies and bad verses of Körner's songs, and we fought out our freedom, for we do

everything which our princes command us to do. In the period in which this contest was being prepared, a school which had hostile inclinations towards French ways of thought, and which praised everything which was national and German in art and life, must necessarily find most excellent occasion to thrive. The Romantic school went at that time hand in hand with the efforts of the Government and of the secret societies, and Herr A. W. Schlegel conspired against Racine with the same view with which the minister Stein conspired against Napoleon. The school swam along on the stream of the time, the stream to wit which was running back to its source. When at last German patriotism and German nationality were fully victorious, then triumphed definitively also the national German, Christian-romantic school, the "new German religions patriotic Art." Napoleon, the mighty classic, who was as classic as Alexander and Cæsar, was overthrown; and the *Herren* August Wilhelm and Michael Schlegel, the little Romanticists, who were just as romantic as Little Tom Thumb and Puss in Boots, exalted themselves as victors.

'But that reaction did not fail to set in which follows on the heels of every exaggeration. Just as spiritualistic Christianity was a reaction against the brutal dominion of imperial Roman materialism; just as the revived love for cheerful Grecian art and science is to be regarded as a reaction against Christian spiritualism developed to the degree of suicidal folly; just as the resuscitation of mediæval Romanticism may also pass for a reaction against the insipid imitation of antique classic art—so we see now also a reaction setting in against the introduction of that catholistic, feudalistic fashion of thinking, of that raving for knighthood and priesthood which had been preached in word, in deed, and in very strange circumstances.

'When forsooth the old artists of the middle ages, the masterpieces recommended to our notice, were so highly

praised and admired, no other explanation could be found for their excellence but in the fact that these men believed in the theme which they represented, that thus they in artless simplicity could accomplish more than the later unbelieving masters who were superior in technicality,—that it was faith which had done the miracle; and, in fact, how otherwise were to be explained the sublimities of a Fra Angelico da Fiesole or the power of Brother Ottfried? The artists, then, who were in earnest with their art, and who would imitate the godly wryness of these miraculous pictures and the holy clumsiness of those miraculous poems—in short, the mystic incomprehensible of old works—resolved to make a pilgrimage to the same Hippocrene from which the old masters had drunk their miraculous inspiration. They made a pilgrimage to Rome, where the vicegerent of Christ was to strengthen again consumptive German art with ass's milk—in a word, they threw themselves into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, which has alone the right of salvation. With many of the disciples of the romantic school, such as Herr Görres and Herr Clemens Brentano, there was no need of a formal conversion; they were Catholics by birth, and they renounced only their former fashions of free-thinking. Others, however, such as Frederich Schlegel, Herr Ludwig Tieck, Novalis, Werner, Schütz, Carové, Adam Müller, &c., were born and brought up in the bosom of the Protestant Church, and for their passage over to Catholicism required a public ceremony. I have here mentioned only the writers; the number of the painters, who in swarms renounced their evangelic form of faith and reason at the same time, was far greater.

'When, however, it was seen how these young people were all making *Queue* at the same time before the Roman Catholic Church, and were crowding back into the old spiritual prison out of which their fathers had befreed themselves into such mighty efforts, then Germany began to

shake her head in a doubtful way. And when it was discovered that a propaganda of priests and junkers, who were in conspiracy against the religious and political freedom of Europe, had a hand in the game; that it was especially Jesuitism who had contrived to entice so disastrously the German youth with the sweet tones of Romanticism, just as the fabulous rat-catcher once had enticed the children of Hameln; then there arose immense displeasure and fiery scorn among the friends of liberty of thought and of Protestantism in Germany.

'I have named spiritual liberty and Protestantism together. I hope, however, although in Germany I belong to the Protestant Church, no one will accuse me of prejudice in favour of this creed. Of a truth I have named spiritual liberty and Protestantism, and in truth, without any partiality, there does exist in Germany a friendly relation between the two. In any case, the two are related as mother and daughter. Although one may reproach the Protestant Church with much fatal narrowness of view, yet it must be reckoned to its eternal praise that since it permitted free examination into the Christian religion, and spirits were so liberated from the yoke of authority, free enquiry has struck strong roots in Germany, and science has been enabled to develope itself independently. German philosophy, although it now places itself on a par with the Protestant Church,—yea, will exalt itself above it—is yet always its daughter, and as such is ever bound to exercise a pious reserve in regard to its mother; and their mutual interests required that they should ally themselves when they both were threatened by the common foe, Jesuitism. All friends of freedom of thought and of the Protestant Church, the sceptics as well as the orthodox, exalted themselves at the same time against the restorer of Catholicism. And, as can readily be understood, the Liberals, who were not especially concerned for the interests of philosophy or of

the Protestant Church, but for the interests of civic liberty, attached themselves to this opposition. This is shown most clearly in the life of a man who had endeavoured to undermine the romantic school in Germany even at its birth, and has contributed the most to its overthrow. This is Johann Heinrich Voss.

'This man is quite unknown in France, and yet there are few to whom Germany owes more thanks than to him for its spiritual development. He is, perhaps, after Lessing, the greatest citizen of German literature. In any case he was a great man.'

Omitting a characteristic sketch of Voss, and of his great controversy with Stolberg and the Schlegels, we proceed to give some of Heine's observations on the vexed question whether Schiller, by reason of his idealistic tendency, is not a greater poet than Goethe, who has no moral tendency at all. These observations exhibit Heine's own attitude towards each of the two great poets.

'The last point, that Schiller was a greater poet than Goethe, was the chief question raised by that book. People fell into the mania of comparing the productions of both poets, and opinions divided themselves. The Schillerians pointed to the moral nobility of a Max Piccolomini, of a Thekla, of a Marquis Posa, and other Schillerian theatre heroes, while they condemned the Goethian figures, the Philinas, the Käthchens, the Clärchens, and such like pretty creatures, as immoral little female bodies. The Goetheaners remarked with a smile, that it would be difficult to plead for these last little persons, or even for the Goethian heroes, as types of morality; but that the advancement of morality, which was derived from Goethe's poems, was in no wise the aim of art, since in art there were no aims, any more than there was in the structure of the world itself, into which man had excogitated the conceptions of "purpose and means." Art, like the world, was there on its own account; and as the

world remains for ever the same, although the views of men oscillate incessantly as to their judgments of it, so, too, art remains independent of the ephemeral views of individuals. Art must remain entirely independent of morality, which is for ever changing upon earth, as often as a new religion arises and drives away the old. In fact, since in the course of a few centuries some new religion is always "cropping up" into the world, which then, being transplanted into men's habits, produces a new morality, so also will every time condemn the art productions of the past as immoral, if they are to be judged by the standard of ephemeral morality. So now we experience the fact that good Christians, who condemn the flesh as devilish, always are scandalised at the sight of Grecian divinities; prudish monks have put an apron on the antique Venus; even in these late times nude statues have been adorned with fig leaves; a pious Quaker has offered to sacrifice all his possessions in order to buy up and to burn the most beautiful mythological pictures of Giulio Romano; and in truth for this he deserves to go to heaven, and to be there flogged every day with the birch! A religion which pleases God in matter, and therefore holds the flesh for divine, must produce a morality whereby only those works of art are meritorious which glorify the flesh, and whereby, on the contrary, the Christian works of art, which represent the worthlessness of the flesh, are rejected as immoral. Yea, the works which in one country are regarded as moral, will in another country, where another religion has become incorporated in the ways of life, be considered as immoral; for example, our plastic arts excite the abhorrence of orthodox Moslems, and, on the contrary, many arts, which pass for completely innocent in the Harems of the East, are an abomination to Christians. Since, too, in India the profession of a Bayadère carries with it no disgrace in the habits of the country; the drama, the *Vasantasena*, whose heroine is a mercenary *fille de joie*, is not

esteemed immoral. If, however, one were to venture to introduce this piece into the *Théâtre Français*, the whole pit would storm at its immorality, the same pit which day after day look on with delight at those plays of intrigue, whose heroines are young widows, who marry happily at the end of the piece, instead of mounting the funeral pile for their dead husbands, as Indian morality requires.

'Since the Goethians set out from such a point of view, they regard art as another independent world, which they place so high that all human action, all religion and morality, move below it feeble and transient. I cannot, however, do homage to this view without some restriction. The Goethians allowed themselves to be misled by the fashion of proclaiming art as the highest, and of ignoring the claims of that actual world to which the first rank belongs.

'Schiller attached himself to that first world much more decidedly than Goethe, and we must on this account yield him praise. He, Friedrich Schiller was possessed bodily by the spirit of his time, he wrestled with it, he was subdued by it, he followed it to the battle field, he bore its banner; and it was the same banner under which there on the other side of the Rhine men fought with enthusiasm, and for which we are ever ready to shed our best blood. Schiller wrote for the great ideas of the Revolution, he rooted up the spiritual Bastilles, he worked at the building of the temple of freedom, which should enclose all nature in one paternal community; he was a cosmopolitan. He began with that hatred towards the past which we see in the "Robbers" (and which earned for him the honour of having been presented with the citizenship of the first Republic), where he resembles a small Titan who has run away from school, and drunk *schnaps* and broken the windows of Jupiter; and he finished with that love for the future, which had already blossomed forth in a forest of flowers in Don Carlos, and he himself is

that Marquis Posa, who at once is prophet and soldier, who also fights for that which he foretells, and wears the holiest of hearts under his Spanish mantle which has ever lived and suffered in Germany.

'The poet, the small creator at second hand, resembles God, in this, that he creates men after his own image. If then Carl Moor and the Marquis Posa are just Schiller himself, so does Goethe resemble his Werther, his Wilhelm Meister, and his Faust, wherein are to be studied the phases of his spirit. If Schiller throws himself wholly into history, becomes enthusiastic for the social progress of humanity, and sings the history of the world, Goethe steeps himself more in individuality of feeling, or in Art or in Nature. The history of Nature must necessarily occupy Goethe the Pantheist more as a duet study, and thus not alone in poems, but also in scientific works, did he give us the result of his investigations. His indifferentism was the result of his Pantheistic view of the world.

'Of a truth Goethe, too, sang a great story of emancipation (in "Egmont"), but he sung it only after the fashion of an artist. Since he rejected with a wry face Christian enthusiasm, for which he had a mortal aversion, and did not understand, or would not understand, the philosophic enthusiasm of our time; since he had a dread of being robbed thereby of his tranquillity of spirit, so he treated that enthusiasm chiefly as historical, as something granted, as material which had to be treated; spirit became matter under his hand, and gave him the most beautiful, agreeable forms. And thus he became the greatest artist in our literature, and all that he wrote became a rounded work of art.

'The example of the master guided the disciples, and in Germany thereby arose that literary period which I once named as the "Art period," wherever I have shown the disadvantageous influence exercised in the political development of the German people. In no wise did I, in so doing,

deny, however, the independent worth of the Goethian master-pieces. They adorn our dear Fatherland as beautiful statues would adorn a garden, but still they are but statues. One may fall in love with them, but they are barren. The Goethian poems bring forth no deeds like those of Schiller. The deed should be the child of the word, but the fair words of Goethe are childless. That is the curse of all that which is the pure result of art. The statue which Pygmalion produced was a lovely woman, and the master fell in love with it. It grew into life under his kisses, but, so far as we know, she bore no children. I believe M. Charles Nodier has said something similar on a similar subject, and of this I thought yesterday as I, in going through the lower galleries of the Louvre, beheld the antique statues of the gods. There they stood with their dumb white eyes; a sweet melancholy in their marble smile, a dim remembrance, perhaps, of Egypt, the land of the dead, from which they sprung, or a sorrowful yearning for life, from which, in company with other divinities, they have been driven forth—or perhaps even mourning over their own immortality—they appear to be waiting for the word which shall restore them to life, which shall loose them out of their cold rigid immutability. Wonderful! These antiques reminded me of the poems of Goethe, which are just so complete, just so noble, just so quiet; and also appear to feel with sorrow that their rigidity and coldness separate them from our present warm life; that they cannot suffer or rejoice with us; that they are no men, but unhappy half-breeds of God and stone.

'These few suggestions illustrate the anger of the different parties, who were vociferous against Goethe in Germany. The orthodox were enraged against the "great heathen," as Goethe was then commonly called. They dreaded his influence on the people, whom he infiltrated with his views in the most crystal little songs. They

beheld in him the most dangerous enemy of the Cross, which, as he said, was as mortally hateful to him as bugs, and garlic, and tobacco; in fact, so very nearly runs the Xenie which Goethe ventured to utter in the midst of Germany, in the land where those noxious things, garlic, tobacco, and crosses are everywhere to be found in holy alliance. But it was precisely not this which displeased us, the men of progress, in Goethe. As has been suggested, we blamed the barrenness of his words; those conceptions of art which were spread about by him through Germany, which exercised a quietising influence on German youth, which was antagonistic to the political regeneration of our Fatherland. The indifferent Pantheist was therefore attacked by the most opposite partisans. To speak in French fashion, the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left allied themselves against him, and while the black priest struck at him with the crucifix, the raging *sansculotte* ran against him with a pike.

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'Goethe's chief merit is the completeness of everything which he produced. There are no parts in him which are strong while others are weak, no fragment which is painted with finish while the others are only sketched. There are no confusions, no common-place padding, no preference for individualities. He treats every personage in his novels and dramas, wherever he may appear, as though he were the chief person. Thus it is with Homer, thus it is with Shakespeare. In the works of all great poets there are, indeed, no subordinate figures; every figure is the chief one in its place. Such poets resemble absolute princes which allow to men no independent value, but give them the highest mark if it suits their good pleasure. As a French ambassador once suggested to the Czar Paul of Russia that an important personage took interest in a certain thing, the emperor stopped him short with these remarkable words: "There exists no important personage in this empire except the

man with whom I speak, and only as long as I speak with him has he any importance." An absolute poet who has received his authority from the grace of God, regards in the same fashion that personage of his spiritual kingdom as the most important whom he allows to speak, and by reason of such an art-despotism arises that wonderful perfection of the smallest figures in the works of Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe.

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'In fact, that harmony of personality with genius which we desire to find in extraordinary men existed quite in Goethe. His outward appearance was just as remarkable as his word, which lives in his writings; and his aspect too was humorous, clear, joyful, and nobly subdued, and one could study Greek art from him as from an antique. The features of his countenance were not distorted by any Christian gnashing of the teeth; his eyes had no Christian shyness suggestive of sin; they were not disturbed with devotional, or with upturned, flickering movements. No; his eyes were steady as the eyes of a god. It is in truth above all things a characteristic of the gods that their look is steady, and that their eyes have no uncertain quiverings to and fro. Therefore, when Agni, Varuna, Yama, and Indra assume the aspect of Nala at Damayanti's marriage festival, the bride distinguishes her lover by the winking of his eyes, since, as has been said, the eyes of the gods are always motionless. The same quality was observable in the eyes of Napoleon. Thereby am I convinced he was a god. Goethe's eye remained in advanced age just as godlike as in his youth. Time might cover his head with snow, but it could not bend it. He bore it likewise ever so proudly and high, and when he spoke, he grew even more majestic; and when he stretched out his hand it was as though he would direct the stars in their courses with his finger. Some pretend to have remarked a cold twitch of egotism in his mouth, but even this charac-

teristic is peculiar to the eternal gods, and even to the father of the gods, the great Jupiter, to whom I have already likened Goethe.

'"Les dieux s'en vont." Goethe is dead. He died the 22nd of March of the past year, a portentous year, in which our earth has lost her greatest renown. It seems as though Death in this year had grown suddenly aristocratic, as though he would distinguish the chief notabilities of this earth by sending them all into the grave at the same time. Was it respect or kindness which led death to spare the kings in the past year? In the past year not a single king has died. "Les dieux s'en vont," but our kings we have still.'

In the second book of this essay on the Romantic School, Heine treats more particularly of the Schlegels: he says it had been objected to him by some French readers, that he had spoken too severely of the Schlegels; but he doubts if the mass of those who had heard of the name of Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel knew any more about him than they did of the god of Osiris, of which latter the information was usually limited to the fact that he was a queer sort of divinity who was, it is reported, once adored in Egypt.

'Since I was once a University pupil of the elder Schlegel, perhaps people may have thought that I was in duty bound to show him more forbearance. Has A. W. Schlegel shown forbearance to the old poet Bürger, who was his literary father? No; and he behaved according to use and wont. For so in literature as in some of the wilds of America, the fathers are put to death by the sons as soon as they have grown old and weak.

'I have in the former book remarked that Friedrich was of more importance than his brother, in fact the latter lived only in the ideas of his brother, and he understood the art of making use of them. Friedrich Schlegel was a man of some depth of thought. He recognised all the excellencies of the past, and he felt all the sorrows of the present. But

he understood not the sanctity of those sorrows, and their necessity for the future salvation of the world. He saw the sun set, and he looked sorrowfully towards the place of its setting, and lamented over the darkness which he saw approaching, and he remarked not that a fresh blush of morning was growing brighter on the opposite side. Friedrich Schlegel called once the historical investigator "a prophet who looked backwards." This word forms the best characterisation of himself. The present was hateful to him, the future frightened him, and it was only towards the past, which he loved, that he directed the revealing eyes of the prophet.'

Heine's detailed criticisms of the literary lives of the two Schlegels are interesting. Friedrich Schlegel, as he remarks, was the more important character of the two, and Augustus Wilhelm, in fact, made his reputation chiefly by working out the ideas of his brother. Friedrich, however, was himself an unsound and unhealthy character. He wrote a licentious novel, took to Neo-Catholicism, ran away with the wife of a friend to whose bounty he was indebted, and died of a gastronomic excess. Still he was one of the first to forward the study of Sanscrit, and reviewed the whole range of cosmopolitan literature from a lofty point of view, though that lofty point of view was the belfry of a Catholic church.

'I feel,' says Heine, 'as if the incense of high mass was to be smelt in his last book, and as if out of its finest passages rank tonsured thoughts were cropping out. Only by the comparison of the labours of Herder, of the same kind, can one acquire a better view of the literature of all nations. For Herder did not sit as a great inquisitor in judgment on different nations, and did not condemn or absolve them according to the measure of their faith. No, Herder regarded the whole of humanity like a mighty harp in the hand of the mighty master; every people seemed to him to be a distinct chord of the great harp, and he thus acquired a conception of the universal harmony of their different sounds.'

Heine passes on to a consideration of the life and literary activity of August Wilhelm Schlegel, under whom, we remember, he formerly sat as pupil at Bonn; and he shows clearly the emptiness and hollowness of those pretentious æsthetic lectures which were once popular even in this country.

'I have already stated, more than once, the criticism wherewith Herr Schlegel attacked existing authorities rested on no firm basis. As soon as we can recover ourselves from that astonishment into which every act of presumption throws us, we recognise most completely the inner emptiness of the so-styled Schlegelian criticism. For example, when he wants to depreciate the poet Bürger, he compares his ballads with the old English ballads which Percy has collected, he shows how these are more simple, more *naïve*, and more poetical because they are more antiquated. Sufficiently has Herr Schlegel conceived the spirit of the past, especially of the middle ages, and he succeeds, therefore, in showing how this spirit exists in the art memorials of the past, and in pointing out their beauties from this point of view. But he has no comprehension of anything belonging to the present. At the most he succeeds in catching some glimpse of the physiognomy of the external features of the present, and that generally in its least agreeable features; but since he cannot understand the spirit, which inspires it, therefore he sees all our modern life only in the form of a prosaic caricature. Indeed, only a great poet can understand the poetry of his own time. The poetry of a past time reveals itself to us more readily, and it is easier to diffuse knowledge of it. Therefore Herr Schlegel was successful in praising the poetry in which the past lies entombed, at the expense of poems wherein our modern present breathes and lives. The old English ballads, which Percy collected, give the spirit of their time, and Bürger's ballads give the spirit of ours. This spirit was not comprehended by Schlegel, otherwise he would have heard in the rushing impetuosity with which

this spirit breaks forth in the poems of Bürger, by no means the rude cry of an untutored master, but rather the mighty outburst of anguish of a Titan, whom an aristocracy of Hanoverian *Junkers* and school pedants had tortured to death. This was truly the case with the author of "Lenore," as it was the case of so many other men of genius, who as poor tutors starved and pined in Göttingen, and died in misery. How could that genteel personage, renovated, bebaroned, beribboned, patronised as he was by genteel patrons, the knight Auguste Wilhelm Schlegel, comprehend those verses in which Bürger cries aloud that a man of honour, rather than beg for the favour of the great, should preferably let himself be hungered out of the world!

'The name "Bürger" is in German synonymous with the word *citoyen*.

'That which especially increased the notoriety of Herr Schlegel was the attention which he excited in attacking the literary celebrities of France. We Germans saw with a proud joy, how our pugnacious countrymen proved to the French that their whole classical literature was worth nothing, that Molière might be a buffoon but was no poet, that Racine, too, was without value, and that we Germans were to be regarded as the monarchs of Parnassus. His burden was ever that the French were the most prosaic people in the world, and that there was no poetry in France. This said the man at the time when so many *choragi* of the Convention, of the mighty Titanic tragedy (of the French Revolution) were walking about before his eyes, at a time when Napoleon was improvising in his sight a complete epic every day, when Paris swarmed with heroes, kings, and gods. Herr Schlegel saw nothing of all this. When he was here, in Paris, he saw but himself in his looking-glass, and hence it is intelligible that he saw no poetry in France.

'But Herr Schlegel, as I have said above, was able only to comprehend the poetry of the past, and not that of the

present. All that is modern life must appear prosaic to him, and the poetry of France, the mother-soil of modern society, was for him inaccessible. Racine must necessarily be the first which he could not comprehend, since this great poet stands there as the herald of modern time by the side of the Great King, with whom the modern time begins. Corneille breathes still of the middle ages. In him and in the Fronde the old knightly period is yet breathing, but at its last gasp. Corneille is therefore sometimes styled romantic. In Racine, however, the race of the mediæval giants is extinct; he is the organ of a new society, and in his breast there was the perfume of the violets of modern life; yea, we might therein already see the budding of the laurels which have shot up so assiduously in these later times. Who can tell how many deeds have blossomed out of the delicate verses of Racine! The French heroes, who lie buried around the Pyramids, at Marengo, at Austerlitz, and at Waterloo, they had all once heard the verses of Racine, and their Emperor had heard them out of the mouth of Talma. Who knows how many tons of glory of the column of Vendôme are to be especially ascribed to Racine. Whether Euripides is a greater poet than Racine I know not, but this I know, that the last was a living fount of love and noble feeling, which, with its water, has exalted, charmed, and inspired a whole nation. What more can be demanded of a poet? We are all men; we go down into the grave, and we leave behind our word, and when this word has fulfilled its mission, then it returns back into the bosom of God, the rendezvous of the words of poets—the home of all harmony.

'Had, now, Herr Schlegel limited himself to this—to maintain that the mission of the word of Racine was accomplished, and that time in its progress demanded other poets—then his attacks would have had some justification. But they had no basis when he endeavoured to prove the weakness of Racine by a comparison with the old poets. It was

not only that he had no sense for the infinite grace, the sweet playfulness, the deep charm which lay in the fact that Racine had draped his new French heroes in antique garments, and mingled with the interest of modern passion the interest also of a spiritual masquerade, but Herr Schlegel was silly enough to take the disguise for real earnest, and to pass judgment on the Greeks of Versailles by comparing them with the Greeks of Athens, and to place the Phædra of Racine side by side with the Phædra of Euripides! This mannerism of his of measuring the present by the yard rule of the past was so notable in Herr Schlegel that it was his invariable habit to scourge the back of a younger poet with the laurel of his elder, and that when he wanted to depreciate Euripides, he could devise nothing better than to compare him with Sophocles or Æschylus.

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'Yet although the school which Schlegel endeavoured to found has perished, his activity has borne good fruit for our literature. He has shown how scientific subjects can be treated in elegant language. Before this few German scholars dared to write a scientific book in a clear attractive style. They wrote a confused dry German which smelt of tallow-candles and tobacco. Herr Schlegel belonged to the few Germans who smoked no tobacco, a virtue for which he was indebted to the society of Madame de Staël. Especially has he to thank that lady for the external polish which was so advantageous to him in Germany. In this respect the death of the excellent Madame de Staël was a great loss for this German *Gelehrte*, who found in her *salon* so much opportunity for becoming acquainted with the latest fashions, and could as her companion see the best society in all the chief towns of Europe, and adopt their best manners. Such civilizing relations had become for him so much a necessity of existence that after the death of his noble protectress he had some idea of offering his society to the celebrated Catalani when she was making her tour.

'As has been said, one of the chief merits of Herr Schlegel was the advancement of elegance, and through him the life of the German poet acquired more civilization. Already Göethe had shown by influential example, how it was possible to be a German poet, and yet preserve outward decorum. In previous times German poets despised all conventional forms; and the name "German poet," or even "Poetical Genius," acquired the most undelightful significance. A German poet was at that time a man, who wore a thread-bare ragged coat, composed baptismal and marriage poems, for a thaler each, and for the privation of good society which rejected him, consoled himself with drink, and even lay at nights drunk in the street, tenderly kissed by the sympathetic beams of the moon. As they became old these men were accustomed to sink yet deeper in their misery, which was in truth a misery without care, or whose only care consisted in finding out where the most *schnaps* was to be got for the least money.'

After a rapid retrospect of the development of German philosophy down to Schelling and the philosophy of nature, Heine passes on to the consideration of Novalis and Hoffmann, the two antipodes of the Romantic School—if Hoffmann indeed may be considered to belong to the Romantic School at all. 'The influence of Schelling on the Romantic School was mostly of a personal character. Yet it happened that, since through him the philosophy of nature came into vogue, Nature was conceived by the poets in a more metaphysical fashion. One party absorbed themselves with their human feelings deep in nature; another got by rote some magic *formulæ* wherewith they might conjure something out of nature, with human look and voice. The first were the mystics *par excellence*, and recalled in many respects the enthusiasts of India, who become dissolved in nature, and at last begin to have a community of sensations with it. The others far more resemble conjurors; out of pure caprice they

evoke hostile spirits from nature; they resemble the Arabian magicians, who were able at their pleasure to give life to every stone and to petrify all life. To the first of these belonged Novalis, to the second Hoffmann. Novalis saw a miracle in everything, and a lovely miracle too—he had learned by listening the prattle of the plants, he knew the secret of every young rose: he identified himself thoroughly with all nature; and when it was autumn and the leaves fell then he died. Hoffmann, on the other hand, saw ghosts on every side; they nodded to him out of Chinese tea canisters, and out of every Berlin peruke; he was a conjuror who changed men into beasts, and then into royal Prussian privy councillors; he could call the dead out of the graves; but life itself he drove forth from him as a mournful spectre. He felt this deeply; he felt that he himself had become a spectre; all nature to him was like a badly polished mirror, in which he beheld his own corpse-visage, and his works are nothing else than a terrible cry of anguish in twenty volumes.

'Hoffmann does not, in fact, belong to the romantic school. He stood in no relation to the Schlegels, and still less to their tendencies. I mention him here merely in contrast to Novalis, who is a poet quite of their school. Novalis is here less known than Hoffmann, who has been put before the French public in such excellent form by Loeve Weimars, and has thereby achieved a great reputation in France. With us in Germany is Hoffmann by no means *en vogue*; he was so once. In his time he was much read, but by men whose nerves were too strong or too weak to be affected by gentle concords. True spiritual or poetical natures would have nothing to do with him. With such Novalis was the favourite.

'But to speak justly, Hoffmann was, as a poet, of more significance than Novalis. For the last, with his idealistic forms, is ever floating in the blue air, while the former, with all his bizarre grimaces, yet holds fast to earthly reality.

But as the giant Antæus remained unsubduable in strength as long as he touched his mother earth with his foot, and lost his power as soon as Hercules lifted him up into the air, so also is the poet strong and mighty as long as he does not abandon the firm ground of reality, and becomes powerless as soon as he hovers upwards with enthusiasm into the blue air. The great similarity between the two poets consists in this, that their poetry is really a disease. In this respect it has been said that the judgment of their works does not belong to the critic, but to the physician. The roseate hue in the poems of Novalis is not the tint of health but of consumption, and the purple glow in Hoffmann's fancy pieces is not the fire of genius but of fever.

'Novalis was born on the 2nd of May, 1772. His real name was Hardenberg. He fell in love with a young lady who was affected with consumption, and died of this disease. In all that he wrote there breathes the influence of this sad story; his life was but a melancholy slow death, and he died, too, of consumption in the year 1801, before he had finished the twenty-ninth year of his life and his novel. This novel is in its present form only the fragment of a grand allegoric poem, which, like the Divine Comedy of Dante, was intended to celebrate all things divine and human. Heinrich von Ofterdingen, the renowned poet, is the hero of this novel. We see him as a youth at Eisenach, that beloved little town which lies at the foot of that old Wartburg, where the grandest occurrences, as well as the silliest, have been enacted; where, to wit, Luther translated the Bible, and where some silly *Deutschthum* fanatics burnt the police-code of Herr Kamptz. In this town was the "War of Minstrels" (*Sängerkrieg*) carried on, in which, among other poets, Heinrich von Ofterdingen sang in perilous rivalry for a wager with Klingsohr of Hungary. The head of the vanquished was to fall by the axe of the executioner, and the Landgraf of Thuringia was the umpire.

Portentously did the Wartburg, the theatre of his later glory, rise above the cradle of the hero, and the beginning of the novel of Novalis exhibits him, as we have said, in his father's house at Eisenach.

'The elders were already a-bed and sleeping, the clock was ticking in monotonous motion, and the wind was sighing before the rattling windows. The room was changefully bright with the glimmer of the moon.

'The youth lay unquietly on his couch, and thought of the stranger and of his tales. "It is not the treasures of which he spoke," he said to himself, "which have awoke in me so unspeakable a yearning; avarice is far removed from me; but I long to behold the 'blue flower.' It is this which occupies my thoughts without ceasing, and I cannot sing or think of aught else. Never have I felt in such mood as this: it is as though I had dreamed of it before, or as though I had slumbered myself away into another world; for in the world in which I have hitherto lived, who has ever troubled himself about flowers? and of such a strange passion for a flower I have never yet heard."

'With such words begins "Heinrich von Ofterdingen," and everywhere in the novel shines and blooms the "blue flower." Singular and portentous is it that even the most fabulous persons in this book seem to us to be as well known as though we had lived with them quite familiarly in former times. Old remembrances are reawakened, even Sophia wears such a well-known face, and long avenues of beech trees, in which we wandered up and down with her in cheerful converse, come into our memory. But all that lies so far behind us dimly as in a half-forgotten dream.

'The muse of Novalis was a slim white maiden, with earnest blue eyes, golden hyacinthine hair, smiling lips, and a little red mole on the left side of her chin. I always imagine to myself as the muse of the poetry of Novalis the same maiden who made me first acquainted with him, when

I beheld the red morocco volume, gilt-edged, which contained the "Ofterdingen," in her hand. She always wore a blue dress, and her name was Sophia. She lived a few posts off from Göttingen, at her sister's, the post-mistress; the latter a jovial, stout, red-cheeked lady, with a well-developed bosom, which, set in its stiff corsage of scalloped lace, looked like a fortress: this fortress was, however, inexpugnable, and the lady a very Gibraltar of virtue. She was an active, home-keeping, practical woman, and her only relaxation consisted in reading the novels of Hoffmann. In Hoffmann she found the man who was capable of stirring her strong nature, and setting it in agreeable agitation. The very look, however, of a novel of Hoffmann's gave the most disagreeable sensations to her pale gentle sister, and if she touched one unawares it made her start. She was as delicate as a sensitive plant, and her words were so fragrant, so clear ringing, and when they were put together they were poems. I have written down much that she spoke, and they are wonderful poems—quite of the style of Novalis, yet still more spiritual and fugitive. One of such poems, which she uttered to me as I took my departure from her, to take a journey to Italy, is especially dear to me. In an autumnal garden which had been illuminated, one heard a conversation between the last lamp, the last rose, and a wild swan. The morning mist is coming down upon it, the last lamp is extinguished, the rose has lost its leaves, and the swan folds its white wings and flies away to the south.

'In Hanover, indeed, are there many wild swans, which migrate in autumn to warmer lands, and in summer again return to us. They pass the winter apparently in Africa, since in the breast of a dead swan was once found an arrow which Professor Blumenbach recognised as being African. The poor bird with the arrow in the breast had returned back to its northern nest to die. Many a swan, however, pierced by such an arrow, may not have been in a proper

condition for finishing its journey, and remained perhaps with exhausted strength in the burning sand desert, where it sits now with powerless wing on one of the Egyptian pyramids, and looks yearningly towards the north, towards its cool summer nest, and the land of Hanover.

'When I returned back, in the latter end of autumn, 1828, out of the south (and I, too, with a burning arrow in my breast), my road lay close to Göttingen, and I got out of my carriage to change horses at the post-house of the stout lady. I had not seen her for a year, and she was much altered. Her bosom was still a fortress, but a dismantled one; the bastions were levelled, and the heart of the citadel was broken. As I found out from the post-boy, Pieper, she had even lost her taste for Hoffmann's novels, and before going to bed consoled herself with an extra glass of brandy. The post-boy, Pieper, was a little fellow, who had a sour look, as though he had taken to drinking vinegar, and had got shrivelled up with it. When I enquired of the fellow about the sister of the lady post-mistress, he replied, "Mademoiselle Sophia would soon die, and was already an angel." How exquisite must the being have been of whom the sour-faced Pieper could say she was an angel! And he said this while with his long-booted legs he sent flying the cackling and fluttering poultry in the yard. The post-house, which was once smilingly white, had changed itself just as much as the hostess: it was of a sickly yellow, and the walls had got deep wrinkles. In the court yard there lay coaches in ruins, and close to the dung-heap the wet scarlet jacket of the post-boy was hung out to dry on a pole. Mademoiselle Sophia was sitting above at a window, reading, and I went up to her, and found again in her hands a book in red morocco binding, and with gilt-edges, and this was still the "Ofterdingen" of Novalis. She had gone on so constantly reading it that she had read herself into a consumption, and had the semblance of a transparent shadow. But

she had an aspect of spiritual beauty which touched me painfully. I took her two white thin hands, and looked deeply into her blue eyes, and said, "Mademoiselle Sophia, how are you?" "I am well," she said, "and shall soon be better;" and she pointed out of the window to the new churchyard, on a low hill near the house. On this bare hill there stood a solitary little meagre poplar, on which a few leaves still were hanging, and it swayed in the autumnal wind, not like a living tree, but like the ghost of a tree.

'Under this poplar Mademoiselle Sophia is now lying; and a small keepsake she left me, the book in red morocco with gilt edges, the "Heinrich von Ofterdingen" of Novalis, is now lying on my writing-table, and I have made use of it for the composition of this notice.'

In the third book of the 'Romantic School' Heine deals with Clemens Brentano, Achim von Arnim, Jean Paul Richter, Zacharias Werner, De la Motte Fouqué, and Ludwig Uhland. Of these writers Brentano, von Arnim, De la Motte Fouqué, and Ludwig Uhland had the greatest influence on the development of Heine's talent. Jean Paul, indeed, he hardly places in the Romantic School at all.

Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim are generally mentioned together, since not only was there much that was kindred in their genius, but they published in common the collection of old German songs and ballads called 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn,' 'The Boy's Magic Horn.' This book, which appeared in 1814, had an effect in Germany which surpassed that produced here by the Percy Ballads. 'He who would know,' says Heine, 'the German people or their amiable side must read these songs. At this moment the book lies before me, and it is as though I smelt the odour of the German Linden. In these popular songs there is a strange magic. Artificial poets would imitate these productions of nature in the same way as people try to prepare artificial mineral water. But if by a chemical process they get

together the constituent elements, the chief factor fails them, the indecomposable sympathetic power of Nature. In these songs we feel the heart of the German people beat. Here is revealed all its gloomful joyousness, all its foolish reason. Here is the growl of German anger; here is the hiss of German scorn; and here the kiss of German love. Here does German wine sparkle and right German tears also. The latter are often yet more precious than the first, there is so much iron and salt therein. What simplicity is there here in truth! In truth what honesty!'

Then he quotes some of the gems of the collection, not forgetting the 'Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär,' which he says is full of moonlight through and through, a little wild flower whose whole perfume evaporates in a translation—

Were I a little bird—
Had I two little wings,
I'd fly to thee!
Yet, since 'tis otherwise,
Here must I be.

Though I am far from thee,
Dreaming I bide with thee
And speak with thee;
Yet, when I wake again,
Lone, lone am I.

Through every hour at night
Has my heart watched its flight,
Thinking of thee;
How thousand times thou gav'st
Thy heart to me.

A weird fantastic strain sounds through both Brentano and Achim von Arnim's productions, slight quotations from which show how they were calculated to stimulate the weird and fantastic in Heine's own nature. Let us take the beginning of Brentano's story of 'The brave Kasperl and the pretty Annerl'—

'When the pretty Annerl was a child she went with her grandmother to the house of the headsman in order, as was the custom with common folk in Germany, to buy some medicaments of him; and then something stirred in the great cupboard, before which the pretty Annerl stood; and the child cried in a fright, "A mouse! a mouse!" But the executioner was still more frightened, and said to the grandmother, "Dear lady, in this cupboard is placed my sword, and moves of itself every time that anyone approaches who is to be beheaded with it. My sword thirsts after the blood of the child. Allow me to scratch the little one with it slightly in the neck. The sword will then be satisfied with a little drop of her blood, and will have no further longing for it." The grandmother, however, did not listen to this excellent advice of the headsman, and she had to rue the matter later, for the pretty Annerl was beheaded with the very same sword.'

A not less incisive influence did the fictions of Arnim—who was born in the year 1784, and died in the year 1830—make on Heine's imagination. Arnim wrote dramatic poems, novels, and tales. One of his dramas was styled 'Der Auerhahn,' the blackcock, and Heine rightly signalised the first scene as not unworthy of a great poet. 'How truthfully,' he says, 'is the most dismal *ennui* described here. One of the three illegitimate sons of a deceased Landgraf sits alone in the vast castle hall of his deceased father, and speaks to himself with a yawn, and complains that his legs are ever growing longer under the table, and that the morning wind blows now cold through his teeth. His brother, the good Franz, comes dawdling along in the clothes of his dead father, which hang all too loose on his body, and remembers that just at this hour he was accustomed to help his father to undress, and how the latter often threw him a crust of bread which he could not bite with his old teeth, and often gave him a kick in his peevishness. This last remembrance moves the good Franz to tears, and he

laments that his father is now dead and can give him a kick no longer.' The reader of Heine will recognise a pendant to this scene in the weird poem which sets the family of the dead vicar so vividly before the eyes with the ghost of the father looking in upon his family by moonlight.

In Arnim's other novels, 'Die Kronwächter,' the 'Gräfin Dolores," 'Isabella von Ægypten,' are to be found just as striking scenes, in which the descriptions are equally vivid; while the ghost element of the story has greater prominence.

'The picture of the ruined castle of the "Countess Dolores' is desolation itself. The old count had built the castle in cheerful Italian taste. Now it is a modern ruin, and in the castle garden all is desolate: the once carefully pruned alleys of box-trees are grown wild; the trees are grown together across the paths; the laurel and the oleander creep sorrowfully on the earth; the beautiful choice plants are choked up with weeds; the statues of the Gods are fallen off from their pedestals, and a couple of wanton beggar-boys are kneeling by the side of a poor Venus which lies in the deep grass, and are flogging its back with stingnettles. When the old count came back to his castle after a long absence, the singular conduct of his household, especially of his wife, was very remarkable. At the table strange things of all kinds happened, and that took place because the poor lady had died of sorrow, and, just like the rest of the household, had long been buried. The count appears at last to be aware of the fact himself that he was in the midst of a company of ghosts, and without making any observation, rode off again in silence.'

In speaking of the ghost element of Arnim's novels, Heine says, addressing the French:—'If you were to search the "Morgue," the "Cour de Miracles," and all the plague-pits of the middle ages, you could not get together so goodly a company as that which is to be found on our stage and in one of Arnim's novels. You French must see from this that

the horrible is not your province, and that France is no fit ground for ghosts of that kind. When you call upon ghosts we must needs smile. Yes, we Germans, who can remain serious at your most pleasant witticisms, we laugh all the more heartily at your ghost stories. For your ghosts are always Frenchmen, and French ghosts! what a contradiction in words. In the word "Ghost" there is such an idea of loneliness, surliness, Germanishness, and silence; and in the word "French" there is so much that is social, pleasant, French, and prattling. How could a Frenchman be a ghost, or how could ghosts exist in Paris!'

As we have mentioned before, Heine takes notice of Jean Paul Richter not as a member of the Romantic School, for indeed 'Der Einzige' could be classed in no school, but as a contemporaneous phenomenon. Nevertheless, since Jean Paul was a German humorist, and the very antithesis of Heine, it is curious to observe the way in which Heine characterises a style the very opposite of his own.

'Of this style can a clear, well-ordered French head never frame to itself an idea. The structure of Jean Paul's periods consists of plain little rooms, which are often so narrow that when one idea there meets with another, both break their heads; down from the ceiling hang a lot of hooks, on which Jean Paul hangs all sorts of ideas, and in the walls there are a quantity of secret drawers, wherein he conceals sentiments. No German author is so rich in thought and sentiment; but he never lets them grow to ripeness, and with all the wealth of his spirit and of his soul he excites in us more astonishment than recreation. Thoughts and sentiments which would grow to mighty trees if he allowed them to take proper root, and to spread themselves out with all their branches, buds, and leaves, he tears them all up even before they become plants, often when they are just in the germ, and whole spiritual feasts are in such wise served up as vegetables in an ordinary dish. But this is strange

unenjoyable food; for not every stomach can endure baby oaks, cedars, palms, and bananas in such quantity. Jean Paul is a great poet and philosopher, but nothing can be more unartistic than his fashion of creating and thinking . . . . He is a most humorous writer, and at the same time the most sentimental. Yea, his sentimentality always overcomes him, and his laughter changes itself suddenly into crying. Sometimes he disguises himself as a beggarly rough fellow, and then suddenly, like the disguised princes which we see in the theatre, he unbuttons his coarse overcoat, and we behold then the gleaming star.'

Then follow some remarks on the comparison ordinarily instituted between Jean Paul and Laurence Sterne, morally to the disadvantage of the latter. The characterisation of Sterne is too brilliant to be omitted; it is the highest tribute ever paid to the genius of Sterne, and one of which Sterne might be truly proud after the depreciation he has suffered at the hands of late writers. This is a judgment passed upon him by one of his peers, of which there have been few since the beginning of the world, and, strange to say, the description will apply in great measure to Heine himself.

'Like Laurence Sterne, so has Jean Paul exhibited his personality in his writings; he has even shown himself in all his human nudity, but yet with a certain clumsy shamefacedness, especially in his relation to the sex. Laurence Sterne exhibits himself to the public quite regardless of raiment, in a state of nature; Jean Paul, however, has only holes in his breeches. With injustice do some critics believe that Jean Paul possessed more true feeling than Sterne, for the latter, as soon as the circumstance which he handles has reached a tragic height, suddenly springs over into the most mocking and most humorous of tones; instead of this, Jean Paul, as soon as the joke begins to be in the least earnest, gradually begins to weep and lets his lachrymal glands drip

themselves out. No, Sterne perhaps felt deeper than Jean Paul, for he is a greater poet. He is, as I have suggested above, a born equal of William Shakspeare, and him too, Laurence Sterne, have the muses nurtured on Parnassus. But after the fashion of women they have spoiled him while a child with their caresses. He was the foster child of the pale tragic divinity. Once the latter, in an access of awful tenderness, kissed him on his young heart with such power, such strength of love, and with such a draught of passion, that the heart began to bleed and suddenly understood all the sorrows of the world, and was filled with infinite compassion. Poor young poet heart! But the younger daughter of Mnemosyne, the rosy goddess of humour, skipped quickly up to him, and took the suffering child in her arms, and tried to enliven him with her laughter and singing, and gave him as toys to play with the comic mask and the bells of folly, and kissed him soothingly on the lips and kissed upon them all her frivolity, all her saucy joy and all her mockery and wit.

'And from that time Sterne's heart and Sterne's lips feel at a strange contradiction—if sometimes his heart was tragically agitated, and he strives to utter forth all the deepest feelings of his bleeding heart, then to his own astonishment, the most enjoyable light language came floating forth from his lips.'

The remainder of this charming essay on the Romantic School is devoted to the consideration of Zacharias Werner, de la Motte Fouqué, and Uhland, all of whom deserve more notice than Tieck, who never produced a play which was successful or a song which became popular. Zacharias Werner was a successful playwright of his time, on whom Mr. Carlyle has written an essay, but who may now be considered as extinct, so he may be passed by; de la Motte Fouqué, and Uhland still remain among the foremost representatives of Romanticism. The Baron de la Motte Fouqué, a descendant

of one of the old Huguenot refugee families, to whom Prussia owes the best part of her civilisation, was born in the Mark Brandenburg in 1777, and became a major in the Prussian army during the War of Liberation, in which he took part both with sword and lyre, and Professor at the University of Halle in the year 1833. Fouqué, who was one of the first, as we have seen, to recognise Heine's genius, was declared by Heine to be a true poet; and he was the only writer of the Romantic School whose creations became popular. Yet with the exception of the charming story of 'Undine' nothing can now be said to live even of Fouqué, although he wrote a whole legion of novels.

To 'Undine,' which seems to be written amid the scents of the rose and the songs of the nightingale, Heine is sufficiently just, but he shows how the germs of subsequent decline are to be traced even in this very charming story.

'This "Undine" is to be regarded as the very muse of Fouqué. Although she is infinitely fair, although she is of like passions with ourselves, and earthly sorrow weighs heavily upon her, yet she is not a human creature. Our time however rejects all such air and water-creatures, even though they be of the fairest; it demands real living figures, and least of all does it desire fairies which are in love with noble knights. The retrograde effect, the continual praise of nobility of race—the incessant glorification of the old feudal forms of life—this continuous aping of chivalry at least displeased the cultivated middle class people of the German public, and they turned away from the inopportune singer. In fact, this continual sing-song about coats of mail, tourney steeds, castle-dames, honourable guild masters, dwarfs, squires, castle-chapels, and love and faith, and whatever else such mediæval lumber may be called, became tiresome to us at last: and as the ingenious *Hidalgo*, Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué buried himself ever deeper in his knightly volumes, and in his dreams of the past missed understanding the

present—then were even his best friends obliged to turn away from him.'

After comparing Fouqué with Walter Scott as being both 'tapestry poets,' and finding that both knew infinitely less of the action of the human heart than Richardson, Goldsmith, Sterne, or Goethe, Heine goes on:—

'The names of the novels of Fouqué is legion—he is one of the most fruitful of writers. The "Magic Ring," and "Theodolph the Icelander," deserve especially to be cited with praise. His metrical dramas, which were not written for the stage, contain great beauties. Especially is "Sigurd the dragon slayer," a bold work, wherein the old Scandinavian hero sages are portrayed with all the gigantic and magic beings. The chief piece of the drama, Sigurd, is a monstrous figure. He is as strong as the rocks of Norway, and as stormy as the sea which roars around it. He has as much courage as a hundred lions, and as much reason as two asses. Herr Fouqué has also composed songs. They are loveliness itself. They are so light, so bright, so glittering, so fluttering—they are sweet lyrical humming birds.'

With respect to Uhland, Heine writes, 'I am at this moment in a strange difficulty. I cannot leave the collection of poems of Herr Ludwig Uhland unmentioned, and yet I find myself in a mood which is in no way favourable to such a mention. Silence would seem in me either cowardice or treachery, and honest plain speech might appear as want of love for one's neighbour.' The difficulty which Heine here complains of must have come upon all who have fallen upon Uhland's poems in early youth—some of which, the 'Sängers Fluch' especially, seemed to have a noble ring, which made the heart leap, and which fails to be found there by us in later years.

Heine shows us too how he as a boy used to sit on the ruins of the old castle of Düsseldorf, declaming the ballads and songs of Uhland, and how the water fairies of the Rhine

seem to reecho their plaintive burdens after him; then how he felt his heart beat as the wind whispered through the trees, and he fancied he heard approaching in rustling satin robes the headless lady, the legendary ghost of the castle. Yet it is in such times, when we still believe in ghosts, that the full effect of Uhland's poetry can only now be felt—for the great popularity of the fine poet was due in the main to that revival of mediæval tastes and sentiments, which could but be temporary, although it had its *raison d'être* in the spiritual needs of the time.

Uhland himself seems to have felt this, for about the last fifty years of his life he produced no more poetry at all. He did not continue, like De la Motte Fouqué, forcing his verse into forms of greater and greater extravagance.

'Perhaps,' says Heine, 'Herr Uhland has fared no better than ourselves. His mind too seems to have changed somewhat. With few exceptions, he has for twenty years (this was written in 1833) sent no new poem to market. I do not believe that this fair poetic spirit was endowed so penuriously by nature that it only had one spring. No, I explain to myself the silence of Uhland much more by the contradiction, wherein the tendencies of his muse have fallen with the exigencies of his poetical position. The elegiac poet, who was able to sing the Catholic feudal past in such pretty ballads and romance, the essence of mediævalism, has been since then a zealous defendant of the rights of the people in the Würtemberg representative chamber—a bold claimant of citizen equality and spiritual freedom. That this democratic and Protestant feeling was pure and genuine in him, Herr Uhland proved by the great personal sacrifices which he made for it: and if he once earned for himself the poetic laurel, so did he now earn for himself the oaken crown of citizen virtue. But even because he had such honourable intentions for the new time, he could no longer sing the old song of the old time with his former enthusiasm, and there-

fore since his Pegasus was only a knightly steed, that willingly trotted back into the past, but ever came to a standstill when it ought to have gone onwards into modern life, therefore did the honest Uhland get down with a laugh, quietly had the saddle taken off, and the unserviceable animal put into the stable. And there he is now at the present day, and like his colleague, the steed of Boiardo, he has all possible virtues and only one failing: he is dead.'

Uhland had no small influence on the development of Heine's spirit. Indeed, some of the early poems of the latter are written quite in Uhland's manner; and it is interesting, therefore, to have from Heine's pen an appreciation of the merit of this the most enduring and most central figure of the Romantic School—

'I repeat it, the people of 1813 found in Herr Uhland's poems the spirit of their time most excellently well preserved; and not only its political spirit, but also its moral and æsthetic spirit. Herr Uhland represents a whole period, and he represents it almost altogether alone, since the other representatives of the same have fallen into oblivion, and in reality all resume themselves in this writer. The tone which prevails in the songs, ballads, and romances of Uhland was the tone of all his romantic contemporaries, and some of these have produced poems which, if not better than his, are yet at least as good.'

The last chapter of Heine's essay is taken up with a comparison between the French and German romantic schools, and begins with a most ingenious historic simile—

'When, after many years, the Emperor Otho III. came to the grave where Karl's bones were resting, he entered the cave with two bishops and the Graf von Laumel, who has written this report. The corpse was not lying at length, like those of other dead men, but sat upright, like a living man, on a seat. On the head was a gold crown. He held the sceptre in his hands, which were covered with gloves,

but the nails of the fingers had bored through the leather, and were stretched out beyond. The vault had been solidly constructed of marble and cement. In order to arrive at the inside, it was necessary to break an opening, and as soon as people arrived within there was a strong odour perceptible. All immediately bent the knee in reverence to the dead. Kaiser Otho clothed him in white raiment, cut his nails, and repaired all that was lacking. There was no decay in the limbs, except that the point of the nose was a little gone. Otho had it repaired with gold. Finally, as we went away he took a tooth out of Karl's mouth, then had the vault nailed up again, and departed. In the night thereafter Karl is said to have appeared to him in a dream, and announced that Otho should become old and have no heirs.

'Such a story does the "German Legends" report to us. But this is not the only example of the kind. Your Francis I. also had the grave of the famous Roland laid open, in order to see of himself whether the hero was of such giant frame as the poets relate. This happened shortly before the battle of Pavia. Sebastian of Portugal had the vaults of his ancestors opened, and looked at the dead kings before he went to Africa.

'A strange, awful curiosity is it which so often drives men to look down into the graves of the great. This happens at extraordinary times, at the close of an epoch or shortly before a catastrophe. In our later days we have experienced a similar history; it was a great sovereign, the French people, who suddenly had a passion for opening the grave of the past, and for regarding by daylight the ages shovelled up and faded out so long ago. There was no lack of learned grave-diggers who with spades and crow-bars were close at hand to rummage in the old rubbish and break in the vaults. A strong odour was then perceptible, which tickled very pleasantly, as a Gothic kind of "Haut gout" those noses which were blaséd with otto of roses. French

authors knelt reverently down before mediævalism revealed to light. One put on it a new robe, the other cut its nails, a third gave it a new nose. At the last there came some poets who took the teeth out of mediævalism, just like Kaiser Otho.

'I make mention here of this phase of French literature only in order distinctly to declare that I have no wish to attack it either directly or indirectly, if I have applied somewhat sharp words to a similar phase in Germany. The writers who in Germany dragged mediævalism out of its grave had other ends, as can be seen in these pages, and the effect which it might produce upon the public placed in peril the liberty and the happiness of my Fatherland. The French writers had only artistic interests in view, and the French public sought only to satisfy a suddenly excited curiosity. The most of them only looked into the graves of the past with the intention of searching for an interesting costume for the carnival. The fashion of the Gothic in France was only a fashion, which served to enhance the pleasure of the present. People let their hair hang down mediævally from their heads, and at a passing remark of the *friseur* that this did not suit them, they had their locks cut off again, together with all the mediæval ideas which belonged thereto. Alas! in Germany it is something different. Perhaps this is just because mediævalism is not quite dead and rotten there, as it is with you. German mediævalism does not lie mouldering in its grave; it is rather reanimated by a bad spirit, and steps forth to the clear bright day, and drinks the red life out of the heart.'

And so with a final onslaught on the priest party and Germany, and with a defence of the French against the vulgar, baseless imputation of irreligion, Heine concludes his essay on the 'Romantic School.'

That Heine himself, notwithstanding all the mockery, humour, and sarcasm which he employed against the chiefs

of the 'Romantic School,' was formed in it and largely partook of its characteristics, must be evident to the most superficial observer. In this he bears a certain similarity to Byron, to whom he was in spirit so nearly related, and who, while launching the same missiles as Heine against the school of the Lakists, yet himself was deeply impregnated with the same influence which formed Wordsworth and Coleridge. Yet Heine's main tendency was a revolt against the system, and a revolt too which time has justified.

The movement which created the 'Romantic School' has had its counterpart in almost every literature in Europe. That movement and the Weltschmerz, that gloomy view of life which darkens the productions of Byron, Alfred de Musset, Espronceda, Ugo Foscolo, &c. do both, in fact, proceed from the same source—discontent with the present as an epoch in which poetry can find neither material nor consolation. But the 'Romantic School,' which began by denying the poetic value of the present altogether, by divorcing art from actuality, and by making of literature a sort of *fata morgana*, had at last ended by getting to the very opposite pole to that from which it started, and by justifying all existing institutions. Heine, however, though largely inheriting the spirit of Uhland, Brentano, Fouqué, Arnim, and Hoffmann, returned back to the world of reality. The passion which he sings is a human passion, and not a mystic yearning after the 'blue flower' of romanticism; even in his spectral and fantastic pieces, the world of reality is never left out of sight; and his whole work may be pronounced to be a wondrous amalgam of romanticism, of the Byronic 'Weltschmerz,' and of realism. The 'Weltschmertz,' or world-anguish, however, is the dominant note, and the apparently cynical tone of his humour at times is nothing else than the inverted form of the 'Weltschmertz.'

The state of the political and social world, in the days of Byron and Heine, was such as to enhance infinitely that

prophetic despair which both felt at the presentiment that the poetic spirit of civilisation was about to give way to a mere prosaic order of things, a state in which the poet would find neither place nor function. The hollowness, the deception, the injustice of life have found expression in literature, indeed in other epochs of the world's history, but never perhaps so widely and in such intensity as in the one of which we treat. Both the world and the human heart seemed to have been cloven asunder, and to bleed with an inward wound. 'Ah, dear reader,' Heine writes, in a passage in the 'Baths of Lucca,' 'if you complain about those divided and jarring forms of feeling (which you find in me and in Byron), you must complain rather that the world itself is divided in two. For the heart of the poet is the middle point of the world, and it must needs in the present time be pitifully rent asunder. He who boasts of his heart that it has remained whole, only confesses that he has a prosaic far-retired sort of hole in the corner of his heart. Through my heart has passed the great rent of the universe, and even on that account do I know that the great gods have honoured me before others, and thought me worthy of the crown of martyrdom. Once the world was whole; in antiquity and in the middle ages, in spite of external conflicts, there existed a unity in the world within, and there were complete poets. We will honour these poets, and delight in them; but every imitation of their completeness is a lie, a lie which every healthy eye can see through, and which cannot therefore escape from scorn.' This is the underlying sentiment at the bottom of all Heine's poetry, and indeed of the whole action and tenor of his life—a sentiment which proceeds from a sort of inspired inner conviction, persistent in spite of himself and of all efforts to overcome it, of the utter disaccord of modern life and of its future prospects with poetic inspiration.

If Heine felt this more deeply than Byron, and if his spirit of mockery is at times still more bitter, the explana-

tion is to be found, not only in the still greater misery of his private relations, but also in the fact that the unlovely, unpractical character of the new life had still further declared itself. The triumph of machinery, and of the absorption of human energy into material aims, to the sacrifice of the spiritual and of the beautiful, had made gigantic strides since the days of Byron's prime. Heine witnessed the birth of the railway, and its rapid development, together with that of the steam-boat and of the factory system, and foresaw at once that such tremendous inventions were pregnant with changes of the whole aspect and relations of society; and no small part of his dislike to England arose from the fact that she was the great land of machinery, and the great producer of cheap goods.

It were childish to utter maledictions on such inventions and on the changed state of things; but we are all witnesses of the astounding transformation, and none but vulgar minds can deny that the new and mechanical conditions of life have ground the chief charm of existence out of immense masses of human lives. Take the former way of life of the weaver, as he worked in his own cottage, at his own loom, with honeysuckle and roses twining around his windows, and song-birds to sing to the music of his shuttle, while his children played in the garden of flowers before his door in the morning sunshine, and compare such a life with that of the factory operative, and the contrast is appalling. This is not the place to attempt to discuss these considerations with anything like due fullness; neither would it be possible to come to any satisfactory conclusion on the subject. The veil of time, which hides all things, hides also whatever reconciliation may be in store for aims now apparently irreconcilable. Yet no liberal thinker will, in considering the tendencies of the present forces of civilisation, omit to regard the fact that the finest minds of this century have viewed them, some with despair, and most with misgiving.

Shelley, in that wonderful essay of his 'A Defence of Poetry,' has expressed his sense of the deficiencies of a mechanical age, in passages which read now almost like prophecy, and which can hardly be surpassed:—

'The cultivation of those sciences which have enlarged the limits of the empire of man over the external world, has, for want of the poetical faculty, proportionally circumscribed those of the internal world, and man having enslaved the elements, remains himself a slave. To what but a cultivation of the mechanical arts in a degree disproportioned to the presence of the creative faculty, which is the basis of all knowledge, is to be attributed the abuse of all inventions for abridging and combining labour, to the exasperation of the inequality of mankind? From what other cause has it arisen that the discoveries which should have lightened have added a weight to the curse of Adam? Poetry and the principle of Self, of which money is the visible emanation, are the God and Mammon of the world.

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'The cultivation of poetry is never more to be desired than at periods when, from an excess of the selfish and calculating principles, the accumulation of the materials of external life exceed the quantity of the power of assimilating them to the internal laws of human nature.'

Indeed, so far as that ideal is concerned, which animated the growth of modern society in emerging forth from the night of the dark ages, the world has been in a state of decomposition now for nearly a century. Goethe felt the beginning of it. 'The world,' he writes, in one of his 'Xenien,' is going to pieces like a rotten fish;' and he added with his usual selfish fashion, 'we will not give another the trouble to perfume it.' But it was Chateaubriand, the author of 'Réné,' the prototype of Childe Harold, who had first the sense of the 'Weltschmerz' in its deepest intensity, and of the uselessness of all endeavours to overcome it. 'Vous ne

méprisez pas assez,' he said in his pessimist speech to a friend, 'les hommes de cette époque, il n'y a rien à faire dans les siècles qui se decomposent.' And from the time of Chateaubriand, through that of Byron and that of Heine, down to the present time, the age has gone on decomposing. Analysis gains fresh triumphs every hour, while any possibility of poetic synthesis seems more and more remote.

It may be the case that poetry may become as hopeless an art as that of sculpture has seemed to some to be, and that all requirement and all desire for it in the masses may pass away; yet all who have any sense of poetry must nourish inextinguishable hope for the contrary, or own that it would be better that men of poetic natures should perish out of the world, and that none should further waste effort, life, and happiness over impossible and fruitless tentatives.

Oh! dark and drear and monstrous is the time,
Which has no poet feeling at its heart,
Which has no yearning, tragic or sublime,
But finds its inspiration and its art
In the hot clamour of the varying mart;
And in the self-applause of sordid aim,
Which feels no sorrow as great dreams depart;
When high Romance is brought to grief and shame
Beneath the cynic's spite for deeds of present fame.

For Poesy is as Spring's balmy breath,
The world's sweet gentle restorer; when it dies,
Language and art grow rigid, unto death.
It is the moon, to which thought's sea must rise,
Or rot in gloom 'neath pestilential skies.
For unto Poesy alone is given
Wand of creative power; its light re-dyes
The faded tints of earth with hues of Heaven,
And feeds all nature's mass with true ethereal leaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

HEINE ON GERMAN PHILOSOPHY AND MYTHOLOGY.

A MERE acquaintance with the *belles lettres* of Germany could bring about none but the most superficial understanding of its soul and its spirit; and therefore Heine undertook to set before the French public the story of its religious and philosophic revolutions; a task which he fulfilled only in part, in a series of essays in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' which essays were translated in German and published in a volume called, 'A Contribution to the History of Religion and Poetry in Germany.'

It is to be regretted that this contribution, which was in the first German edition frightfully mangled by the censorship, has always remained a fragment. We imagine in the whole history of literature it is impossible to find so much information on the most difficult and abstract of subjects condensed into so brief a compass, and told in so fascinating a style. Indeed Heine's talent for putting abstract things into a concrete form, and so laying a firm hold on the understanding, has never been surpassed. Nothing, for example, can go beyond the liveliness and truthfulness of his criticism on Fichte:—

'With Fichte, too, is it an especial difficulty that he requires the mind to observe itself while it is in activity. The "Ego" shall conduct a series of observations on its intellectual activity, while it is active. Thought shall listen to itself while it is thinking, even while it is getting warmer

and warmer, and at last becomes a thought. This operation reminds us of the ape, who sits by the fire-place and cooks his own tail in a copper cauldron. For he asserted that the true science of cookery consisted not only in objective cooking, but also in being subjectively conscious of being cooked.'

The spirit of this essay also of Heine's is deeply tinged with the doctrines of Saint Simonianism. The ground-idea of the volume is that Germany had been passing through a series of religious and philosophical revolutions, which were preparing her for a political revolution which would surpass in violence and completeness all other revolutions whatsoever. Luther and the Reformation had delivered the German mind from the bonds of Roman Catholicism by appealing to the letter of the Bible. Lessing came and destroyed all belief even in the letter, and established pure Deism, and then came Kant, who by his psychological analysis proved that the idea of God had itself no basis to rest upon. The God of Fichte was the moral law alone; finally Schelling came, and in his 'Philosophy of Nature' re-established that Pantheism in the German mind which had been the basis of its primæval popular faith before the advent of Christianity, and which Heine assumes to be the normal symbol of German theology.

According to Heine, this last great spiritual revolution had been going on contemporaneously with the French Revolution, and passing through parallel crises. Thus he makes a strange comparison between Kant and Robespierre, between Fichte and Napoleon, and Schelling and the Restoration.

We have before seen how Heine considered that the ground idea on which the faith of Roman Catholicism reposes was the Indo-Gnostic doctrine of the damnation of the flesh. He considered it, therefore, as part of the merit of Luther that he had contributed to its emancipation not by the hypocritical system of subterfuges and indulgences of Catholicism

and Jesuitism, but by open denial of the truth of the doctrine by which sensual enjoyments had been proscribed; and in this way he excuses whatever coarseness and sensuality may be imputed to Luther himself.

'Honour,' he cries, 'honour to Luther. Eternal honour to the dear man, to whom we owe the recovery of our dearest rights, and by whose benefits we yet live! It becomes us little to complain about the narrowness of his views. The dwarf, who stands on the shoulders of the giant, can indeed see further than the giant himself, especially if he puts on spectacles; but for that lofty point of intuition we want the lofty feeling, the giant heart, which we cannot make our own. It becomes us still less to pass a harsh judgment over his failings; these failings have been of more use to us than the virtues of a thousand others. The polish of Erasmus, the benignity of Melanchthon, would never have brought us so far as the divine brutality of brother Martin. From the day of the diet, when Luther denied the authority of the Pope and openly declared "that his claims must be refuted by the authority of the Bible, or by the arguments of reason," a new age has begun in Germany. The chain wherewith the holy Boniface bound the German church to Rome, has been hewn asunder. This church, which formerly formed a part of the great hierarchy, is split up into religious democracies. Religion itself becomes something else; the Indo-Gnostic element disappears therefrom, and we see the Judaic-deistic element again arise. Evangelic Christendom is born, while the necessary claims of the body are not tolerated but legitimised. Religion again becomes a truth. The priest becomes a man, and takes a wife and begets children as God has willed it. Especially from that time, and above all since the natural sciences have made such progress, have miracles ceased. At least, in the case of Saint Simonianism, which is the newest religion, no miracle has taken place, only something like one, in the

case of a tailor's bill, which Saint Simon owed on this earth when he departed, and which was paid in full by his pupils ten years after his decease. Even now can I see how the excellent Père Olinde arose full of inspiration in the *salle* Taitbout, and held up the receipted tailor's account before the eyes of an astonished company. Young grocers were startled at such a supernatural form of proof. The tailors, however, began already to believe!

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'When Luther uttered the sentence, that his doctrine must be refuted by the Bible itself or by arguments of reason, liberty was granted to human reason to expound the Bible, and this reason was recognised as the highest judge in all religious contests. Thereby the so-called spiritual freedom, or freedom of thought as it was also styled, arose in Germany. To think became a right, and the authority of reason was recognised as legitimate. Of a truth some centuries back men had been able to think and speak with tolerable freedom, and the Scolasticists had disputed things about which we can hardly understand how they could dispute in the middle ages. But this was done by means of a distinction which was made between theological and philosophical truth, a distinction whereby men defended themselves beforehand against charges of heresy; and this was done only in the lecture-room of Universities, and in a Gothic abstruse Latin of which the people could understand nothing; so that there was little detriment to be feared for the Church. And then the Church never properly permitted such conduct, and now and then she burnt a poor Scholasticist. But ever since Luther no further distinction was made between theological and philosophic truth, and people disputed in the open market place, and in the German vernacular speech and without shame and fear. The princes who accepted the Reformation have legitimised this freedom of thought, and from this has sprung as chief flower of world-wide importance—German philosophy.

'In fact, not even in Greece could the human spirit express itself so freely as in Germany from the middle of the last century up to the time of the French invasion. It was especially in Prussia that there prevailed a boundless freedom of thought. The Marquis of Brandenburg had comprehended that he, who only through the Protestant principle could be a legitimate king of Prussia, should also uphold a right Protestant freedom of thought.

'Since that time, in truth, have things undergone alteration, and the natural protector of our Protestant freedom of thought has come to an understanding with the Ultramontane party for the suppression of the same, and he treacherously used for this purpose a weapon which the Pope first invented and applied against us—the Censorship.'

He next speaks of Luther's merits as the founder of the German language. 'I have shown also how we through him (Luther) attained the greatest religious freedom; but this Martin Luther gave us not only liberty to move, but also the means of moving, for to the spirit he gave also a body. He created the word likewise for the thought—he created the German tongue. He did this by his translation of the Bible.

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Luther's original writings have also contributed to fix the German language. By reason of their polemical power they drove deep into the heart of the time. Their tone is not always decent. But no religious revolution is to be made with orange blossom. For the rough block we must use the rough wedge. By means of this strange rude style the daring man appears to us at times as a religious Danton, a preacher of the mountain, who from the heights thereof hurls down his strange word-blocks upon the head of his adversaries.

'More remarkable and more important than these prose writings are the hymns of Luther, those songs which shot forth from his soul in hours of stress and battle. They resemble sometimes a flower which grows on a rock, oftentimes a

moonbeam which trembles over a stormy sea. Luther loved music; he has written a treatise on this art, and his songs are especially melodious. . . . . A battle song was that defiant strain, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," wherewith he and his companions entered Worms. The old cathedrals trembled to these new strains, and the ravens were terror-stricken in their nests in the old church towers. That song, the Marseillaise of the Reformation, has up to our time preserved its inspiring power——.'

Having thus considered the great religious revolution of Germany as represented by Luther, Heine proceeds to trace the progress of German philosophy. The common father of all European philosophy he recognises not in Bacon, who exercised indeed no such influence as is claimed for him by his devotees, either in the development of science or of philosophy; but in René Descartes, whose claims are incontestable to originality, not only as a metaphysician but as an inventor of the scientific method by the aid of which nearly all the modern victories of science have been gained, and without which they would have been impossible. Beginning then with Descartes, Heine traces the development of metaphysics and theology through the minds of Leibnitz, Spinosa, Wolf, Mendelssohn, and Lessing down to Kant. Of all these the noble figure of Lessing inspires me with awe no less as a philosopher and as a theologian than it did as one of the chiefs of literature. 'Since Luther's time,' he writes, 'Germany has produced no greater and better man than Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.'

Heine confines himself here to the influence which Lessing exercised on the development of German liberty of thought.

'Lessing, I have said, continued Luther. After Luther had set us free from tradition, and had established the Bible as the unique source of Christianity, there had arisen a rigid observance of the word, and the letter of the Bible ruled as tyrannically as tradition had ever done. Lessing was the

foremost worker in freeing us from this tyrannical letter. As Luther himself was not the only man of his time engaged in the war against tradition, so too did Lessing fight alone though he was the valiant assailant of the letter—and his war cry resounds the clearest in the fight. Here he wields his sword most joyously, and it flashes and slays.'

Lessing died at Brunswick in the year 1781, misunderstood, hated, and calumniated. In the same year there appeared at Königsberg the 'Critique of the Pure Reason: of Immanuel Kant.' With this book, which by a strange tardiness in getting recognised became only commonly known towards the year 1790, a spiritual revolution commenced in Germany which offers the strongest analogy with the material Revolution of France, and which to the deep thinker must appear even as weighty as the other. It had the same phases of development, and a most remarkable parallelism exists between the two occurrences. On both sides of the Rhine we see the same breach effectuated with the past, and all reverence abandoned for tradition. As here in France every right must justify itself—so there in Germany must every thought do the same—and as here the monarchy, the keystone of all social order, fell to the ground so there did Deism the keystone of the old spiritual *régime*.'

This catastrophe Heine styles the 21st of January of Deism—and he concludes the second part of his essay by a sketch of the history of Deism, of its origin, changes, and extinction, too characteristic to be inserted, as to which however in the edition of the work published in 1852, he recanted all that he had here set forth about extinction of Deism by means of the critical philosophy.

We pass to Heine's sketch of Kant and his philosophy. 'The story of the life of Kant is difficult to write, since he had neither life nor story. He lived a mechanical, regulated, almost abstract bachelor-life, in a quiet secluded little street in Königsberg, an old town on the north-east border of

Germany. I do not believe that the big clock of the cathedral there did its daily work with less passion and more regularity than Immanuel Kant. To get up in the morning, to drink a cup of coffee, to write, to give college lectures, to dine, to go for a walk. Each of these actions had its appointed time, and the neighbours knew exactly that the clock had struck half-past three when Immanuel Kant with his Spanish cane in his hand stepped out of his house-door and wandered down the little avenue of Linden trees, which has been called after him the Philosopher's walk. Eight times he walked up and down, eight times in every season of the year; and if the weather was bad, or if the grey clouds threatened rain, his servant, the ancient Lampe, was to be seen walking behind him painfully anxious, with a big umbrella under his arm, like an image of Providence.

'A strange contrast was there between the external appearance of the man and his destructive world-crushing thought. In truth, if the citizens of Königsberg had understood the whole meaning of these thoughts, they would have felt for the man a far more awful aversion than for an executioner—for an executioner who only executes men—but the good people saw in him nothing else but a Professor of philosophy, and when he went by at the proper hour they greeted him in a friendly way and regulated sometimes their watches by him.

'If, however, Immanuel Kant, the great destroyer in the realm of thought, far surpassed Maximilian Robespierre in terrorism, yet he has many analogies with the latter, which challenge a comparison of both men.

'First, we find in both the same inexorable, cutting, unpoetic, sober honesty. Then we find in both the same faculty for mistrust, only that the one exercises it against thought and calls it criticism, while the other employs it against men and styles it republican nature. In the highest degree was there exhibited in both men the type of the

commonplace townsman. Nature had designed them to weigh coffee and sugar, but destiny determined that they should weigh other things, and she laid on the scales of one a king and on those of the other a god. And they weighed them exactly.

'The "Critique of the Pure Reason" is the chief work of Kant, and the rest of his writings are to be regarded in a certain measure as being capable of being passed over, or in any case as being only commentaries. The social importance of this work will appear from the following:—

'Philosophers before Kant had, it is true, reflected over the origin of our knowledge, and have, as has been shown, taken different paths, according as they declared for ideas *a priori* or ideas *a posteriori*; but they have reflected less on the faculty of knowledge or cognition itself, and on the extent or limits of this faculty.

'This was now the task of Kant; he subjected our faculty of knowledge to an unsparing examination; he sounded the deepest depth of this faculty, and made himself acquainted with all its boundaries. And then he found in truth that we could know nothing of very many things of which he had before imagined that we possessed an intimate knowledge. And that was very vexatious. But it was always useful to know what things they were of which we could know nothing. Kant proved to us that we would know nothing of things as they are in and by themselves ('an und für sich'), but that we can only know anything of them in so far as they are reflected in our minds.

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'After these few words, wherewith I have signified the task of Kant, it is conceivable to every one that I esteem that division of his book in which he treats of the so-styled "Phænomena" and "Noumena" as the weightiest part, the central point, of his philosophy. Kant makes in truth a distinction between the appearance of things and things in

themselves. Since we can know anything of things only in so far as they are revealed to us by appearance, and therefore cannot know things as they are in and by themselves, therefore has Kant named things in so far as they appear "Phænomena," and things in and by themselves "Noumena." Only of things as "phænomena" can we know anything, not of things as "noumena." The last are problematic; we can neither say they exist or they do not exist.

'God, according to Kant, is a "noumenon." In consequence of his argumentation, that transcendental ideal being which we have called God is nothing else than an invention. It has been created by a natural illusion. Yea, Kant shows how we can know nothing of the "noumenon" of God, and that all proof of his nature is impossible.'

The most peculiar part of this sketch of Kant's philosophy by Heine is that which he gives of the 'Critique of the Practical Reason,' by which Kant endeavoured to restore the deity, which he had demolished by means of the pure reason—

'Immanuel Kant has up to this time played the inexorable philosopher; he has stormed the heavens; he has put the whole fortress to the sword. The supreme lord of the world floats undemonstrated in his blood; there is no all-mercifulness, no fatherly goodness, no payment in the life beyond for abnegation here. The immortality of the soul lies at its last gasp; there is a groaning and a death-rattling, and the ancient Lampe stands by, with his umbrella under his arm, as a sorrowful spectator, and the sweat of terror and tears course down his cheeks. Then Immanuel Kant grows pitiful, and shows that he is not only a great philosopher, but a good man. He reflects, and, half in good nature and half ironically, he speaks. Old Lampe must have a god; otherwise the poor fellow cannot be happy. Man must, however, be happy in this world. So much the practical

reason asserts,—at least as I take it—and then the practical reasoner goes surety for the existence of a god.' Following up this argument, Kant separates the theoretical and the practical reason, and with this practical, as with a magic staff, he restores to life the corpse of the deism which the theoretical reason has put to death.

'Did Kant now perchance undertake this work of resurrection solely on account of old Lampe, or through fear of the police? Or has he really acted from conviction? Has he wished really, while he was destroying all proof of God, to show us aright how unpleasant it would be if we knew nothing of the existence of God? He behaved in this almost just like my Westphalian friend at Göttingen, who smashed all the street lamps in the "Grohnderstrasse," and then made a long speech to us in the dark on the necessity of lanterns, which he had only broken theoretically on that account, to show that we could see nothing without them.'

It has been already stated that the 'Critique of the Pure Reason' made no sensation at all at the time of its appearance, so much the greater however was the commotion which it caused in the world when its importance was discovered by some clear-sighted critics. From the year 1789 there was in Germany little other talk but of Kantian philosophy; and countless reviews, commentaries, Chrestomathies, elucidations, and apologies appeared about it one after the other, as may be seen by consultation of any philosophic catalogue. But while one party received this philosophic revolution with the most passionate enthusiasm, the other evinced towards it, as was natural, just as bitter hostility.

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'Kant produced this great spiritual movement not so much by the matter of his writings as by the critical spirit which prevailed therein, and which thenceforward invaded all the sciences. All forms of study were seized hold of by it. Yea, even poetry did not escape from its influence. Schiller,

for example, was a strong Kantian; and his views of art are impregnated with the spirit of the Kantian philosophy. This Kantian philosophy was very injurious to *belles lettres* and the fine arts on account of its abstract aridity. It was a fortunate thing it did not mix itself up with cookery.

'The German people does not allow itself to be lightly agitated, but when it has once set forward on a path, then it will follow it out to the end with the most obstinate patience. This was evident in the matter of religion. It was further evident in the matter of philosophy. Shall we also be as consequent in the matter of politics?

'Germany was drawn into the philosophical path by Kant, and philosophy became a national question. A fair band of great thinkers sprouted up suddenly, as though evoked by magic out of the German soil. Among these followers of Kant, Johann Gottlieb Fichte was from the first pre-eminent.'

Heine does not fail to do justice to the great personality and noble bearing and independence of Fichte.

'I almost despair to be able to give a true conception of this man. In the case of Kant we had only a book to contemplate. But in this case, besides the book, we have a man to consider; in this man conviction and intention are one and the same thing, and in this imposing unity have they operated on the after world.

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'First as to the Fichtian method. This is borrowed from Kant to begin with, but changes according to the nature of circumstances. Kant had only to set forth a criticism—therefore something negative; but Fichte as he went on had a sytem to set up—therefore something positive.

'The task which Fichte proposed to himself is, What grounds have we for imagining that things outside ourselves respond to our conceptions of things? And to this question he gave the answer, All things have reality only in our own minds.

'As "The Critique of Pure Reason" is the chief book of Kant, so is the "Doctrine of Science" the chief book of Fichte. This book is a continuation of the first. The "Doctrine of Science" throws back all spirit upon itself. But where Kant analyses there Fichte constructs. The doctrine of science begins with the abstract formula of the *Ego-Ego*, *Ich-Ich*; it constructs the world out of the depths of the spirit, it gathers the analysed fragments together again, it returns backwards along the path of abstraction until it arrives at the world of appearances. The spirit then interprets this world of appearances as the necessary product of the intelligence.

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'The Fichtian *Ego*, however, is no individual *Ego*, but the universal World-Ego come to consciousness. The Fichtian process of thought is not the process of thought of the individual, of a definite individual, called Johann Gottlieb Fichte; it is in the universal process of thought which manifests itself in the individual. Then, as one says, "It rains, it thunders;' so should Fichte say, not "I think," but "it thinks—the universal world-process of thought thinks in me."

'In comparing the French Revolution with the German philosophy, it was more out of playfulness than earnest that I compared Fichte unto Napoleon. But, in fact, there are to be found between them important similarities. After the Kantists had completed their work of destruction in the fashion of the Terrorists, Fichte appears as Napoleon appeared, after the Convention, which with a pure critique of reason had torn down the whole structure of the past. Napoleon and Fichte represent the inexorable *Ego*, in which thought and deed are one, and the colossal edifices which both constructed are proofs of a colossal will. But by reason of the absence of all limits to this will the buildings fell down in both cases to the ground, and the "Doctrine of Science," like the Empire itself, disappeared as quickly as it arose.

'The Empire belongs to history, but the movement which the empire brought forth has not yet subsided, and our present is still inspired by this movement. Thus is it also with the Fichtian philosophy. It has been submerged, but spirits are yet impassioned with the thoughts which first found expression in Fichte, and incalculable is the effect of his word. Also, although Transcendentalism as a whole was in error, yet there were in the writings of Fichte vital qualities, a proud independence, a love of freedom, a dignity of manhood which has exercised a wholesome influence, especially on youth. Fichte's *Ego* in philosophy was quite in accordance with his inflexible, stiff-necked, iron character.

'What a horror must this man have been to purposeless sceptics, frivolous eclectics, and the timorous of all shades. His whole life was a perpetual battle. The story of his youth was a series of bitternesses, as is the case with almost all distinguished men. Poverty sits by their cradle, and keeps watch over them till they have grown up; and this lean nurse remains their true companion through life.'

Fichte at length we know, after long years of trial, was appointed Professor at Jena, from which post he was dismissed, or rather forced to resign it, on a charge of atheism. There are few events in literary and political history more worth studying than this story of Fichte's dismissal from Jena; and a letter of his, dated May, 1799, is highly characteristic both of the man and of the time. All the liberal thinkers of that time looked forward with hope to France alone, and in Germany, as in all the rest of Europe, they took part in their intense sympathy with all the crises of the French Revolution. Despotism, with Pitt of England and Paul of Russia as chief agents, and the petty princes of Germany hounding them on, seemed inevitable everywhere without French intervention; and the hopes of all the liberals of Germany were really set on a French invasion rather than the reverse. It is true that Napoleon, by his

treachery and violence, did much later to alienate this French sympathy, but there still remained crowds of German liberals who looked on the overthrow of Napolean at Waterloo, and the victory of that holy alliance which cast Europe anew into spiritual bondage, as a disaster.

This is what Fichte wrote in 1799:—'In short, there is nothing more certain than the most certain, and that is, that if the French do not acquire the most overwhelming preponderance, and establish a change in Germany, at least in a very considerable part of the same, in a few years no man who is reputed to have entertained one free thought in his life will find in Germany a single resting place.' And again, 'I have never imagined that they persecuted me for my supposed atheism; they persecuted me as a liberal thinker, who began to make myself understood (Kant's good luck was his obscurity of style); they persecuted also in me the denounced democrat; that independence of spirit which, as they darkly divine, my philosophy calls forth frightens them like a ghost.'

Heine's review of German philosophy ends with Schelling, whose philosophy was, as Fichte himself said, but a development of his own. Heine thus compares their two systems: 'Fichte, just like Schelling, taught that there was but one being, the *Ego*, the Absolute; he taught the identity of the Ideal and the Real. In the "Doctrine of science," as I have shown, Fichte, by means of an intellectual process, endeavoured to construct the Real out of the Ideal. Here Joseph Schelling has, however, inverted the process—he endeavoured out of the Real to emancipate the Ideal. In order to express myself more clearly—departing from the principle that thought and nature are one and the same—Fichte arrived through an operation of the spirit to the world of appearance; out of thought he created nature, out of the Ideal the Real. With Herr Schelling, however, while he set out from the same principle, the world of appearance

became a pure Idea; Nature was converted by him into thought, the Real into the Ideal. According to that principle just mentioned, Philosophy can be divided into two parts; in the one part it could be shown, how out of the Ideal Nature becomes an appearance; in the other part it would be shown, how Nature can be resolved into pure ideas: Philosophy, therefore, might then be divided into transcendental Idealism, and into the philosophy of Nature. These two directions has Herr Schelling in reality taken; and he has followed the last in his "Ideas for a Philosophy of Nature," and the first in his "System of transcendental Idealism."

'This idea of a philosophy of Nature is, however, nothing else than the idea of Spinoza—Pantheism. The doctrine of Spinoza and the philosophy of Nature, as Herr Schelling expounded it in his best period, are essentially one and the same. The Germans, after having disdained the Materialism of Locke, and driven the Idealism of Leibnitz to its extremest limits, and found that this, too, is unfruitful, arrived at length to the third son of Descartes, to Spinoza. Philosophy has again gone round a complete circle, and it can be said that the course of it has been the same as that which it ran through two thousand years ago in Greece. But in a nearer comparison of these two circuits an essential difference is discoverable. The Greeks possessed just as bold sceptics as ourselves; the Eleates denied the reality of the external world just as decidedly as our modern transcendentalists. Plato, just like Herr Schelling, found again in the world of appearance the world of the spirit. But we have an advantage over the Greeks, as well as over the Cartesian school; we have this advantage, to wit: we began our philosophic circuit with an examination of the human sources of knowledge, with the Criticism of the pure reason of Immanuel Kant.'

Schelling, from whom, as is known, Coleridge got his philosophy, carried his system to such absurd limits, that

he at last became a renegade to his own doctrines. He did not content himself with saying with Spinoza that his Absolute, which is only another term for the God, the absolute substance of Spinoza, for the *Ego* of Fichte, for the Unconscious of Hartmann, for that unknown cause which underlies all existence, was recognisable only as ideal or as real, or, to use Spinoza's terms, as thought or extension. He declared also that, by mystic intuition, it was possible to arrive to a cognisance of the Absolute; it was capable of intuition in its middle point, when it was neither Ideal nor Real, neither thought nor extension, neither subject nor object.

'Here,' says Heine, 'ends the philosophy and the poetry of Herr Schelling, and his folly commences.'

Schelling after this betook himself to Munich, placed his talents at the service of Catholicism and Jesuitism, and constructed out of his philosophy a personal god external to the world. On the decline of Schelling, one of his scholars, Hegel, the greatest of all German thinkers, stepped forward and donned the mantle of philosophy which his master had dropped, and constructed anew the world out of the Ideal, with a grasp and completeness which surpassed all his predecessors. The review of the Hegelian philosophy, which Heine promised to the world, was never completed. Indeed, like others of a more exclusively philosophical turn of mind, he became sceptical at last of the value of philosophy at all, and the jargon of the schools became a horror to him; and he himself became an apostate, an *Abtrünnige*, like Schelling, from his early philosophic creed, as we shall show presently by passages of his own writings.

Indeed, the study of metaphysics is one which requires more faith in the ultimate spiritual victory of man than perhaps any other. There is perhaps no more desolate retrospect of intellectual labour than that afforded by the history of philosophy. Vast indeed is the waste of the finest devotion and

the highest spiritual efforts of men for ages, if the results are valueless. But it is not so; no higher function in the history of humanity has been performed than by those who have thus striven to assign the limits of the knowable; and though the progress has been slow, and the grains of philosophic truth discovered desperately few, compared with the mountains of chaff in which they are buried, yet there are truths, some of which have already become part of the spiritual endowment of humanity, and the rest will not fail to become so. Pity is it that metaphysicians, as a rule, are not content with a plainer and more simple speech, and that each, when he has only to say the same things as this predecessor, thinks it necessary to invent a new and oftener obscurer language in which to say it.

Heine concludes his volume with a recognition of the importance of German philosophy; returning again to his conviction that this philosophical revolution was but the prelude to a political revolution, and finishing up with some astounding words of warning to France, which read almost like a chapter of the Apocalypse when illumined by the light of recent events.

'German philosophy is a weighty matter, and one which interests the whole human race, and our latest descendants only will be able to form an opinion whether we are to be blamed or to be praised for the fact that we first prepared our philosophy before commencing our revolution. It appears to me that a methodical people like ourselves must needs begin with the Reformation, then occupy itself with philosophy, and then only after its completion pass over to a political revolution. This order I find quite reasonable. The heads which philosophy had need of for thinking, the revolution might cut off afterwards for revolutionary purposes. Philosophy had never have been able to make use of the heads which had been cut off by the revolution if the latter had gone first. Let yourselves, however, not be frightened,

you German Republicans, the German Revolution will not turn out milder or softer because the Kantian Critique, the Fichtian Transcendental Idealism, and also the Philosophy of Nature preceded it. Through these doctrines have revolutionary forces developed themselves, which only wait for the day when they can break forth and fill the world with terror and astonishment. Kantians will come to the foreground, who also in the world of appearance will know of no pity, and will without mercy slash deep with sword and axe into the soil of our European life, in order to grub up the last roots of the past. Armed Fichtians will then tread in the arena who in the fanaticism of their will are not to be enchained either by fear or self-love, for they live in the spirit; they defy matter like the early Christians, who were neither to be tamed by bodily pain or by bodily enjoyment; yea, such transcendantal idealists would in a social catastrophe be yet more inflexible than the early Christians, for these endured earthly martyrdom in order thereby to arrive at heavenly happiness; but the Transcendentalist treats martyrdom as a pure farce, and is inaccessible in the entrenchment of his own thought. But yet more terrible than all would be the philosophers of nature, when they began to be active in the German Revolution and identified themselves with the work of destruction. For if the hand of the Kantian strikes strongly and surely, since his heart is stirred by no traditional awe; if the Fichtian, full of courage, defies every danger, since it does not in reality exist for him; so is the philosopher of nature to be dreaded on that account, that he stands in alliance with the original forces of nature, that he can conjure up the demonic forces of old German Pantheism, and with them that lust for battle, which we find among the old Germans, and which does not fight either for the love of destruction or victory, but for the love of fighting. Christianity—and that is its finest service—has in some way nullified that brutal Germanic lust for battle, but it

could not root it out, and when once the Talisman, which subdued them, the Cross, is broken up, then the barbaric rage of the old fighters, the mad Berserker-wrath, of which northern poets have sung and said so much, will storm forth again. This Talisman is now become wormeaten, and the day will come when it will break up. The old stone-gods will then arise out of the old forgotten rubbish and rub the thousand years' dust out of their eyes, and Thor, with his giant's hammer, will leap up again and destroy the Gothic Cathedrals. When, then, at that time you, ye French, children of our neighbours, hear the helter-skelter and uproar, take care and do not meddle in the business which we are carrying on at home in Germany. It might turn out ill for you. Keep yourselves from fanning the fire; keep yourselves from putting it out. You might burn your fingers in the flames. Do not smile at my counsel—the counsel of a dreamer—who warns you against Kantians, Fichtians, and philosophers of nature. Smile not at the illusionist, who anticipates in the realm of appearances the same revolution as in the realm of the spirit. The thought goes before the word, like the flash before the thunder. German thunder is in truth German, and is not very flexible, and has a long deliberate roll; but it will roll, and when you hear the crash, such a crash as has never been heard before in the world's history, then know that the German thunder has struck home. At this uproar will the eagles fall down dead from the sky, and the lions in the farthest wastes of Africa will put their tails between their legs and creep to hide themselves in their royal dens. Then will a drama be played in Germany in comparison with which the French Revolution will have been only a harmless Idyll. Now indeed it is tolerably still, and if one or two disport themselves somewhat passionately, believe not that these are the men who will be the real actors. These are but the little dogs who run about in the empty arena and bark and snap at each other before the hour arrives in which

the troop of Gladiators shall appear, who will fight for life and death. And the hour will arrive. As on the steps of an ampitheatre will the nations group themselves around Germany to behold the mighty conflict. I counsel ye then, ye French, keep quiet, and by my soul restrain yourselves from applauding. We might easily misunderstand such applause, and in our uncourteous fashion summon you simply to hold your tongues, for if formerly in our servile grievous condition we were able sometimes to overpower you, we shall be able to do so much more in the wild intoxicated mood which our first draught of liberty will give us. You have experienced yourselves what may be done at such a crisis, and you are no longer in such a crisis. Take care! I have kindly feelings for you, and therefore I tell you the bitter truth. You have more to fear from liberated Germany than from the whole Holy Alliance together with all the Croats and Cossacks. For in the first place *you are not beloved in Germany*, which is almost inconceivable, since you are so amiable and have given yourselves so much trouble to please, at least, the best and fairest half of the German nation. And if you were beloved by this half, that half is the one which carries no arms and whose friendship therefore is of little service to you. What it is they accuse you of I have never properly been able to understand. Once, in a beer cellar at Göttingen, a young Old-German declared that revenge must be taken on the French for the death of Conradin of Hohenstauffen, whom you beheaded at Naples in the thirteenth century. That, no doubt, you have long forgotten. *We, however, forget nothing.* You see, *whenever we feel a desire to come to blows with you, there never will be a lack of urgent reasons.* In any case, I recommend you to be upon your guard. Let what will happen in Germany, let the Crown Prince of Prussia or the Doctor Werth get the upper hand, keep yourselves ever prepared; remain ever at your posts, arms in hand. I have friendly feelings towards you, and it frightened me when I

lately heard that your Ministers had the intention of disarming France.

'Since you, in spite of your present fancy for Romanticism, are born Classicists—you know what Olympus is. Among the naked gods and goddesses who there make merry over nectar and ambrosia, you see a goddess, who although surrounded by such levity and mirth yet always wears her cuirass, and keeps her helmet on her head and her spear in her hand.

'This is the goddess of wisdom.'

We have seen how part of this prophecy has been fulfilled. That hatred of France, that jealousy of a more refined race, which Heine ever asserted to exist in Germany, and which may be proved to have existed among a large part of the German nation by the lays of minor poets, by the writings of historians, by abundant pamphlets, and by countless articles in journals, found at last a fitting leader in a *Junker* chief, who managed to provoke the French into a war, to throw sand into the eyes of all Europe in the bargain—and let loose on the fair realms of France the old brutal Teutonic *Kampflust* which Heine here so powerfully characterises, and with what effect we know.

But will the other part of the prophecy come true? Has Germany yet to have her Revolution? and will it be so terrible as Heine has anticipated? Perhaps here too the poet is right. No nation in Europe has known so long and so unbroken a state of serfage and sevility as the Germans—nowhere has the caste of princes and nobles and the squirearchy enjoyed such a long career of tyranny and insolence; nowhere has the yoke of servitude been more mean and more ignoble, or been born in a more grovelling spirit—and the day of reckoning will come, for, in the words of Schiller, 'The anger of the slave when he breaks his fetters, that is more terrible by far than the anger of a freeman.' And the policy of 'blood and iron' is capable of a domestic as well as a foreign utilisation, and by revolutionary chiefs as well as

by royal ministers. These considerations as well as others which Heine derived from the workings of Hegelian philosophy reveal to us how it is that the German democrat and socialist is the most relentless, the most pitiless of all his tribe among the nations—and how perchance the blind fit of national hate which his rulers have provoked in him and directed against France, to work their own ends, may be transformed into a deadlier and more merciless fit of rage against the castes who for centuries have made traffic of the sweat of his brow and the blood of his veins, and kept him ever crouching before them like a beaten hound—how then that apocalyptic vision limned out by Heine may became a reality, at sight and sound of which the eagles shall drop in terror from the clouds, and the lions of Atlas shrink panic-stricken to their dens.

Heine was still under the influence of this Hegelian form of the creed *Homo homini deus est*, when he passed into France. We shall see later how his Hegelianism passed in that country into Saint Simonianism.

Heine's mythological essays are equally worthy paying attention to with his philosophical ones, and are extremely curious. It is not strange, but the contrary, that Heine should have bestowed the attention he did on the pre-mediæval lore of Germany. We have already seen how, partly owing to his Israelitish descent and partly owing to his aversion to the existing state of society in Germany, mediæval traditions had no charm for him, and he has nowhere shown any sympathy with chivalry. 'You French,' he writes of chivalry in his essay on the 'Spirits of the Elements,' *Elementärgeister*, 'may well admire and love chivalry. Nothing remains to you thereof but cheerful chronicles, and some iron coats of armour. You risk nothing by enlivening your imagination, and by contenting your curiosity in contemplation of it. With us Germans, however, the chronicles of the Middle Ages are not closed—the

latest pages of it are yet wet with the blood of our relatives and friends, and those glittering coats of arms protect yet the living bodies of our executioners. Nothing prevents you French from cherishing the old Gothic forms. For you the great cathedrals, like *Notre Dame de Paris*, are nothing else than monuments of architecture and Romanticism—for us they are the most awful fortresses of our foes. For you Satan and his hellish companions are only the creatures of poetry. With us there are still knaves and blockheads, who exert themselves to establish anew by the aid of philosophy a belief in the devil and in the old spells of sorcery. That such proceedings should be going on in Munich is quite in order—but that in enlightened Würtemberg there should be an attempt to justify the old trials of witches, that a writer of repute, Herr Justinus Kerner, should have undertaken there to revive again the belief in people possessed with devils—that is as sad as it is repulsive.'

Heine then, passing by the whole of the mediæval and chivalrous traditions of Europe, loved to wander at will in the weird realms of primitive Teutonic fable, and mingle on equal footing with the elves and the naiads, with the water-fairies and water-spirits, male and female; the cobolds, earth-spirits, the 'wichtelmännchen,' the dwarfs, the 'alraünchen,' the fire-spirits, the salamanders. There is something so elfish in Heine's own nature, he seems so much akin to these wild creatures, that one would almost deem that he descended from one of those strange marriages between fairy and mortal which are to be found in old legends—such an one, for example, as is told of in the following story, for which he had an especial affection, and which is narrated of one of the 'swan-virgins,' 'schwanen-jungfrauen,' whose real origin and nature nobody seems to have perfectly determined:—

'Are they water-spirits? Are they air-spirits? Often they fly down out of the air in the form of swans, and then they lay aside their white vestment of feathers like a robe,

and turn to beautiful virgins, and bathe in still waters. If any common fellow surprises them thus, they spring rapidly into the water, then wrap themselves up again quickly in their feather-robe, and fly up again as swans into the air. The excellent Musæus tells us in his popular fables the beautiful story of a young knight, who succeeded in stealing one of the feather garments; and when the virgins came up from their bath and wrapt themselves quickly in their feather robes and flew away, one of them remained back, who sought for her feather vesture in vain. She cannot fly away; she weeps passionately, is wonderfully beautiful, and the cunning knight marries her. For seven years they live happily, but once, in the absence of her husband, the wife takes to rummaging in secret chests and cupboards, and she finds there her old feather garment. She slips it on at once and flies away.'

We have seen at Düsseldorf how, as a child, his thoughts were always running on the 'Nixen,' and, even when he saw a lady the skirt of whose dress happened to be wet, he put her down for a water-fairy; and he has written two charming poems, the 'Nixen' and 'Forest Solitude' ('Waldeinsamkeit'), in which he has delightfully portrayed the confidential relation which existed between himself and the elves and the water-fairies. The former poem runs thus:—'The wave is plashing on the lonely shore, the moon has arisen, the knight reposes on the white sand-hills, possessed with many dreams. The pretty Nixen, veiled in their robes, rise out of the depths of the sea. They approach close to the young fellow; they think of a truth that he is asleep. The one touches curiously the feathers in his cap, the other takes to lacing up his bandoleer. The third laughs, and her eyes sparkle, and she draws his sword out of its sheath, and, leaning on the naked blade, she beholds the knight with delight. The fourth dances hither and thither, and whispers from the depths of her soul, "O that I were thy love, thou dear blossom of men!" The fifth kisses the knight's

hand with longing and desire. The sixth hesitates a little, yet she kisses at last his lips and his cheeks. The knight is cunning; he has no intention of opening his eyes; he lets himself be kissed in the moonshine by the beautiful fairies!'

The sleeping knight is no other than Heine himself, and he probably would never have attempted to deal otherwise with the old mythology of Germany than its poetry had he not had other than poetical purposes to serve.

These other purposes were such as Heine entertained in connection with Saint Simonianism. The philosophy professed by the Saint Simonians was pantheistic, and the leading formula of their creed was the 'réhabilitation de la chair.' Now, Heine undertook to prove that the primitive religion of the Germans was pantheistic, that the pantheistic view of the world and of life and its relations had never really perished in Germany in spite of the apparent ascendancy for a time of Catholic and ascetic ideas, and that the genius of the people subsequent to the revolt of Luther had gradually returned to that old pantheistic view of the universe which underlied all its earlier traditions. He endeavoured to show that strong veins of the old heathen pantheistic superstition, of the worship of stones, trees, and rivers, and the creatures who lived and personified these, were still current in the German nation, and were, in fact, as persistent as the heathen sign of the Druid's foot which the baker still impressed on his loaves. It was then for this purpose that he buried himself deep in the antiquarian lore got together by the brothers Grimm—in the collections of German popular legends and ancient lore made by Dobeneck, Simrock and others, in the crabbed old German of Paracelsus, in the Demonology of Nicholaus Remigius, in old chronicles such as that of the Abbot Trithemus of the monastery of Hirschau, in the 'Anthropodemus Plutonicus' of Johannes Prætorius, and in the 'Mons Veneris' of Kornmann. All the extracts which Heine draws from these old and new writers on

mythological topics are, as might be expected, wonderfully to the point, as where, in support of his view, that the very ground-idea (to use again the German term) of Christianity was mortification of the flesh and absolute renunciation of anything like sensual enjoyment, he quotes the following anecdote:—

'In May, 1433, at the time of the Council, a company of priestly men went to walk in a wood near Basle. There were prelates and doctors, monks of all colours, and they disputed about theological subtleties, and refined and argued and contended about annates, expectations, and reservations, or examined whether Thomas Aquinas was a greater philosopher than Bonaventura. But suddenly, in the midst of their dogmatic and abstract discussions, they stopped short and remained as though rooted to the earth before a blooming linden-tree, whereon a nightingale sat and exulted and sighed in the softest and tenderest melodies. Such a strange feeling came over the spirits of these learned men, the warm tones of spring sank so deeply into their scholastically-mummified hearts, that their feelings awoke out of their hoary winter sleep, and they looked at each other with wonder and delight, until at last one of them made the acute observation that this had not happened in good wise, that this nightingale might very well be a devil, that this devil might have dared with his sweet notes to entice them from their Christian conversations, and to seduce them into pleasure and other sweet sins; and he began to exorcise, probably with the formula in use in those days, "Adjuro te per eum, qui venturus est judicare vivos et mortuos." At this adjuration they say the bird answered, "Yea, I am an evil spirit," and flew from thence with a scream of laughter. Those, however, who had listened to his song fell sick, and died soon after.'

This story has need of no commentary. It bears sufficiently the fearful stamp of a time which cried down as belonging to the devil all that was sweet and lovely. The

nightingale was calumniated, and people crossed themselves when it sang. The true Christian walked about like an abstract ghost in blooming nature, with senses anxiously closed up.

'The national faith in Europe, in the north still more than in the south, was Pantheistic. Its mysteries and symbols had relation to a worship of nature; in every element people worshipped wonderful creatures; in every tree there breathed a divinity—the whole world of appearance was divinified. Christianity reversed this view, and in place of a divinified nature there succeeded a demonified one. The cheerful forms of Grecian mythology, however, beautified by art and reigning with Roman civilisation in the south, it was not so easy to change into ugly, frightful masks of Satan, like the forms of the German divinities, which had been moulded by no especial artistic sense, and which were as ill-humoured and mournful as the north itself.'

And it is with reference to the transformation which these Grecian divinities underwent in the imagination of the German races, that Heine has exercised the choicest qualities of his poetic fancy.

'But to return now to my topic, whose fundamental idea, such as has been shown above, shall not be further examined here. Only with a few words will I call the reader's observation to the fact that the poor old gods, of whom I spoke above at the time of the definitive victory of Christianity, and therefore in the third century, fell into difficulties which had the greatest affinities with the mournful older circumstances of their divine existence. They found themselves, to wit, replaced in the same sorrowful necessities, which they had experienced already in that primeval time, in that revolutionary epoch when the Titans broke forth from the empire of Orcus, and piled Pelion upon Ossa, and Ossa on Olympus. Then were the poor gods forced to betake themselves to ignominious flight, and they concealed them-

selves on earth under all kinds of disguises. The most of them betook themselves to Egypt, where for greater safety some took upon themselves the forms of beasts, as is generally known. In the same wise were the poor heathen gods forced to take to flight, and in all sorts of disguises earn their existence in remote hiding-places at the time when the true Lord of the world placed the banner of the cross on the throne of heaven, and the iconoclastic zealots, the black band of monks, broke down all temples, and pursued the hunted-down divinities with fire and curses. Many of these poor emigrants, destitute of shelter and ambrosia, were now under the necessity of applying themselves to a citizen trade in order at least to earn their dear bread. Under such circumstances must many, whose holy groves were confiscated, hire themselves out as hewers of wood with us, and drink beer instead of nectar. Apollo appears in this state of misery to have been accustomed to take service with breeders of cattle in the same way as before he had tended the herds of King Admetus; and thus he lived as a herdsman in Lower Austria.'

After giving further details of Apollo, and some slight account of the wanderings of Mars, Heine narrates as follows of Bacchus:—

'In the Tyrol there are very large lakes, which are surrounded by forests, whose trees, lofty as the skies, mirror themselves statelily in the blue waters. Tree and water rustle so mysteriously, that one has quite a strange feeling when one wanders there alone. On the bank of such a lake stood the hut of a young fisherman, who earned his subsistence by fishing, and at the same time carried on the business of a ferryman whenever a traveller desired to be carried across the lake. He had a large skiff, which usually lay tied to an old trunk of a tree not far from his house. Once, at the time of the autumnal equinox, towards midnight, he heard a tapping at his window, and when he stepped out of doors beheld three monks, who kept their heads

concealed in their hoods, and appeared to be in great haste. One of these asked him hastily to lend them his boat, and promised to bring it back again in a few hours to the same place. The monks were three in number, and the fisherman, who in such circumstances could no longer delay, unloosed his boat, and, after they had stepped in and started across the lake, went back to his hut and again to bed. He was young and soon slept, and a few hours later he was awakened by the return of the monks; when he approached them, one of them placed a silver piece in his hand, and all three hastened away. The fisherman went to look at his boat, which he found fast tied. Then he shivered, but not on account of the night air. He had forsooth a frosty shudder in all his limbs, for his heart had seemed almost to grow cold when the monk, who reached him the money of his fare, touched his hand—the fingers of the monk were ice-cold. This circumstance the fisherman could not forget for many days. Yet youth at last banishes from its remembrance everything uncongenial, and the fisherman thought on that event no more till the following year, and then too at the time of the equinox, when towards midnight there was another knock at his hut, and the three disguised monks again appeared, and asked for his boat. The fisherman lent it them this time with less caution, but when one of the monks hastily pressed the money into his hand, he felt again with a shiver the ice-cold fingers. The same event repeated itself every year, at the same time, and in the same wise, and at last, when the seventh year had come, a great curiosity seized the fisherman to know, at any cost, the secret which was concealed under the three monks' robes. He arranged in his boat a quantity of fishing nets, so that they formed a place of concealment, into which he could slip while the monks were entering the boat. The mysterious customers, whom he expected, came in truth at the appointed time, and the fisherman managed to hide himself

unseen under the nets, and to go over the lake in their company. To his astonishment the passage over lasted only a short time, while he usually required more than an hour before he could arrive at the opposite bank; and yet greater was his astonishment when he beheld here, where the country was so well known to him, a wide open space in the forest, which he had never seen before, and which was surrounded with trees, which belonged to a vegetation entirely strange to him. The trees were hung with countless lamps, vases also, flaming with pine resin, stood on high pedestals, and the moon at the same time shone so clear that the fisherman could observe the multitudes of persons assembled there as though it were bright day. There were many hundreds of persons, young men and young women, most plastically beautiful, although their faces were as white as marble; and this circumstance, together with their costume, which consisted of white very loose tunics, with hems of purple and looped up, gave them the appearance of walking statues. The women wore on their heads crowns of vine-leaves, either natural or imitated in gold and silver filagree, and their hair was partly bound up on the tops of their heads in a crown, and partly also it floated from this crown in wild locks down the back. The young men wore also on their heads crowns of vine-leaves. Both men and women, however, swung in their hands golden staves, which were twined about with vine-leaves, and came flying and shouting along as though to greet the three new arrivals. Every one of these now cast off his monk's cassock, and there became visible an impertinent fellow of middle age, who had a pinched-up, merry, yea, even lewd face, with pointed goat's ears, and he was quite naked. The other monk, too, he threw off his hood, and there was seen a not less naked man with a large stomach, and with a bald pate, on which wanton women planted a crown of thorns. The visage of both monks was snow-white, like that of the rest of the

assembly. Snow-white, too, was the face of the third monk, who with a rapid smile threw back the hood from his head. As he undid the girdle of his cassock, and threw from him with loathing the holy but dirty garment, and cross and rosary to boot, one beheld the marvellously fair form of a youth of the noblest proportions, only that his round hips and slender waist had something feminine about them. His delicately curved lips likewise, and his swimming soft features, gave the youth something of a womanly appearance, yet his countenance had at the same time a certain bold, almost proudly heroic, expression. The women caressed him with wild enthusiasm, set a crown of ivy on his head, and threw on his shoulders a splendid leopard skin. At the same moment a golden two-wheeled car of victory, yoked with two lions, came rolling along, upon which the young man threw himself with lordly dignity, yet with a cheerful face. He guided the wild pair of beasts with purple reins. On the right side of his car stepped one of his companions, whose strange antics delighted the public, while his companion, the bald-pated man with the stomach, whom the merry women had lifted upon an ass, rode on the left side, holding in his hand a golden goblet, which was continually being filled with wine. The car moved slowly along, and behind him whirled in wild extravagance the men and women in their crowns of vine-leaves. Immediately preceding the car moved the court band of the *Triumphator*, the pretty boy with puffed cheeks and with the double flute in his mouth; then a girl, who beat the tambourine, with her dress highly girt up, and who with the knuckles of her reversed hand drummed constantly on the rattling skin; then, quite as lovely, a fair creature with a triangle; then the horn-players, goat-footed fellows, with good-looking lascivious faces, who blew their *fan-fares* on wonderfully brandished horns of animals or on sea-shells; then the players on the lute——

'Yet, dear reader, I forgot that you are a very cultivated

and well-instructed reader, who has long since observed that here the question is of a Bacchanalian festival, of a festival of Dionysus. You have often enough seen on old bass-reliefs or on the copper-plate engravings of archæologic works, the processions of triumph which were held in honour of that deity, and of a truth with your classically formed taste you would not feel horror if you were to happen to find bodily before your eyes, suddenly at midnight, in the recesses of a forest, the fair apparition of such a procession of Bacchus, with the drunken persons thereto belonging. At most you would experience but a light pleasurable shudder, an æsthetic sort of quiver, at the sight of that pale assemblage of charming phantoms who mount up from the sarcophagi of their graves, or from the hiding-places of their sacred temples, in order to go through even once again with the old joyous rites of worship, in order once more to celebrate with spirit and song the victorious procession of the divine deliverer, of the saviour of the world of sense, in order yet to dance once more the dance of joy, of heathendom—the *can-can* of the ancient world—quite without any hypocritical mystery, quite with the unrestrained lewdness of old days—singing, raging, shouting *Evoë Bacche.*

'But alas! dear reader, the poor fisherman of whom we speak was in no wise as you are versed in mythology. He had made no archæological studies, and he was seized with horror and anguish at the sight of the beautiful *triumphator*, with the wonderful *acolytes*, as they sprang out of the monkish garments. He shuddered at the licentious antics and leapings of the Bacchanals, the Fauns, the Satyrs, which with their goats' feet and horns appeared especially diabolical, and he believed the whole surely to be a congress of spectres and demons, who were preparing by their foul practices destruction to all Christian men.

'The poor fisherman was at last so horror-struck at one part of the ceremony which he saw, that he darted back to

his boat with chattering teeth and trembling, and hid himself again in it till the monks came back to it, and rowed it back to the place of starting, when the fisherman managed to get out of the boat so cleverly that the monks thought he had been waiting for them behind the willows, and one of them paid again with the ice-cold fingers.'

The sequel of the story which is quite in Heine's vein of humour must not be omitted.

'As well for the good of his soul, which he thought in peril, as to preserve the rest of Christian men from perdition, the fisherman deemed himself in duty bound to denounce this strange occurrence to a ghostly tribunal, and since the superior of a neighbouring Franciscan monastery had great authority as president of such a tribunal, and especially as a learned exorcist, he determined without delay to betake himself to him. The early sun found the fisherman on his road to the cloister, and with humble face he appeared before his reverence, the superior, who sat in an arm chair in his library with his hood drawn deep over his face, and remained sitting in this meditative posture all the while the fisherman told his awful tale. When the latter had come to an end with his story the superior lifted up his head, and when the hood fell back the fisherman saw with astonishment that his reverence was one of the three monks who had gone yearly over the sea, and recognised in him even the individual whom he had seen that night as a heathen demon in the car of victory with the yoke of lions. It was the same marble pale face, the same regularly beautiful features, the same mouth with the delicately curved lips. And about his lips there hovered a benevolent smile, and from his mouth there flowed forth now soft sounding words of rich unction. "Beloved brother in Christ, we believe right willingly that you have passed this night in the *cultus* of the God Bacchus, and your fantastic spectre-story gives sufficient evidence thereof. We would in faith say nothing disagreeable of this god; he

is certainly oftentimes a healer of sorrow and a delight to the heart of man, but he is often very dangerous for those who cannot bear much, and to such you appear to belong. We counsel you therefore henceforward only to drink moderately of the golden juice of the grape, and never again to enlighten your spiritual superiors with the brain fancies of your drunken humours; and moreover to be silent, to keep your mouth altogether shut about your last vision, otherwise the worldly arm of the beadle shall deal out to you five and twenty lashes with a thong whip. But now, dear brother in Christ, go into our convent kitchen, and our brother-cellarer and our brother-kitchener shall set before you a refection.

'Herewith the ghostly father gave his blessing to the fisherman, and as the latter staggered all bewildered to the kitchen and beheld the brother-kitchener and the brother-cellarer he fell almost to the ground with horror, for these two were the two companions of the superior on that eventful night—the two monks who had ferried with him over the lake. Yet he held his peace about it, and only in later years did he tell the story to his descendants.'

Heine then goes on to give some account of the exiled existence of Mercury, Neptune, and Pluto, and concludes with a story of Jupiter, which he professes to have gathered from the life of Niels Andersen, a Norwegian whale-fisher, whose acquaintance he had made in Hamburg, and who had come upon the poor broken-down son of Saturn living in solitude with his eagle, the thunder-bearer, and his poor old nurse Amalthea in the form of a goat, and both of these showing sad signs of the wear and tear of centuries, in a desert island among the icebergs in the Arctic Seas, where the population consisted only of rabbits, which the dethroned deity caught and sold to the savages and others who occasionally struggled across the frozen seas. This legend must be taken to be purely of Heine's own invention, and it is astonishing how marvellously he has conceived it in the spirit

of the ancient cognate traditions. The same rare power is still more noticeable in the legend of the 'Flying Dutchman,' of which he made a pure and charming story, which forms the basis of the *libretto* of Wagner's opera on the same subject. Another but somewhat diverse application of the same faculty is noticeable in the *ballet* of Faust, which he composed for Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Opera—a *ballet* which, however, was for some reason not put upon the stage there, although under the name of Satanella it has been performed with success in most of the capitals of Europe. It was quite in accordance with Heine's humour that he should have made the devil in his ballet a female character—Mephistopheles, a name which those who borrowed the scheme of the ballet from him without recognition changed into Satanella.

As we are now about to follow the fortunes of Heine on French soil, and about to take leave of Germany and Heine's disquisitions on its literature and history, we will conclude this volume with some of his polemical passages directed against Germany from the land of his exile, as samples of his opinions about Germany and its people.

As between the two countries Austria and Prussia, then contending for the hegemony in Germany, it was Prussia always which excited most passionately his indignation.

'In fact,' he wrote in 1832, 'against Austria we could always fight, and fight to the death, sword in hand. But we feel in the depth of our breasts that we are not justified in abusing this power with terms of reprobation. Austria was always an open honourable foe, which has never denied its aggressive attitude towards liberalism, or concealed it even for any brief period. Metternich has never ogled the goddess of liberty; he has never in the terror of his heart played the demagogue; he has never sung Arndt's songs, and drunk *Weissbier* thereto; he has never practised gymnastics on the *Hasenheide*; he has never affected to be a pious zealot; he

has never shed tears with the prisoners of his state-fortresses, shed tears with them while he held them by the chain; everybody always knew how he thought on such matters; everybody knew that they had to be on their guard towards him, and they were on their guard. He was always a safe man, who neither deceived us with gracious looks, nor irritated us by private vindictiveness. Everybody knew that his actions were inspired neither by love nor by little feelings of enmity, but by the great spirit of a system to which Austria has remained true for three hundred years. It is the same system, in defence of which Austria fought against the Reformation; it is the same system for which it entered into conflict with the Revolution. For this system, not the men alone, but the daughters of the House of Hapsburg also fought.

'Of Prussia we must speak in another tone. Let the learned lacqueys on the banks of the Spree dream as they will of a great emperor of the kingdom of the Borussians, and proclaim the hegemony and the protectorate of Prussia; but up to this time the long fingers of the Hohenzollern have not succeeded in getting hold of the crown of Charlemagne, and of adding it in its pocket to the robbery of so many Polish and Saxon jewels. The crown of Charlemagne hangs yet too high. It is true that a little while ago many friends of the *Vaterland* wished for the aggrandisement of Prussia, for a decoy had been invented for the lovers of *Vaterland*, and there was a talk of Prussian liberalism, and the friends of freedom looked full of confidence towards the Linden of Berlin. As far as I am concerned I could never bring myself to participate in this confidence. I regarded rather with solicitude this Prussian eagle, and while others were praising its bold glance at the sun, I looked the more carefully at its claws. I had no confidence in Prussia, in this long hypocritical hero in gaiters, with his big stomach, his huge mouth, and his corporal's cudgel, which he dips in

holy water before he strikes therewith. I had a horror of this philosophic Christian soldier-rabble, this mixture of *Weissbier*, lies and sand. Repulsive, deeply repulsive, was this Prussia, this rigid, hypocritical, sham-holy Prussia, this Tartuffe among states.'

Heine, notwithstanding this indignation which seized him from time to time at the state of things in Germany, and the ever-recurring remembrance of his own wrongs, always refused, as is well known, to sever the ties of nationality which bound him to his own country; his reasons for so doing he has written down in a passage in his 'Lutetia,' which, with all its irony, possesses a deep pathos.

'Yes,' he writes, 'I have named the words. It was the foolish pride of the German poet which prevents me always even *pro formâ* from becoming a Frenchman. It was an ideal whim, from which I could not liberate myself. As respects that which we commonly call patriotism, I was always a freethinker, yet I could never prevent myself from experiencing a certain shudder when I had to do anything which appeared to me only a half-way step towards divorce from my country. Even in the spirit of the most enlightened there lurks always one little imp of old superstition, which will not be exorcised; people do not speak willingly of it, but it carries on its foolish existence, nevertheless, in the most secret hiding places of the soul. The marriage which I had contracted with our blessed Lady of Germany, the blonde mistress of the European bear-garden, was never a very happy one. I recollect very well a few beautiful moonlight nights, when she pressed me tenderly to her vast bosom with the virtuous dugs; but these sentimental nights could easily be counted, and towards the morning a grievous state of coolness set in, and scolding without end commenced. Thus we even lived at last, separated from board and bed. But the matter never came to a real divorce. I have never been able to bring my heart to tear myself loose from my domestic

cross. Every kind of apostasy is hateful to me, and I could never have been able to separate myself from a German cat, or a German dog, however intolerable were his fleas and fidelity. The smallest little pig at home has in this respect no complaint to bring against me.

'Among the distinguished and worthy swine of Perigord, who discovered truffles and fatten themselves thereon, I never denied the modest grunters who, at home there in the Teutoburgian forest, gorge themselves with the fruit of the oaks of our *Vaterland* out of wooden troughs, just as did once their pious forefathers in the days of Arminius. I have never got rid of a single bristle of my *Deutschthum*, nor of a single bell on my German fool's cap; and I have still the right to stick thereon the black-red-golden cockade. I can still say to Massmann, "We German donkeys." Had I allowed myself to be naturalised a Frenchman, Massmann would have been able to reply to me "I alone am a German donkey, but you are one no longer;" and thereupon he would have cut a caper which would have broken my heart. No, I have not exposed myself to such a disgrace. Naturalisation may be proper for other people, but not to the poet of the most beautiful German Lieder. The stone-cutter who has to adorn my last resting place with an inscription, shall have no gainsaying to fear when he engraves these words: "Here lies a German poet."'

It is, however, impossible to make here a complete collection from Heine's prose and verse of all his *dicta* with respect to Germany. With some we have already become acquainted, some we shall find further on, introduced in the natural course of our narrative; a few additional ones from his 'Last Poems and Thoughts,' posthumously published, may be added here.

'One should know the whole of Germany; one part alone is dangerous. It is the story of the tree whose leaves and fruits are antidotes, the one to the poison of the other.'

'Luther roused up Germany; but Francis Drake quieted us—he gave us potatoes.'

'There is no German people. Nobles, citizens, and peasants, are more diverse with us than they were with the French before the Revolution.'

'Prussian nobility is something abstract; it rests simply on the idea of birth, not on property. The Prussian *Junker* has no money.'

'The Hanoverian *Junker* are asses who talk about horses.'

'The German is like a slave who obeys his master without chains, without whip, but by word of mouth alone, yea, by a look. Servility is ingrained in him, in his very soul. Worse than their national is their spiritual slavery. One must liberate the Germans from within; from without there is no help for them.'

'The mission of the Germans in Paris appears to be to cure me of home-sickness.'

'Terrible Germans! They pull of a sudden a poem out of their pockets, or they commence a conversation about philosophy.'

'German marriage is no true marriage. The husband has no wife, but a serving-maid, and he goes on living spiritually his isolated bachelor life even in the centre of his family. I do not intend to say by this that he is master; on the contrary, he is often the servant of his maid, and even at home he cannot dishabituate himself from servility.'

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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